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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



France's Curtain of Fire By T.

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JUNE 13 1936

They're telling you —

and who should know better than these beautiful models what tooth paste keeps teeth looking loveliest?



SALLY BYNUM
charming newcomer to New York and Hollywood studios

Anita Counihan, voted New York's most popular model, says:

"I find that Listerine Tooth Paste is the best dentifrice that I have ever used. It leaves the teeth so bright and luminous."

What says piquant Sally Bynum, a charming newcomer to the ranks of beautiful women in New York studios?

"The first thing a model has to learn is what dentifrice is best for her teeth—that is why I use Listerine Tooth Paste. It is so safe, so pleasant."

How does dark-eyed Annette Downes keep her teeth looking their best? "With Listerine Tooth Paste," she says.

What finer praise could a dentifrice have than the approval of these young women, much of whose success depends on their teeth staying attractive!

Now there's a wonderful special bargain offer of Listerine Tooth Paste that no woman will want to miss. (See panel below.) Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

ANITA COUNIHAN
voted New York's most popular model



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of California and New York

Summer's Best Bargain!
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AND

25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
AND

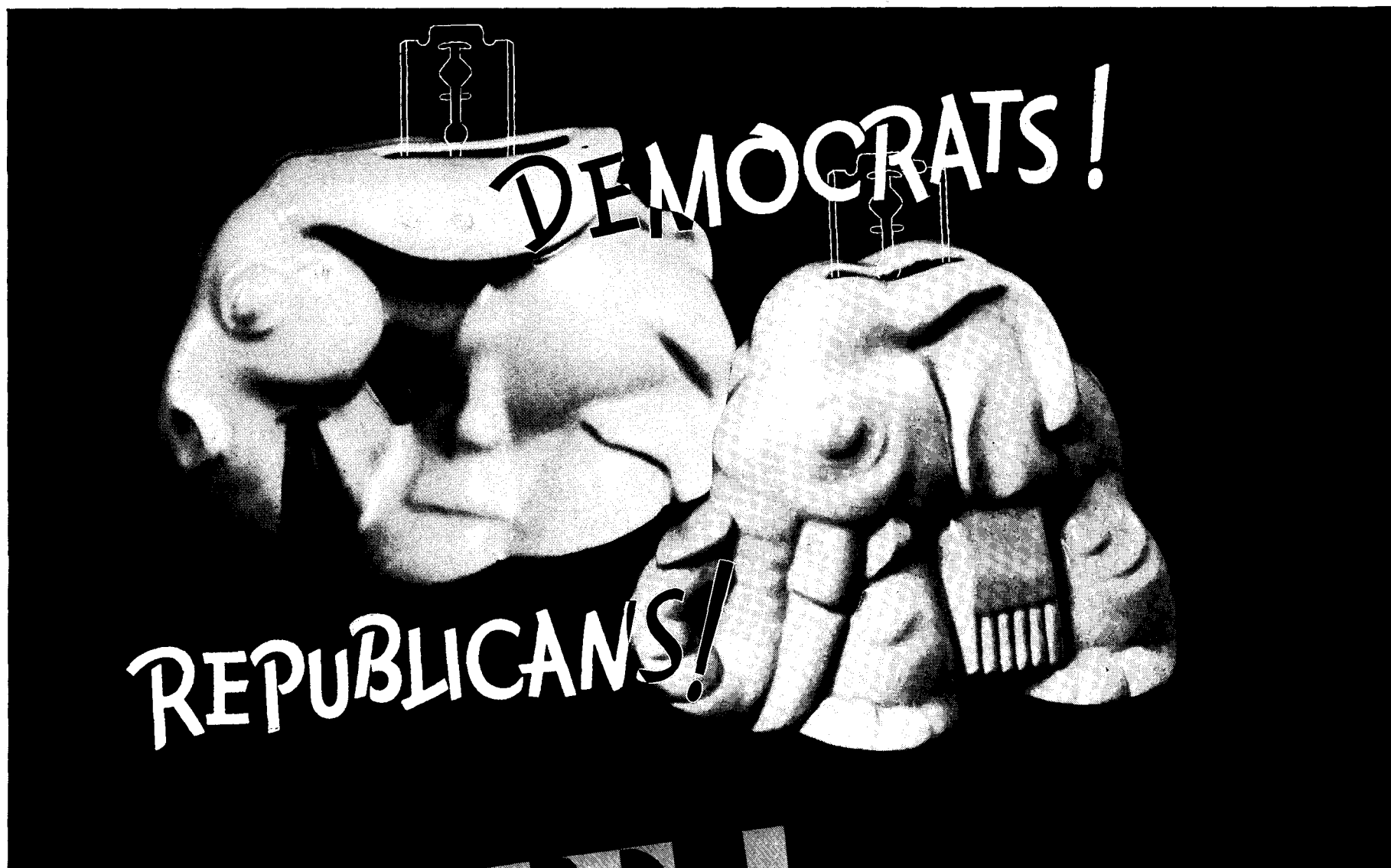
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This offer good in U.S.A. only



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lather of the finest brush creams—plus the satin smooth feeling that brushless preparations impart to the skin. And Listerine Antiseptic, as you know, makes a wonderful after-shaving lotion.

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est store today and get the combination of Listerine Shaving Cream and Listerine Antiseptic and receive absolutely free this marvelously compact, clever and practical blade container. Act now! The offer is limited. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



**ALL
THREE
35¢**

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY
ONE TO A CUSTOMER
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Next Week

HIS name was Frank Peace, which was appropriate, from one point of view—he was “Trouble Shooter” for the Union Pacific in the days when lines of steel from the East and the West were binding the nation together. Wherever there was violence or delay or conspiracy, there it was Peace’s job to be, and there you were very likely to find Nan Normandy, alone and unprotected in the ruddy and turbulent life of the construction towns.

And then there was Eileen Oliver, Peace’s fiancée, longing for the comfort and the settled ways of the East, bringing New England primness with her to the railhead. Between these two girls, Peace followed his adventurous calling. The new serial is by Ernest Haycox.

AS WAS to be expected in an election year, we have with us at present a large crop of miracle men, possessors of formulas that will insure riches for all without effort. Something for nothing. We may say that we believe the age of miracles is past, but large numbers of us go on falling for the promises of the “Soapbox Messiahs.” Winston Churchill looks over the crop and candidly comments.

SAILORS OF THE WORLD FOR PEACE, said the sign, but there was free food, too, so Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan went in and were converted—within reason. Miss Atkinson, the girl who ran the show, was very charming, very sincere and very much opposed to force. But when force came her way the ultimate consequence was romance. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells about a “Pleasant Party.”

VERY likely you’re not planning to take a doctor with you on your vacation. It won’t hurt, though, to listen to a little advice before you start. Applying “Midsummer Sanity” to the sports and diversions of the season, Dr. Victor G. Heiser explains what they can do for you.

IT WAS just chance that Newbold Ditson’s boat washed up on Jane Hollister’s front lawn. Or perhaps it was Fate; Mr. Ditson preferred to think so. At all events, it made a vast difference in the life of that young radio man. “In Tight Water” is the title of Frank Leon Smith’s short story, but not even a mixed metaphor can do it justice.

COREY FORD and Alastair MacBain contribute a rowing story. There will be additional gems by courtesy of Bill Cunningham, Henry LaCossitt, Jim Marshall, Alec Rackowe, Kyle Crichton, Teresa Hyde Phillips and others. All very bright.

This Week

June 13, 1936

Cover by George De Zayas

MAX BRAND

Fixed. Story of a boss who didn’t know about gardenias. Page 7

FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD

Thumbs Down. What happened to a Newport snob. Page 10

T. R. YBARRA

France’s Curtain of Fire. The Maginot Line. Page 12

KYLE CRICHTON

Directed by Simon Legree. Genius blossoms in the Hedgerow Theater. Page 14

GEORGE CREEL

Horse of Another Color. Man Mountain Steiwer. Page 15

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS

The Prodigal Nurse, Part IV. Drama develops. Page 16

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL

The Square Peg. Californian romance, old style. Page 18

GEORGE AGNEW

CHAMBERLAIN
Under Pressure (Conclusion). The leap. Page 20

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

The Frisco Kid. Mr. Joseph DiMaggio, a baseball player. Page 22

THOMAS McMORROW

The Sign of the Scales. The triumph of an overprotected speculator. Page 25

JANET LANE

Pull Yourself Together. Beauty in the making. Page 30

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Just an Average Man, by Corey Ford. Page 36

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Refreshing facts. Page 53

EDITORIAL

No Bribes Accepted. Page 82

Any Week

SOMEBODY gave us a cigarette lighter. Standing on a corner in Oklahoma City we were about to use the pretty thing when a young lady in a near-by motorcar took a bag of tobacco and a cigarette paper out of her pocket. In much less time than it takes us to worry our lighter into action she had rolled a beauty. With one hand, too. Then she struck a match with her thumbnail. All with one hand, the other holding the steering wheel. So we’ve gone back to smoking a pipe.

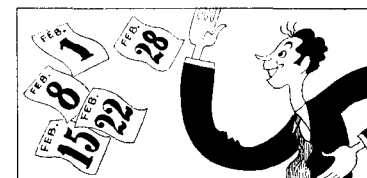


AND we couldn’t get that girl out of our mind until we learned that the Honorable Jim Wilson of Sapulpa, Oklahoma, had announced himself for Congress on a platform calling for payment of one hundred dollars a month to every unborn child in his state. You’ve no idea how many parents are cheering for Mr. Wilson, the idea being hugely popular. The Honorable Gomer Smith, vice president of the Townsend Plan, who wants to go to the United States Senate from Oklahoma on the pension wagon, told us that Mr. Wilson had a nasty habit of being ahead of the times.

THE Australians have just discovered the zipper. We learn this from our colleague, Mr. Jim Marshall, who, as you doubtless know with considerable satisfaction, is having a look about the Orient for us—and you. Bound for Hong Kong from Manila on an Australian boat, Mr. Marshall discovered a crowd around a lady whose piña cloth bag was zippered. They were sympathizing with her because apparently there was no way of getting the bag open. Finally a reckless devil yanked the leather tag and the thing zipped open. “Ow,” protested one lady, “you’ve broken it.” He yanked the zipper shut. “Ow,” she cried, “it’s clowned agyne.” And everybody said, “Ow, mowst peculiar.” Whereupon Mr. Marshall explained the zipper to the crowd, adding that it was used for lots of things in America. “We use them on cows,” said Mr. Marshall, “because the old way was too slow.” And the Aussies said, “Ow, rilly?” “Doctors use them in operations,” said Mr. Marshall stoutly. “Ow, rilly?” said the Aussies. “Yes, indeed,” said Mr. Marshall. “We also use them on clothing—trousers, underwear, sweaters.” And the Australians said, “Ow, come orf, nah—you’re ’aving us on.”

IN Chicago a lady named Jane told us that she was standing on the back platform of a crowded trolley car in the Loop. The conductor was collecting fares. In the middle of one block he grabbed hastily for the signal cord, gave it a sharp jerk and dismounted. He picked up a copy of Collier’s, jumped aboard and gave the go-ahead signal. “Gosh,” he said, stuffing us into his pocket, “it certainly pays to keep your eyes open.”

MR. WILSON R. HARPER of Long Beach, California, and others assure us and you that the outlook isn’t as dark as painted in this column some time ago by Mr. Dan Cannon of Donora, Pennsylvania. Last February Mr. Cannon, like all of you lucky folks, got five issues of Collier’s, there having been five Saturdays in that month. But Mr. Cannon assured us that such great fortune would not happen again in thousands of years. Mr. Harper and the others assure us and Mr. Cannon that we’re bad calendar scanners. Says Mr. Harper: “Presuming the continuation of our present calendar system, it will happen without interruption every twenty-eight years for the next hundred and forty years.”



INFORMATION of that sort always astonishes us. We never quit wondering how people find out things like that. We’re like Mrs. Julia B. McMahon of Lexington, Kentucky. “How is it,” asks she, “that so many politicians pop up just before election to tell us they’ve discovered how to make us all happy and rich? What becomes of them between elections?”

ADDED to that, a number of lightning calculators took a quick look at George Creel’s article on financing Collier’s house and found themselves buried in figures up to here. “Five per cent of \$12,000 is not \$50,” cry they, recovering their voices. Some of them (and we mention no names) said it ought to be \$60. Figures usually give us an ear-ache, but we were pretty clever this time. Five per cent of \$12,000 is \$600. And one twelfth of that is \$50, which gives us, with almost no effort, the mortgage interest for one month. And that is just what, at the bottom of the box, we said it was. Very elementary, don’t you think?

WONDERFUL, aren’t we?

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More people prefer the Parker than the next four pens combined because every day this revolutionary pen catches people's ideas on the fly—turns them into money—millions of them. In almost no time it brings its user back the \$7.50 that he pays for it.

So let the GOOD DEED that you do today be the one that you do for yourself—go and try this modern marvel at the nearest pen counter.

And do not let anyone persuade you that any other pen can perform like this. No other can. For example:

When the warmth of your hand expands the air in this sacless barrel, the excess pressure is relieved by the Parker Breather Tube. This scientific air exhaust prevents the leaking, flooding,

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Magazine's unbiased engineers found that the Parker Vacumatic withstands up to 100% more air expansion than the four other makes of sacless pens tested. And this included pens both with and without a breather tube.

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The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

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Write with Parker Quink—a new discovery in writing ink. For Quink dissolves sediment left by ordinary inks—makes any pen a self-cleaner—a Parker or any other pen. Try a 15c bottle today and you'll throw your old ink away.



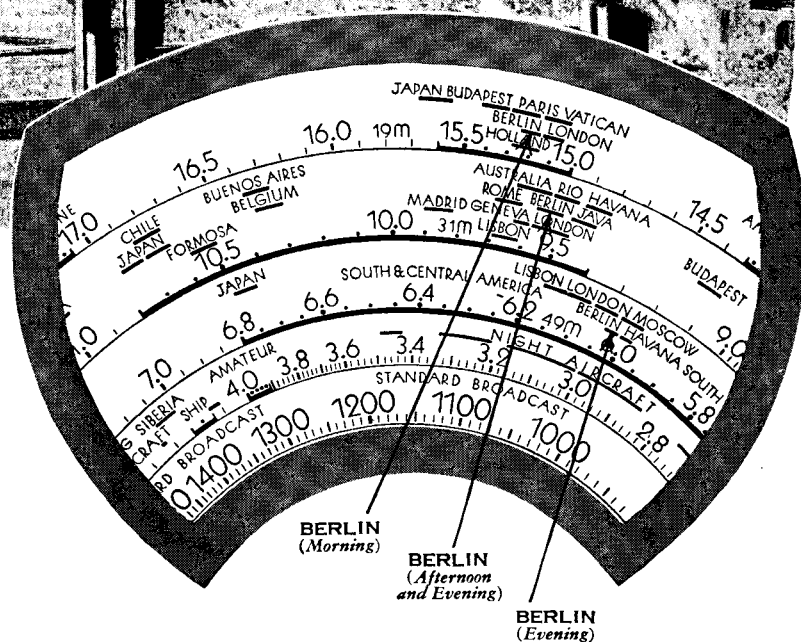
* Based on the unbiased National Pen Census conducted by the Recording & Statistical Corporation, together with the Inter-collegiate Vote among students taken by the Ross Federal Service for the magazine SALES MANAGEMENT.



From outside the Stadium comes a swelling roar of cheers. All eyes turn toward the gate. Through it comes a single runner bearing a torch . . . last man in a two thousand mile relay from the shadow of Mount Olympus. Now the torch that thousands of runners have borne across Europe lights the Olympic Flame . . . and the 1936 Olympics begin. Fleet-footed Finns . . . English hurdlers . . . Japanese swimmers . . . American sprinters . . . match their might. Bill Slater will be there . . . sending vivid word pictures by radio across the Atlantic to be broadcast throughout America. Philco will bring these broadcasts through a nearby station . . . and bring additional broadcasts in English direct from Berlin! The new 1937 Philco *Foreign Tuning System* shows you exactly where to tune for foreign stations . . . and, by automatically tuning the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial, it more than doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy!



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Fixed

By Max Brand

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. C. BEALL*The story of a fight that was lost before it was won. Be sure to put your money on the girl*

AS HE got out of his limousine, Big Bill pulled a mahogany-colored leather cigar case from the inside pocket of his dinner jacket and lighted an excellent perfecto, for when he went to a fight at Madison Square Garden he always kept some of the fragrance of good living between him and the crowd. On the sidewalk, in the crowd, he waited a moment, straightening his dinner jacket around the carefully fitted whiteness of his front while he saw and was seen.

He spoke to a police officer. "Hello, McNally. What you got for tonight?" "I like Slam Finnegan, sir," said the officer. "Whatta you think yourself?"

Big Bill looked at him and smiled. Then he winked. In this manner he conveyed to McNally, delicately, his acceptance of the officer as one of the inside circle who "know," but he dropped not a morsel of information in the way of the hungry policeman.

Big Bill looked upon himself as a sort of expensive bomb which, if his news were exploded, would reduce the entire Garden to a rioting shambles. The greatness of his knowledge increased his dignity from the bulges of his neck to the gleam of his shoes and bestowed upon him an inner strength somewhat akin to the virtue of the good and the great, for among all the thousands there was not one who knew that he had wagered fifty thousand dollars on "Little David" LaRue, that black magician with the gloves; only two others in the entire world knew that ten thousand more of his dollars had been spent to make his profit certain. The truth was that he had bought young Slam Finnegan; in about the eighth or the ninth round the Irishman would "take a dive."

ROSENBLOOM appeared, suspended sidewise in the crowd like a fish in water as he undulated rapidly towards Big Bill. He held up his hat as a signal flag above his bald head, which shone no more brightly than his smile, for Sammy Rosenbloom was never too proud to show his joy when he saw his chief. In spite of his hairless head, which gave his opinion unusual weight with many people, Sammy was only thirty but already he knew his way around New York so well that Big Bill often forgot to be amused and was amazed outright by the precocity of the boy. He pushed his way through to Bill.

"Where you get 'em, Sammy?"

"Third row," said Sammy, swiveling his head about, "where the blood won't splash on your shirt-front, Bill."

After seven years of almost Biblical service, Big Bill had permitted this faithful man Friday to use the shortened name which was familiar on the lips of the wise. As for the row in which he sat, Big Bill only wished it to be close enough for his features to be seen when a flashlight was taken in his di-

rection. God had given him such a nose and chin and he had improved on nature by adding such a pair of jowls that in a group photograph he looked like two-in-one.

They passed the ticket kiosk, entered one of the roped alleys leading towards the entrance door. Sammy began to walk sidewise with his usual skill, giving all his attention to the chief.

"How are things?" asked Bill.

"Two and a half to one," said Sammy.

"They think Slam is going to take him, eh?" asked Big Bill. "What *you* think, Sammy?"

"I think Slam has got the old sleep-syringe in both hands," answered Sammy, "but I don't think he knows as much as the chief."

He winked and laughed.

"What *d'you* know?" asked Bill.

"Not enough to answer questions," said Sammy. "There's the big guy! There's Harrigan!"

HE GOT his hat off and began to wave it above his spotlight of a head. If attention were attracted his way, his master could benefit by it if he chose. In the meantime a group of men advanced three aisles away towards the entrance, a policeman going ahead to smooth the way of the great Jimmy Harrigan, the chief of chiefs, the boss of bosses. He was a little man with a face putty-white and the eyes thumbed into it with soot. Smiling was not enough. He never stopped laughing.

This group passed into the building ahead of Big Bill in spite of Sammy's fishlike efforts to advance. Bill panted out a cloud of smoke. His fat lips, which glistened almost like a chorus girl's, were saying: "See us? Did he see us? Did he walk us down or didn't he see us?"

The sweat of Big Bill ran cold upon his flesh. The answer of Sammy Rosenbloom was sweeter than milk and honey: "Didn't you see? That was Ike Fishbein alongside of him."

"What does that mean?"

"Fishbein is gunna find out in a day or two. They're gunna open him up and clean him. That's why Harrigan can't see anything now. He's too busy getting the can opener ready to use on that boneless sardine!"

Big Bill filled his lungs and sighed forth the smoke and the relief.

"You sure the chief didn't see me? You sure he didn't pass me up?" he queried again.

"Sure he didn't see you. I watched every eye in that mob. They were all full of Fishbein."

"Ike has always been right up there," said Big Bill.

Something that might have been almost disgust vanished with her smile. "All right, Big Boy," she said



"We don't know him any more," answered Sammy. "Account of that funny job he done in Jersey. He thought account of it was Jersey he could eat all that honey; and now they're gunna clean him."

They entered a Garden which already seemed full although the several thousand who were jamming towards the gates still had to be poured into the interstices. Big Bill drew towards the ringside as into a family circle. Everyone was there. Levi Isaacs turned with a wave and a laugh. Pudge Murphy loosed a shout of recognition. Old Harry Blatts had a seat just down the row.

"Everyone knows you, Chief," said Sammy. "And the ones that don't know are asking. You *look* like something."

THE lights went out through the arena, leaving only the many cones of brilliance above the ring. Beneath that luminous fountain the faces of the crowd weltered away into the outer dimness while Bill still recognized important names here and there. He knew them all; they all knew him; everything was all right. He felt at last a human sympathy, a warm pity for the Police Commissioner off at the left. What was it that the poor devil made in a year? And yet how useful the fellow could be! In the mystery of the metropolis nothing impressed Bill more than the men of small salary in key positions. Their industry was incomprehensible, like that of the bees and the ants.

A hand was laid from behind on the shoulder of Bill. The voice of Snipe Dickinson said at his ear: "Which one of these you like, Bill?"

"Why should I like one of 'em?" asked Bill.

"I've got a spare hundred at seven to five on McGuire," said Snipe.

Big Bill, with the easy indulgence of the great for the small, gave some of his attention to the pair of featherweights who were struggling in the ring.

"They all got the forward stance, these days," said Big Bill to Sammy. "Which is McGuire?"

"The one in the red trunks," said Sammy. "He's a baby, ain't he? Look at that left! Look at that baby go! Oh, socko! He's got Choochoo Lavine as red as Santa Claus."

The face of Lavine dripped blood but his eye was clear; he was waiting through the storm.

"Lavine's holding something out," said Big Bill. He added over his shoulder: "Snipe, make it two hundred at ten to five."

"Why should I?" asked the Snipe.

"And why should I give you something for nothing?" asked Bill.

"All right, you robber," said Snipe Dickinson. "It's two hundred against one hundred, and you've got Lavine, you sucker. . . . Hai, McGuire! The old one-two, kid!"

THE round ended. McGuire danced back to his corner. Lavine remained for a moment in the center of the ring, looking thoughtfully after his opponent. The crowd laughed.

"Get an adding machine, Lavine!" yelled a wit.

"Lavine is gunna take him," said Bill to Sammy.

The girl in front of him turned. She had black hair and blue eyes and a neat, saucy face. Bill winked and beckoned but she became aware of him only to drift her eyes critically up and down his swollen body before she turned away again.

"Listen, Sammy," said Bill. "Let that kid know who I am, after this bout."

"Is this gunna be a pickup?" asked Sammy.

"We'll see, Sammy."

The next round was already under

way. McGuire kept shooting his one-two. But Lavine kept on waiting. The round almost had ended before he slipped a straight right and came in with a body blow. McGuire clinched and held on.

"He's gunna kill McGuire," said Bill.

One round later the thoughtful Lavine feinted for the body, the hands of McGuire dropped to the hurt section, and through an opening a yard wide Lavine drove the finishing punch to the chin.

"I'll take it in tens and fives," said Big Bill to the Snipe. "I need some small change."

He went over to see Gipsy Connor.

"Whatta you want?" asked the Gip.

"Money, Gip," said Bill. "I want your money. How are you laying the main go now?"

"A dollar on the nigger gets two from me," said Connor.

"It's three to one all over the house," said Big Bill.

"To hell with the house," said Connor.

"The nigger hasn't got a chance," said Big Bill. "Five to one would be more like it."

"If he hasn't got a chance, why would you wanta lay money on him?" asked Connor.

"Sympathy with a downtrodden race," answered Big Bill. "Make it two and a half and I'll talk to you."

"I don't like your lingo," said Connor. "I never did."

"Two and a half, Gip?"

"How far?"

"Five, let's say."

"Grand?"

"Why should we be pikers?"

"It's ten to five," said Gip.

"You'd rob your grandmother of her glass eye," remarked Big Bill. "But I'd rather have ten of yours than a hundred of somebody regular."

HE WENT back to his seat where Sammy greeted him with a wink and a nod. Big Bill laughed. He leaned forward and said over the girl's shoulder: "Why should I remember you so well?"

She moved to face him. At the base of her young throat a gardenia was pinned. It had three big, green, lustrous leaves.

"Why should I remember you so well?" repeated Bill.

"How could you ever forget?" asked the girl.

He laughed again. He felt warm, at ease.

"You really own that nice horse, Dinner Gong?" she asked.

"Why not?" asked Bill.

"I don't see any resemblance," said the girl.

He had to laugh again.

"That's not bad," he said. "That's pretty good. Was Dinner Gong ever right for you?"

"He made my day at Aqueduct," she answered.

"That was when he gave ten pounds to Topsy Turvy," remarked Big Bill. "Was he carrying much for you?"

"He carried a pair of shoes and turned 'em into a fur coat," said the girl.

"Remembering you so well, why shouldn't I remember your name?" he asked.

"Some people call me Jap. Are you one of them?" she said.

"Japs cheat but they don't have blue eyes," replied Big Bill.

The gong rang. She turned from him slowly, leaving her smile behind her, as it were.

"Okay?" asked Sammy.

"Sure. What you think?" replied Bill.

"I dunno how you do it," said Sammy.

"Whatta you say to them?"

"It ain't what you say. It's the way you say it," said Big Bill. "Having good intentions is what counts."

"How good are your intentions?" asked Sammy.

"Why d'you keep on talking when you got nothing to say?" said Bill.

A pair of lightweights struggled through eight dull rounds. Battling Miller had youth; old Jim Cross had a head on his shoulders and a long left that won for him and Big Bill; Snipe Dickinson counted another two hundred into the hand of the lucky man.

"It's gunna be your night, Chief," said Sammy.

WELTERWEIGHTS were next. Big Bill bet a thousand on the red head of Dick Roach, and young Dick plastered Lester Grogan in the fifth round during a mix-up in his own corner.

"I'm going to take a walk but I'll be back," said Big Bill to Jap.

"Don't lose yourself, Big Boy," she said.

He found Gip Connor again.

"Rub the trouble out of your eyes, Gip," said Big Bill.

Connor looked at him without answering.

"Another five grand the same way," said Big Bill.

"That's it, is it?" asked Connor.

"That's what?"

"I might have known," mused Connor.

Big Bill bit into a fresh cigar.

"What you say, Gip?" he asked.

"I say you're a dirty dog," answered Connor.

"What!" cried Big Bill.

A horribly familiar sickness of heart overwhelmed him; his knees loosened; he remembered out of the great distance a March day, a windy corner, and a



Sammy held up his hat as a signal flag above his bald head

young lad screeching insults at him while a crowd of their schoolmates waited for the fight to start. The fight had not started and therefore, from time to time, the giddy nausea returned upon Bill.

"Get out of my sight, you yella rat!" said Connor.

Big Bill got out of his sight. He still was trembling when he returned to his seat. By that time the principals for the main bout were in their corners, Pop Finnegan pushing the gloves home over the hands of his son. Pop had a featureless blur of a face with a mouth that slopped to one side or the other when he talked, but he had been tense and bright-eyed enough when Big Bill talked money to him and put the five thousand advance into his hands.

Now the red old bathrobe was worked off over the gloved hands; now young Slam Finnegan was on his feet with the robe loose on his shoulders as he tested the spring of the top rope and shuffled his feet in the resin. He picked out people he knew at the ringside with a wave and a smile.

THIS calmness before a fight in which Slam was to "take a dive" gradually restored a regular rhythm to the heartbeat of Big Bill. He could breathe again. In place of the cigar he had thrown away he lighted a new one and could enjoy the taste of the smoke. After all, the time had passed when he needed to fear physical violence. There are other forms of courage, of moral courage. He skipped from the word "moral"

and found refuge in the phrase "strength of spirit." Take a fellow like himself who was always one of the boys and who never let down anyone who was in the know. . . . Besides, he would be a fool to take to heart anything that Gipsy Connor did or said. By this force of inward persuasion, like a sensible man, Big Bill put fear behind him and concentrated upon the present moment, the pleasant expectancy of the future.

"What are you doing about this?" asked Snipe Dickinson.

"Ah, nothing much," answered Big Bill.

"The nigger's been coming on," said Snipe. "You heard what he did to Jeff Millard out on the coast. Two rounds! . . . These people are all nuts, around here, betting two to one on Slam. Maybe

he'll win, but he hasn't got a walkaway. This nigger is another Joe Louis, and he's better everytime he starts. If he don't take on too much weight, he'll be the middleweight champ, one of these days!"

Everyone was standing now, near the ringside, getting the cramps out of legs before the final bout. Slam Finnegan waved suddenly straight towards Big Bill, who closed his eyes and almost groaned aloud. It was the last thing that Slam should have done—to recognize his money-man on this night of all nights. But the Irish are dumb, decided Big Bill. That's why they're useful, they're so dumb.

WHEN he opened his eyes again, Jap was waving and shouting at Finnegan.

"You like Slam?" asked Big Bill.

"Oh, he's a honey, isn't he?" she demanded, turning her bright face on him.

Big Bill considered her with a smile. He leaned over and took the gardenia on her breast between thumb and forefinger.

"I better take this before you get it all messed up, waving your arms around," he said.

She looked down at his hand, then up at his face. Something that might have been almost disgust vanished with her smile.

"All right, Big Boy, you take it," she said.

He pushed it into his buttonhole. People were calling: "Down! Down in front!"

"I'll be thinking of you, Jap," said Big Bill. "I'll be breathing you, beautiful."

She gave him her smile over her shoulder as she sat down, and while Big Bill settled into place Sammy was saying: "The way you do it, Chief! . . . That nigger looks good, don't he?"

"Did you watch the gal's face, just now?" asked Big Bill.

"Sure I watched it."

"You didn't get a flash, did you?"

"You got the flash, Chief."

"I mean, she had a kind of a look for a second. Maybe she's stringing me."

"Stringing you? That'd be a scream, wouldn't it?"

"Well, women are all kind of nuts," said Bill.

"The nigger looks like something, don't he?" asked Sammy.

THE two had met in the center of the ring to shake hands, receive the final instructions. Now they came out fighting, as different in style as in build and color. Slam Finnegan, hardly more than a lightweight about the hips and spindling legs, had his weight layered around the shoulders and drawn down over his capable arms. He stepped in a light, mincing dance. The Negro was carefully muscled in every part; he wore a gravely studious air as he glided in and out with his stance rather low as against the tip-toe alertness of the white boy.

They came to the danger line, shifted away from it, met again with a sudden darting of gloves. Finnegan shook his head, stepped back; the Negro wove in after him; the whole Garden yelled with delight, seeing that this was to be a fight and not a sparring match.

Sammy said: "What I tell you? Notice the way that coon let 'em slide off the back of his head? See that left he stuck into Finnegan's belly? That didn't do Slam any good!"

Slam Finnegan, backing away, pecked at a distance. The punches missed the bobbing head of "Little David" LaRue.

"He can hit when he's on his heels, is what Finnegan can do, can't he?" pleaded Sammy.

"You'll see," grunted Big Bill.

He turned his head and surveyed the crowd, particularly the working faces along the near-by benches. Their eyes

(Continued on page 38)



Thumbs Down

The story of Gloria Cameron, a modern American princess—of which, we give thanks, there aren't many

By Frances Minturn Howard

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

THE papers called it our "exclusive coterie" and even our "small, snobbish circle." We weren't snobbish at all. We simply didn't care about meeting anyone else.

There are about eight of us who have always more or less played around together, and we were all "coming out" that summer. The photographers would snap us coming into Bailey's Beach—you know the sort of thing—"Miss Gloria Cameron and Miss Lydia Stewart, Two of Season's Most Feted Debutantes." Our lipstick came out black.

We were lying around, sun-tanning on the sand and chewing gum and listening to Connie Moore rave about the new man she had seen that morning. I could see my brother Freddie and a couple of his idiotic friends out at the raft, ducking each other.

Connie was lying flat on her stomach with both straps down, turning her head from side to side to bake evenly, so first you could hear her voice well and then you couldn't.

"—blue as Gary Cooper's," she said.

Neely Winslow raised her head from her arms. "Who's as blue as Gary Cooper? For heaven's sake, Connie, don't keep turning your head away."

Connie raised her head and bellowed: "His eyes were. And he was slender and blond and looked sort of like a diplomat."

"But Connie," said Lyddy Stewart, running a comb through her black curls, "you're so easily affected."

"Anybody looks good during the week at Newport," said Louise Ingalls. Louise is tall and lanky and has a hard time even during race week with the harbor jammed with men. "The only attractive men are brought in over the week end. Since the depression there just aren't any men."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. Everybody looked at me. I jingled the charm bracelet on my wrist that Roddy Schuyler had given me for a birthday present. "If you look around—"

Louise sniffed. "Oh, it's all very well

for you, Glory. We all know Roddy is 'that way' about you. But you'd find men in the bottom of a volcano. I wouldn't worry either if I looked like a baby angel."

Leta Ripley leaned back and looked at me through narrowed eyes. She was one of those that tried for Roddy and missed. Not that she isn't attractive, for her type. Leta is supposed to look like Merle Oberon. But I know she'd give anything to be blond.

"Your permanent is coming out at the ends, darling," said Leta.

"Thanks, Leta dear," I said sweetly. "I'm going to have another just before the Palmers' ball. Roddy's asked me to go with him."

Leta paled with rage. But before she could think of anything to say a shadow fell across our group and a girl's voice spoke.

"Are you Glory Cameron?" it said. Only not the way we'd say it. We all more or less speak alike. This voice was soft, and sort of slow and lazy, as if it had all the time in the world.

I pushed aside my curls and looked up.

THE girl standing there was built on a different plan from any of us. She was big, but not in a lanky scarecrow way like Louise Ingalls.

Everything about her was big, including her eyes, which were a brilliant sea-blue. She had a mass of red-gold hair gathered on the back of her neck with two hairpins stuck through it, and you could see it had never been bobbed or thinned out. She was wearing a plain white jersey bathing suit, the kind that looks as if you have nothing on when it gets wet, and her figure reminded me of those statues people rave about in the Louvre. Though personally I have always felt that if they ever appeared at a dance, the stag line would pass them up cold.

"I am Gloria Cameron," I said, with a little chilly questioning note at the end. She held out her hand with a smile as

if that were the best news in the world for both of us.

"I'm Carly Bancroft."

I just touched her hand. "Are you?"

She looked surprised; her smile faded a little, then came out brighter than ever. "Oh!" she said, "how stupid of me. I was forgetting. You don't know who I am from Adam. I've just been talking to your mother; she waved, but you didn't see. So she said to go up and introduce myself. I'm going to be here three weeks. I think I'm going to love it."

You know the way it is, when you and your group have always sat in one particular spot and sort of pre-empted it for your own: you don't like to have strangers come barging in. Why, even old girls, who've been out two or three years, don't come up and sit with us. Not that we're horrid; we just don't want them.

So we didn't look at Carly Bancroft in a very friendly way as she sat down beside us. Still, we did try her out.

"Who are you staying with?" Neely Winslow drawled over her shoulder.

"I'm staying with Mrs. Dunscombe. She's my godmother, you know."

Neely stared at her. We all knew old Mrs. Dunscombe, who carries an ear-trumpet and an ivory-handled cane and always has to be shouted at when her car has arrived.

"Are your father and mother dead?" said Neely.

Carly's eyes darkened. She looked out to sea. "Yes," she said.

"But Mrs. Dunscombe," said Neely, "isn't a Westerner?"

Carly looked at her in surprise. "How did you know I was a Westerner?"

"There's something about Westerners," said Neely, with a little secret look at the rest of us under her eyelids, "that I can always tell."

Carly looked straight at Neely. "Daddy was Mrs. Dunscombe's son's best friend."

"The one who got killed?" said Lyddy Stewart, sitting up interested.

CARLY nodded. "My father," she said in her gentle voice, "was killed in the same train wreck."

"Oh," said Neely Winslow. She raised her head and looked at Carly. "Is Mrs. Dunscombe going to give you a coming-out party?" said Neely.

Carly looked surprised; a little red flooded into her cheeks. "Oh, gracious, no!" she said. "At least, I don't think so. It's really very kind of her to have me with her at all. I've never been East before."

Neely said, "Really!" lay down in the sand, pillowed her head on her arm and appeared to go to sleep.



"I am Gloria Cameron," I said, with a little chilly questioning note at the end, the kind Mother uses when Evans announces a strange visitor



Lyddy Stewart said to me lazily, "What are you doing tonight, Glory?" "Trying on dresses for your party. Come over and help me choose?"

"Oh, yes!"

"All of you come over," I said, "and we'll each decide on our dress."

Carly Bancroft sat looking at us sort of wistfully. You would have thought she would have had sense enough to get the idea and move off, but there's something incurably friendly about Westerners.

"Do you have lots of parties here?" she said to Lyddy Stewart.

"What?" said Lyddy, and turned and looked at her as if she'd just seen her for the first time. "Why, of course. All the time."

"It must be great fun!"

"It's a great bore," said Lyddy, and turned her back. "Glory, are you ushering at that damn' musicale Friday night?"

Carly stood up. She'd lost, in ten minutes, all her air of friendly confidence. "I think," she said, a little uncertainly, "I'll swim out to the raft." She hesitated, looking at us. "Do any of you want to come?"

"No, thanks!" we said politely.

Carly moved off. She pulled on a heavy cap, dived into the water and made her way out to sea with a heavy overhand crawl.

"Evidently," said Lyddy Stewart, looking after her, "they have water somewhere in the West."

"Then I wish they'd stay in it," I said. "My idea of the West is a place where

they spend all their time shaking hands."

Roddy sank into place beside me, laughing. I hadn't heard him come up.

"What's this about shaking hands?" he said. "What's wrong with shaking hands? Personally, I think it's a great idea." He looked at me and all the girls looked at each other. I made my eyes the shape of Joan Crawford's when she looks at Franchot Tone. But Roddy's next words weren't so good. "Who's the stunning-looking dame swimming out to sea?" he said. "Why didn't you save her for me?"

LETA RIPLEY smiled in a catty way. Before she could speak, I did.

"I would have, darling," I told him, "if I'd thought your taste ran along those lines. Swim after her, why don't you? She'll be only too pleased to introduce herself. She did to us."

Roddy laughed. His teeth looked very white against his brown skin. He looks wonderful in a bathing suit—like Joel McCrea. "I'm satisfied with present company," he said, "to date."

Leta looked out towards the raft. "Your brother Freddie seems to be smitten, Glory. He's jumping round her like a porpoise."

I tilted my head back and looked at Leta coldly. "My brother Freddie's uncouth doings," I told her, "are fortunately no concern of mine!"

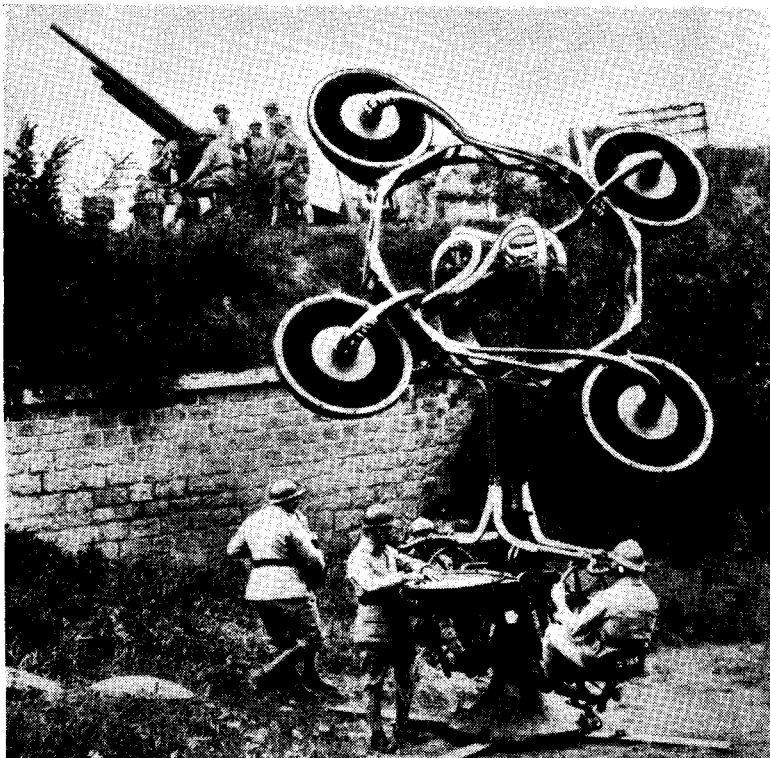
But, unfortunately, that was where I was wrong. The very next evening I caught Freddie sneaking out of the house with a new tie and a box of candy.

A horrible suspicion smote me. "Freddie, you aren't running over to see that girl? The one you picked up?"

Freddie's face got red. He scowled at me. "Listen," he said, "if you're speaking of Miss Bancroft, do it respectfully! Even if she weren't the best-looking girl in town, she'd still be worth ten of you!"

He went out. And in a few days it was all over town that Freddie was "that way" about Carly Bancroft—the girls didn't let me forget it for a minute. Leta Ripley especially. The worst of it was, Mrs. Dunscombe wanted Carly to go everywhere the other debs went, and of course no one ever refuses Mrs. Dunscombe anything because she contributes to everybody's charities.

(Continued on page 46)



One of France's "mechanical ears," to detect approaching airplanes



The interior of a heavy gun emplacement



A blockhouse on the German frontier

France's Curtain of Fire

It's a line of steel and concrete. Not conspicuous, but deadly. For two hundred miles it stretches along the French frontier from Switzerland to Belgium, and it can lay down a flaming curtain of death. Mr. Ybarra takes you to see the Maginot Line

By T. R. Ybarra

ABOUT twenty miles northeast of the great French fortress city of Metz, the chauffeur came to a stop. We were on a high ridge commanding a fine view of the rolling slopes of Lorraine which, clothed in the first gentle green of springtime, stretched away toward the horizon. Straight ahead, rendered mysterious by a slight veil of haze, lay Germany—out of which, a few days before, in the guise of the abrupt remilitarization of the Rhineland, Adolf Hitler had issued his ringing threat and challenge to France.

I felt puzzled. In my mind I made a hasty calculation.

"Twenty miles from Metz," I figured, "and, say five or six miles from the German border. Surely this is where the thing ought to be. But where is it?"

I gazed around intently, seeking for some sign of that colossal wall of fortifications which fringes the entire length of France's German frontier; that mass of concrete and steel which is as nearly impregnable as anything on earth, as proud a monument to military engineering genius as was ever recorded in history—the Maginot Line, France's gauntlet of defiance, flung down to every future menace of invasion from Germany.

But only undulating Lorraine, basking in the sunlight of spring, met my eye. It was a Lorraine streaked with long, parallel lines of upright poles—like those in vineyards on which the grapevines are trained—with dense masses of tangled underbrush in front of them; a Lorraine dotted with grass-covered shacks, perched on hilltops, such as might serve as shelters against rain for workers in the fields; a Lorraine disclosing, here and there, in the midst of its fields, bulb-

ous blobs of cement, like warts on the landscape, in which, doubtless, those workers kept various agricultural tools.

Over on a neighboring ridge was a big, white-painted structure, flanked by lesser satellites, recalling the grouped buildings on a prosperous farm of our Middle West.

But not a trace of the great Maginot Line!

"Strange!" I mused. The villages through which I had motored from Metz toward the German boundary had certainly looked martial enough. So packed are they nowadays with French troops, clad in the uniform prescribed for active service, that they suggest the teeming anthills of a new species of blue ant.

The Martial Touch

Sentinels stand on guard before the doors of houses commandeered for military use. Other soldiers, off duty, loiter around sparkling fountains and venerable churches. Gun carriages, from which point the wicked mouths of field pieces, lie parked in peasants' front yards. Officers' orderlies lead through village streets the mettlesome mounts of their masters, pawing and neighing and eagerly snuffing the fresh morning air. Boys and girls strut along, their chests stuck out, their fingers held to the sides of their heads in counterfeited salutes—laughable imitations of the soldiery which, ever since Hitler's challenge, have come pouring, by thousands, into their peaceful homes.

In one village, close to the frontier, the chauffeur driving me had been forced to jam his brakes suddenly by the unexpected appearance of a whole

French infantry battalion, several hundred strong, swinging along on its return from rifle practice. As it passed its colonel, standing on the front steps of the house which he had made his headquarters, each captain and lieutenant hoarsely shouted, "Heads—left!" and each soldier swiveled his head around and poked his chin out and put into his gait an added touch of martial snap-piness—all with that easy mastery of grace and elegance which is the heritage of those born in France.

Oh, yes, those villages along the road from Metz had been martial enough. But the Maginot Line? What about that? Was it a fake?

At this point in my musings a French soldier, in horizon-blue, one hand firmly grasping a big rifle, a bayonet belted around his middle, suddenly slouched out of a thicket, glared at us, and remarked severely:

"Don't stop up here on this ridge!"

"Why not?"

"Fortified zone." With his hand he made a most unfriendly gesture. "On your way! Keep going!"

We started down the ridge. As we went, the various component parts of the surrounding scenery, which had looked, from the top, so innocent and unwarlike, began to assume an altogether different character.

Those things resembling the poles in vineyards were nothing of the sort. Instead, they were rails, just like the ones used on railroads all over the world, embedded upright in the earth, with only three or four feet showing above the surface. Planted in parallel rows, six or eight of them, across the hollows between each couple of ridges or hillocks, they

made the most deadly defense imaginable against tanks. And that stuff which had seemed a lot of gnarled underbrush running parallel to the outer rows of rails was really barbed wire, woven together in enormous cruel masses. Powerful tanks, furiously driven by desperate drivers, might conceivably plow through this hellish maze; but it seemed beyond possibility that soldiers not ensconced inside tanks could do so—even if they were not under fire from adjacent fields and hilltops.

Prepared for All Eventualities

And now I realized that they *would* be under fire—under the most concentrated and merciless fire—from those fields and hilltops.

For what had seemed mere shelters against rain, for peasants working among their crops, now revealed themselves as massive blockhouses of solid concrete, almost hidden by the earth around them, camouflaged in streaks of green to look almost exactly like the sward in which they were embedded. Out of their sides stuck cannon and machine guns.

And those bulbous blobs of cement were not tool houses at all, but gun turrets, peeking up out of the fields like gigantic mushrooms, their steel roofs so close to the sod as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. As we passed one of them, absolutely invisible a moment before, we caught a glimpse, beside a slit in the mushroom top, of a gunner with intent eyes, holding before him a machine gun.

And those structures which had palmed themselves off as twins to the



Above: A blockhouse almost hidden by the banked earth, and, at its right, a string of interconnected fortresses, part of the Maginot Line



Right: Poilus quartered in peacetime barracks near the Maginot Line, into which they will move quickly at the first approach of the enemy



farm buildings of our Middle West? They proved to be big barracks of sheet iron, crowning ridges close to gun turrets and camouflaged blockhouses. Around them were clustered blue-clad French soldiers, scores of them, hundreds of them, drilling or mounting guard or dawdling in groups; while, at windows let into the sheet-iron walls, other soldiers, cigarettes drooping French-fashion from the corners of their lips, eyed us inquisitively.

Then I remembered.

Only a very small part of France's great fortified zone shows above the ground. The vast bulk of its powerful fortifications lies deep under the surface of her soil.

Shaped into labyrinths of dark corridors, into layers of passages and chambers and storerooms piled one above the other, the stupendous subterranean citadels of the Maginot Line, resembling nothing so much as huge battleships rammed down deep into the earth, are strung, in grim and methodical succession, along the entire length of the French frontier opposite Germany. These citadels, some of them linked together by passages hundreds of feet under the ground, are disposed with diabolical cunning in such a way that their blockhouses and turrets, which, together with camouflaged entrance portals and, here and there, a suspiciously artificial-looking bulge in the landscape, are the only portions visible above ground, can command—what with direct fire and cross fire and enfilading fire and every other murderous wrinkle of gunnery known to military science—every square inch of space along which foemen might conceivably advance in an attempt to invade France.

Underground Cities

"Keep moving!" ordered a gruff sentry.

We obeyed. And, as we moved, I tried to look as much as possible as if I really believed that those squat blockhouses were innocent shelters and those thickets of rails innocent vineyards and those bulbous gun turrets merely the biggest mushrooms in the world.

The Maginot Line flings its almost unbroken series of subterranean citadels

from the French-Swiss border to a point near Liège, in Belgium, where French, German and Belgian boundaries converge. Its total length is about 200 miles.

It is named after André Maginot, Minister of War in several French Cabinets. He, more than any other Frenchman, believed in the scheme of defense of which these fortifications are the key; and he pushed it toward realization, despite vigorous opposition, to the very day of his death.

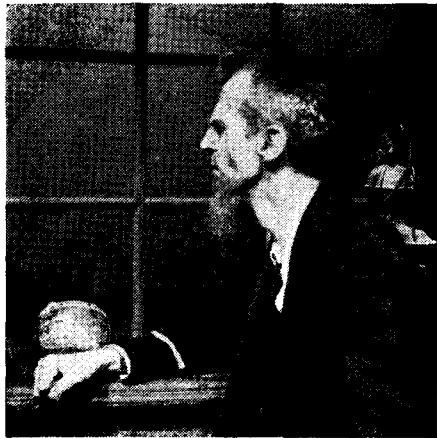
Firmly convinced that a string of interlocking frontier strongholds, of colossal strength, would be France's best protection against German attempts at invasion, Maginot fought grimly and successfully for his belief. Again and again he forced reluctant approval from the French legislature of the enormous sums required for the work. The total cost was around \$300,000,000. The building of the fortifications was begun in earnest in 1929; when Maginot died, in 1932, it had progressed so far that, had an emergency arisen, the Maginot Line could even then have provided a most valuable barrier against an invader. Between 1932 and 1935 French military engineers, following the original plans, and, in some cases, improving on them, have brought the line to its present formidable state of perfection.

Each of its great forts is a veritable underground city. Through cleverly hidden doorways, far away in the rear, you descend dark stairways, which lead straight down into the earth to gloomy passages, hundreds of feet below the surface—some of them a thousand feet below it. In a few of the most important forts there are also elevators, like those in factories, electrically propelled, which can quickly run up and down big loads of munitions and provisions and men.

The passageways are arranged in layers, one below the other, like the different decks of a ship. Straight upward from the topmost tier of these passages—which bear a strong resemblance to some of those in the New York subways—stairways lead to the blockhouses and

(Continued on page 80)

André Maginot (right), sponsor of the line of fortifications named for him, with President Doumergue



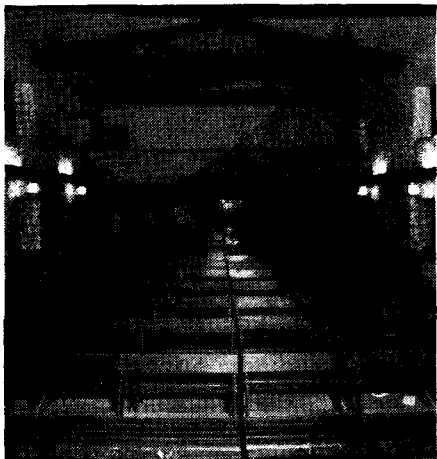
Directed by Simon Legree

By Kyle Crichton

Mr. Jasper Deeter, director of the Hedgerow Theater, lacks only one thing—a blacksnake whip. He makes actors by breaking down individuals. Of course only the good ones can stand such treatment. But the good ones are all very much attached to Mr. Deeter.



Jasper Deeter and Ann Harding. Upper left: Deeter as Captain Shotover, in Shaw's Heartbreak House



THE story about Jasper Deeter is that he completes his toilet in the morning by ducking his head under the pump and drawing his clothes on over his pajamas. By reason of this he has been confused with Jeeter Lester of Tobacco Road. They are related only in that greater bond of brotherhood which includes all who are individuals first and citizens later on.

Jasper Deeter is director of the Hedgerow Theater, near Philadelphia, the only self-sustaining, permanent repertory company in the country. For twelve years the burghers of William Penn have been going out to the old mill in Rose Valley to see Deeter's company in plays by Shaw, Ibsen, Shakespeare, Molière and all the great moderns. Between times he is visited by actors who formerly worked for him and are coming back either for class reunions or to ask Jasper what they're doing wrong. His most persistent returning guest is Ann Harding, who played with the company in its earliest days, is part owner of the old mill in which they do their production and is almost a nuisance in demanding that Jasper come out to Hollywood to see her in those times when she can't get back to see him.

Other graduates of the Hedgerow group are Morris Carnovsky of the Group Theater, New York, and star of Clifford Odets' *Paradise Lost*; John Beal, who played *The Little Minister*

with Katharine Hepburn; Allyn Joslyn, star of *Boy Meets Girl*; Harry Bellaver, seen last year in *She Loves Me Not*; Dorothy Peterson, who is the nurse in *The Country Doctor*, the movie about the Dionne quintuplets; and others who are not so well known.

Deeter was born in Mechanicsburg, Pa., in the Cumberland Mountains, and blames a great deal on his mother's reading habits.

"Some ancient romance which had two heroes—Sergeant Jasper and Sergeant Eaton," says Jasper. "Mother gave me them both. Jasper Eaton Deeter. It's a lesson for the young of all nations. You can get along, no matter what."

Education of an Autocrat

He got his first job writing obituary and Sunday school notes for the Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot and kept it up even when he attended Dickinson College for a year and a half. He would have stayed longer at Dickinson if only some way could have been found to get Jasper and the classes in touch with one another. When Jasper got around to the class, the class was over. If he got to a class, it was the wrong class.

He also had trouble with his literary work. Upon the death of a prominent judge, Jasper turned in the story to the editor and then went around to the house to interview the widow and get the details of the funeral.

"The judge opened the door," says Jasper.

As a director Deeter belongs to the Simon Legree school. If you don't want

to be a professional and work at it, you'll find your trunk out in the alley by the Hedgerow community house. He analyzes every character in a play and insists on everybody else doing it. He is a strict disciplinarian, shunting actors about discriminately and making good players out of them even when nature fights vigorously in opposition. Consequently, if you start rehearsing as a juvenile, you may find yourself on opening night in long white whiskers and a cane.

"What he does first," said one of his old stars, "is break you down. It's a tough business. You come in imagining you're somebody pretty important and by the end of a month you're considering suicide. After you're properly smashed, Deeter picks up the pieces and begins recreating you as an actor. A lot of people can't stand it; they quit. There's some hocus-pocus about a governing board at Hedgerow and they actually have the thing, but you can bet that old czar is still the boss. He may be wandering around with a piece of rope holding up his pants and he may have all the giants playing midget parts, but you'll have a show when he's through. That's why Ann Harding and the others come back to see him. He probably broke their hearts when they were there but he knocked into their heads the idea that acting is a serious occupation. They never forget that."

Jasper followed his career as an obituary editor by starting in as an actor. And because he foolishly read everything pertaining to the theater he was a

(Continued on page 68)



Senator Frederick Steiwer of Oregon, keynoter at the Republican convention, is regarded as a possible dark horse in case of a deadlock

Horse of Another Color

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

WHEN they selected Senator Frederick Steiwer to sound the keynote at the Cleveland convention, doubtless all that the Republican leaders had in mind was an idea that a new face might not come amiss after several decades of Simeon Fess, Jim Watson and Lester Jesse Dickinson. No sooner had the choice been announced, however, than an excited whisper started the rounds that the Oregon man was being groomed as a "dark horse" in the event of a deadlock or else as the Republican "white hope" in the campaign of 1940.

Physically, at least, Senator Steiwer is big enough to be either the Horse or the Hope. Standing over six feet and weighing well above two hundred pounds, he looks like a cross section of his own Cascade Range. A Nordic type if ever there was one, for though the yellow hair has grayed after fifty-three bustling years, the eyes hold their deep blue, and the huge head and craggy face recall the prowess of Viking battleships.

Even so, the Oregon senator's bigness is not entirely a matter of beef, brawn and bone. Conclusive proof that he has

certain elements of greatness is afforded by the fact that not all the Dark Horse and White Hope stuff has worked any perceptible change in the Steiwer appearance, speech or actions. This indicates real strength of character, for the average public man, the moment his name is mentioned in connection with the presidency, usually develops symptoms that baffle medical science. The right hand gravitates irresistibly to the left breast; the voice gets richer and richer until it emanates from around the ankles, and even a request for the salt or pepper sounds like an excerpt from Webster's Reply to Hayne.

A Conscientious Independent

There are also various other things about Man Mountain Steiwer that inspire the belief that he has more than an active pituitary gland. His ten years in the Senate have not been splashed with any large amount of color, for the dramatic and spectacular seem to have been left out of his make-up, but a look over his record proves honesty, conscience and courage. Other Republicans,

and Democrats as well, may call themselves "progressives" or "conservatives," as the spirit moves, but when approached with anything that looks like a label, Senator Steiwer backs away and bares all of his large, gleaming teeth.

Progressivism or conservatism, as he sees it, depends considerably on the subject under discussion. To charge forward all the time, regardless of direction and objective, appeals to him as being just about as stupid as standing still all the time, even when action is imperatively commanded. If he thinks a bill in the public interest, he votes for it, no matter by whom proposed; and if he thinks the bill unwise, he votes against it, careless of origin. And all simply and quietly without any oratory or breast-beating.

For example, there were many objectives of the New Deal that struck him as being exactly what the country needed, and without even a glance towards his party whip, he upped and voted for them. The basic principles of the NRA received his enthusiastic support, and he joined with Democrats in putting across the AAA and its many

amendments. Out of a belief in the right and justice of collective bargaining, he rumbled a devout "aye" when the Wagner Labor bill came up for passage.

An advocate of federal development of natural resources, he stood foursquare in favor of creating the Tennessee Valley Authority, and reared up on his hind legs like a Kadiak bear when it came to fighting for the Columbia River project. He found no fault with the purposes of the Securities and Exchange Act, and voted for all the earlier relief appropriations, openly rejecting the Republican theory that "prosperity was just around the corner." A member of the American Legion, he helped to pass the soldiers' bonus over the President's veto, waving off the entreaties of Eastern Republicans.

This record, viewed in the light of his selection as keynoter, has aroused quite a mingle of emotions. The conservatives of the party state frankly that Chairman Henry P. Fletcher must have had a touch of the sun; while the Democratic high command has been moved to a hysteria of mirth, James Aloysius Farley laughing so heartily that surgeons had to be called in to probe for his gum. "How in the name of heaven," ask the inmates of the New Deal, "can such a man get up before a Republican convention and have the nerve to take the hide off Roosevelt and the Democratic party? Plumb ridiculous!"

But Mr. Farley May Be Surprised

All of which goes to show that they have not paid full attention to Senator Steiwer's speeches in the Senate. True, he has not made the headlines with any degree of regularity, leaving it to Messrs. Borah, Vandenberg, and Lester Jesse Dickinson to talk about "dog food," the Constitution and boondoggling, but when it comes to detailed criticism of the New Deal, going into its sins of omission and commission, the Man Mountain is *there*.

It is not what Roosevelt has *tried* to do that tips the Steiwer tongue with acid, but the *way* he has done it, or, rather, "the way he had not done it." As one who voted for many New Deal measures, he feels that he has been deceived under promise of marriage. The methodical, orderly Steiwer mind stands aghast at the continuance of "reckless experimentation," and the Administration's "lack of a plan . . . the complete uncertainty concerning the dispositions which will be made before the end of the day and the course of tomorrow" cause him to search the unexplored reaches of his soul for new cries of alarm.

While politics undoubtedly figure in the change to some degree—for Senator Steiwer is a Republican after all—heredity and environment are chiefly responsible. Born in a small Oregon town of good old pioneer stock, never was any man more essentially and typically Western. Until he went to France as a first

(Continued on page 71)



So she bought, exultantly regarding her delightful new clothes in mirrors

The Prodigal Nurse

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

YOUNG DR. ANTHONY STARR asks Celia Landis—twenty-one, beautiful, just on the verge of starting her career as a trained nurse in New York City—to marry him. Celia's answer is that she does not care to marry *yet*, that she wishes to see a bit of life, on her own, for a time. And she plunges into her work.

Her first case—a rich old roué, who promptly insults her—disgusts her. She drops it; and, thanks to the fashionable Doctor Kallock (who finds the Park Avenue area extremely lucrative), goes at once to a home of wealth on East 73d Street. There she meets her patient: Mrs. Carleton Daklin. And there again she encounters an impossible situation. Mrs. Daklin, it appears, is in love with Pat Braddock, one of the numerous charming satellites surrounding her. And from the moment Celia meets Mrs. Daklin's husband, "Carlie" Daklin, he makes

love to her. Celia remains until Pat Braddock kisses her, and the two men have an altercation over the episode. Then she leaves.

Two cases lost! Celia wonders if she will ever get another. She wonders what she can do to make a living. Her problem is solved by—*Carleton Daklin!* Daklin is the head of a great advertising agency. He is in need of a series of photographs of a gloriously beautiful girl. And Vaski, the photographer who is in charge of the work, agrees that Celia would be the ideal model.

Daklin, Vaski and Celia—who is to receive a thousand dollars for the series—discuss the matter. Celia promises to report for work at ten o'clock the following morning; after which, she and Daklin go to the Delphic for cocktails.

The cocktails arrive. Celia drinks hers quickly... and tries not to think of Anthony Starr.

IV

CELIA went back to the registry, feeling that all that had happened that day was a dream. She would wake up and find that she was Cinderella covered with ashes, and the ugly sisters in the form of Miss Klapham would be scolding and prodding her.

"Well, that's tomorrow," she thought. "At least I've had this crazy day." It was difficult to sleep, but at last she did and so heavily that she had to hurry the next morning to reach Vaski's studio at ten.

Speeding up Park Avenue, she told herself that, after all, this was not such a remarkable thing that had happened to her. It was natural that a nurse should be selected to pose for posters relative to nursing. "And as for my not being good-looking enough," she thought, "that makes no difference to Mr. Vaski. He can make anyone seem beautiful and glamorous." When you got right down to it, the only amazing thing about it was the money. And that, even in the cold light of morning, was still a miracle. But such miracles did happen—look at the people who became wealthy overnight by finding oil wells in their back yards or by buying a ticket for the Irish Sweepstakes.

She went in to encounter Vaski, her Irish Sweepstakes. A great calm was now upon her, a delicious feeling of being part of this vast exciting Manhattan. Sleep had smoothed out all yesterday's fancies. Yesterday was gone and here was this day which smelled of spring, as if a word might loose flowers from the very sidewalk. Absurd, she thought, her feeling that she had closed the door on nursing. Absurd that she had felt that some inner force was drawing her and Carleton Daklin together. Why should she imagine that the heavens were falling because he had seen possibilities in her as a model for his campaign? It was a lucky accident that she had entered his line of vision at the exact moment when he needed a nurse.

And, humming to herself, she entered the elevator and, presently, Mr. Vaski's studio. Mr. Vaski greeted her coolly. Nothing could have been more calming than his everyday acceptance of her as a tool with which he worked. Again she went through the process of being made up for the camera. "What a face!" she thought, looking at all that tan and silver, when it was finished. But even she could not deny that on the simple groundwork of her native features had been built up a structure that had a certain allure.

"Just walk around and get used to the place," Vaski told her, "while I get my camera set up." He was watching her all the time, however, and paying little attention to the camera. Celia felt strangely at ease under that interested appraisal; it was so impersonal, so entirely without bias. She sat on the edges of chairs and of tables, and stood before white screens, and held in her arms a small bundle which was supposed to be a baby. Behind an illuminated wall of some thin material an assistant moved lights as ordered by Vaski. "Right," he directed the lights; "more in the middle; now above—" Occasionally the shutter clicked.

"We're getting some very nice things," he told Celia once. "The planes of your face are exceedingly interesting. You've a good jawbone."

CELIA was interested in the work. Vaski's intense concentration was familiar to her, so like the concentration of the operating-room it was. When, after a time, he said he was finished for the day, and was she tired? she was amazed. She was not in the least tired and could have continued for hours longer.

"Come tomorrow at the same time," Vaski said. So the next day she went and the next and the next. Thus, with no pain whatever, with no fuss or feathers, a series of photographs came into being

and the campaign was completed. The thing which at first had seemed an enormity was an accomplished fact and Celia Landis, R. N., in a time when nurses could make no money at all, was richer by a thousand dollars.

In the meantime two doctors, instigated by Starr, had telephoned offering her cases and had expressed polite disappointment that she was already engaged. "I expect to be free at the end of the week," she had told them. "And thank you so much for thinking of me." They had promised to call her again.

Now that Vaski was finished, Celia began to be interested in these doctors. She could not, she found, even recall their names. "Well, I'll have to wait for them to call me," she thought. She could wait so peacefully with that thousand dollars in the bank. Money in the bank; that focused everything. She could remember that delightful fact every minute. Next time anyone annoyed her, next time she met Klapham in the lobby, she would reach into her bag and touch her bankbook. Presently one of the doctors would call up. Miss Klapham could go into her office and tap her pencil. It was all easy and simple.

She did wish, however, that Tony Starr would appear. What, really, was the fun of having a check for a thousand dollars if you couldn't show it to someone, have him as excited about it as you were? Well, showing him the bankbook would be as much fun. And, with some surprise—for the last week had been such an upset and everything had happened in such a hurry, and she had been so absorbed in her own startling affairs—she realized that she hadn't heard from him for seven days.

THE very day on which she made her momentous trip to the bank to make the first deposit of her life, he called up.

"Celia," he said, hurried, "I'm going away for several weeks. Most unexpected. Alderdice and I are bargaining off, financed by the Institute."

"Tony!" she wailed. "Oh, I cannot bear it. I want to see you. Tony! You can't go off until you've heard my news."

He laughed. "You blessed idiot," he said. "So the lads called up, did they?"

She had forgotten about the doctors, ungratefully. She thanked him for that, forgetting to ask their names. What she was primarily interested in was in telling him about the bonanza. So she told him about it, from the very beginning. "Think of it, Tony! A thousand dollars!" she finished jubilantly. Once more simply in the telling of it she felt her feet tapping like an excited child's.

Anthony Starr, at the other end, listened, delighted. He had been worried about Celia and now he could dismiss that worry.

"You think it was all right, Tony?" she asked. "Since it was for Hygiene and so on, and Mr. Daklin was trying to be nice to sort of make up, you know, for that horrid day?"

"A thousand dollars is always all right," he assured her. "Only look here—" he said suddenly, "don't go doing any more of this sort of thing. Don't forget that you are a nurse. That is your real job."

"I won't forget," she said. She laughed a little. "The fact is, I was paid all that money for exclusive rights, whatever that means. Anyway, it seems that's all the posing I'm to do."

"Good!" His relief showed in his voice. "Now you get back to work on some good surgical cases and be a good girl until I get back."

Until he got back! All at once she was ashamed. She had been so full of herself, of her own good luck that she had not even inquired what it was he was doing.

"Where are you going?" she said. "And why—"

He realized that she was being merely polite. She was not vitally interested. He thought with grim humor, "Well, who does care about germs—?" Aloud he said, "Going down to the West Indies to study some germs in their native habitat. I'll be back some time in April and I'll take you out to dinner the first night I'm back if you're not too proud a capitalist to eat with a man who works for a living."

"I'd love it. Goodby, Tony," said Celia.

SHE had no way of knowing that when he hung up he stood for a moment with his hands in his pockets, kicking with his toe at a chair. She might just have said, "Oh, isn't it grand that the Institute is doing this—" she might have said something like that, just remember to what extent that the Institute was recognizing his work. His heart ached suddenly. He had dreamed, once, of such different things. But everything she was doing seemed to her so much more important than anything he could tell her. "Well, why not?" he asked himself angrily. "Good Lord, what kind of a fool am I turning out to be?" Had he for a minute thought she would say to him: "Tony, my darling, nothing that happens to me is of the slightest interest; there's only you and your life." He jerked his head and he laughed a little but the laugh was not entirely successful. His heart yearned towards her and he thought of that posing and he frowned a little. That wasn't the sort of life for her! Then he pulled himself up—but it wasn't her life. It was an interlude—like playing in amateur theatricals—

And yet he felt heavy, helpless. In the first moment of speaking to her the world had been bright with the union of moods, but now it was as if she had withdrawn herself from him, from the way of life that was his and had been hers, was delightedly casting off all that they had shared together. "The descent to Avernus is easy," he said aloud, still kicking the chair and yet trying to tell himself that the inner disturbance which Celia's adventure caused him was disproportionate to its significance. He knew Celia, he thought, better than she knew herself. She had gone into nursing with open eyes and her profession was no idle abstraction to her. She loved it, however tired she might be temporarily of its hardships and restrictions. However, there was her gnawing lust for life which at any time might catch her unawares. And where might it lead her? And the easy relaxation of other sorts of life, to what degree might not that soothe her, flatter her, rub its orchidaceous oil into her?

Grimly he packed his bag, picked up Alderdice, took a taxi to the pier and went aboard. All the way down they talked shop and nothing seemed important but isolating germs and making preventive serums and testing them out. That was what Alderdice and he were to do, and, on arrival, did do for weeks, in those golden isles where nature smiles until she scourges. They worked alone and unrecognized, while at home, Celia, who had thought her moment in the sun was over, wakened one morning, not exactly to find herself famous but to discover that in one small sector of the population the cheering sections were pretty crowded.

WHAT wakened her was the telephone. She had slept late, she who for so many mornings had risen at six. Sleeping late was her greatest luxury.

A crisp, business voice said, "Miss Celia Landis?"

"Yes." This must be the secretary of one of Tony's doctors. But no. "This is the United Model Agency speaking. You know of us no doubt, Miss Landis—" Celia had never heard of them but that

(Continued on page 72)



"Ah, at last," said Daklin, his glance dismissing Starr and resting on Celia

"You observe?" smiled Luisa. "Already your sadness is departed. What is gold? There is much to be found here"



ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE

HALT!" pulled Alexander Craig's complete attention from the row of sunken boxes and bales which were his steppingstones through liquid mud. An instant later, rough hands grasped him from behind, pinioning his arms with cruel force. His carpetbag was jerked away, falling with a splash into what someone at San Francisco's new Long Wharf had informed him was Clay Street, and the proper way to reach Caleb Winter's house near the plaza.

Fog, like a gray veil, was between Craig and the speaker. The hazy bulk of the shape standing in front of Alexander was a man's; Craig could not tell any more of it than that. But there was not the slightest doubt about the army pistol centered between young Alexander's eyes. The muzzle never wavered. The man behind it would be perfectly willing to pull the trigger.

Not that Craig could have attempted an attack. He was held too tightly. The assault had been too swift, too unexpected.

He had seen weapons like the one held on him before, on the Vandalia. Men all carried guns, to protect the gold they intended to scoop out of shining California rivers. It was only Alexander who brought gold. . . .

Someone, somewhere in the fog, was roaring a song which Craig had heard many times during the Vandalia bark's hundred and eighty days out of Salem:

"There's plenty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of Sacramento!"

And, in the moment of waiting, Alexander was desperately afraid that gold was to be found in other places than rivers.

He did not say, "What is the meaning of this?" because he knew. And he was right. Hands were at his waist. A knife slit his silken waistcoat; his money belt was discovered, unbuckled, pulled away.

A chuckle from one of the men who held him was proof of the belt's weight.

It was a good belt, a fine belt. Angus Craig himself had made it, in the South Abingdon shop, using the curved eye-pointed needle which had come from England to stitch the soft leather. Every double eagle which had gone into the belt had been a bright newly minted one, since Alexander's father had been told that gold, in the West, was weighed, not counted. Angus, who knew the value of the coins, not only in dollars but also in pounds, shillings and pence, would have groaned to see the robber as he hefted the belt.

THEN, without warning of any kind, Alexander Craig was violently pushed from the makeshift sidewalk, composed of kegs of nails, casks of rotting salt beef, boxes of tobacco, bales and cases of merchandise from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, for which there was as yet no storage room in the strange city.

Mud sucked at him, until he was in to his knees. The robbers had retained their hold on him, twisting his right arm until pain and pressure made him reel; at that moment one of the thieves

kicked him heavily. He fell face forward. Mud gagged him, blinded him. He heard a burst of hoarse laughter as he lifted his head, followed by a quick word of caution.

When he had wiped his eyes, the men were gone.

Knee-deep in ooze, young Alexander's throat was so tightly constricted that it ached far worse than his arm or back. Fog drifted down. He peered about in the gray light, which was growing darker, and then sloshed his way to the kegs and casks. "At least I might have fought against them," he muttered, although that had not been possible. Yet anything would have been better than loss of the belt.

His father's words were in his ears. "Ye're young, Alec. But steady. So I'll pass over rum and women. As for the third danger, ye'll be on your guard against robbers. Turn over the gold to Caleb Winter immediately, and have him make your deal. Hides, Alec; hides. Good, tough, Spanish hides. All Caleb can buy." Then Angus said, "Warn him not to pay any askin' price, eh?"

In South Abingdon, six months before, Alexander could have shouted, "Stop thief!" and something would have come of it; now, and here, the words would have been blotted up by the fog. Even if there had been men about, the bearded, booted men he had seen at Long Wharf, a roar of laughter would have been raised by them at such a childish outcry.

Young Alec felt as lonely, useless, deserted, as the abandoned vessels near the wharf, in Yerba Buena Cove . . . Cadmus, Alceste, Genneta de Goito, Mersey, Bay State, Neptune . . . beached ships whose crews had followed the passengers ashore to reap the shining gold. Ship on ship, some sinking at their moorings. It was small wonder that Spanish hides were no longer received by A. Craig & Son to be made into good solid boots and dainty slippers. . . .

Alec could see nothing in the fog, although there were tents, frame shanties, lean-tos, along the mud of what was called Clay Street. As he was about to plod ahead, to find Caleb Winter's house if he could, an oblong of light winked on in a low adobe building not seventy feet from where he had been assaulted.

He thought that he saw a girl in the window, who stood there, looking out into the grayness, and who then moved from Alec's sight.

ASLOW anger rose in him. It was as if she had peered out, to verify a tale told her about a robbery. According to Craig's reasoning, the three or more robbers must have gone to the low building, which doubtless housed women of the kind his father had mentioned, and had poured out their booty—his gold—in return for a night of pleasure. His fists clenched. Without recollecting that he wouldn't know the thieves if he saw them, he stumbled ahead, slipping and sliding, until he was pounding at the door.

An old woman, wrinkled, dark, opened the door a few inches, had one look at Craig, and promptly shrieked at what she saw. Immediately a man appeared,

as old as Alec's father; he had a long pistol in his hand.

"You," the bearded Spaniard said, "mus' go away. Here is no drink. No." He added something, courteously enough, in a soft language which Craig did not understand, but without lowering his pistol.

Alec said stubbornly, "I want no drink. I want—"

"Washing and better manners," Craig heard. The second speaker, standing in the lamplit hallway, was a man of his own height and years; this man was fashionably dressed, although the customary mud dimmed the luster of his larded boots. His mustache was soft and silky, his hair roached. The broadcloth of his coat was superfine. But his eyes were neither friendly nor amused.

WHETHER Alexander Craig saw all of this is doubtful. There was a girl in the hall, and she had a comb in her hair. Alec had never seen anything like her, at once so slender and with such promise beneath the silk of her dress. Her mantilla, where a fold was draped cunningly across her bosom, rose and fell, as if she were trying not to laugh; her lips were demure, but Alec realized that she was really stifling a smile. He knew, now, what sort of figure he must be cutting, and his face became hot under its mud.

"Madam," he said, bowing; "Madam . . . I . . ."

She inclined her head to one side, listening.

"I . . . you see . . ."

"I see so very little," said Luisa de la Torre. "Only mud I see. Is it that you are going to some *baile* attired as a Negro from el pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles? Or—"

The older man, Don Ricardo, snapped a word at her, and she became dutifully silent, although she continued to smile. The man in broadcloth was frowning.

Alec had no way of knowing that he, a stranger, should not have addressed the daughter of the house. He began to explain. "Madam," he said, "a few moments ago, I was robbed. I saw this light. I came here—"

The man in broadcloth, James Arthur, said, "A likely story."

"To me," said Luisa, "it has a little sound of truth."

James Arthur went on, "I believe no word of it. Robbed! Since when do gold-seekers bring money with them? If you were robbed, man, what did you lose? Your other shirt and twenty dollars?"

"Some of my money," said Alec, "was indeed in double eagles."

A SUDDEN dark flush came to Arthur's cheeks, and Craig believed that the man was about to strike him.

Then Arthur said, "Don Ricardo, it is as I have been explaining; San Francisco is no place for you, and you should go back to the rancho. There is danger here. I tell you that these lawless Hounds, who hate all Spaniards, Chileans, Mexicans, become more bold each day. They are composed of such penniless ne'er-do-wells as this man here. For all we know, he is one of them, sent here as a spy because you would not suspect a newly arrived person. His story is ridiculous. Turn him over to the *alcalde*."

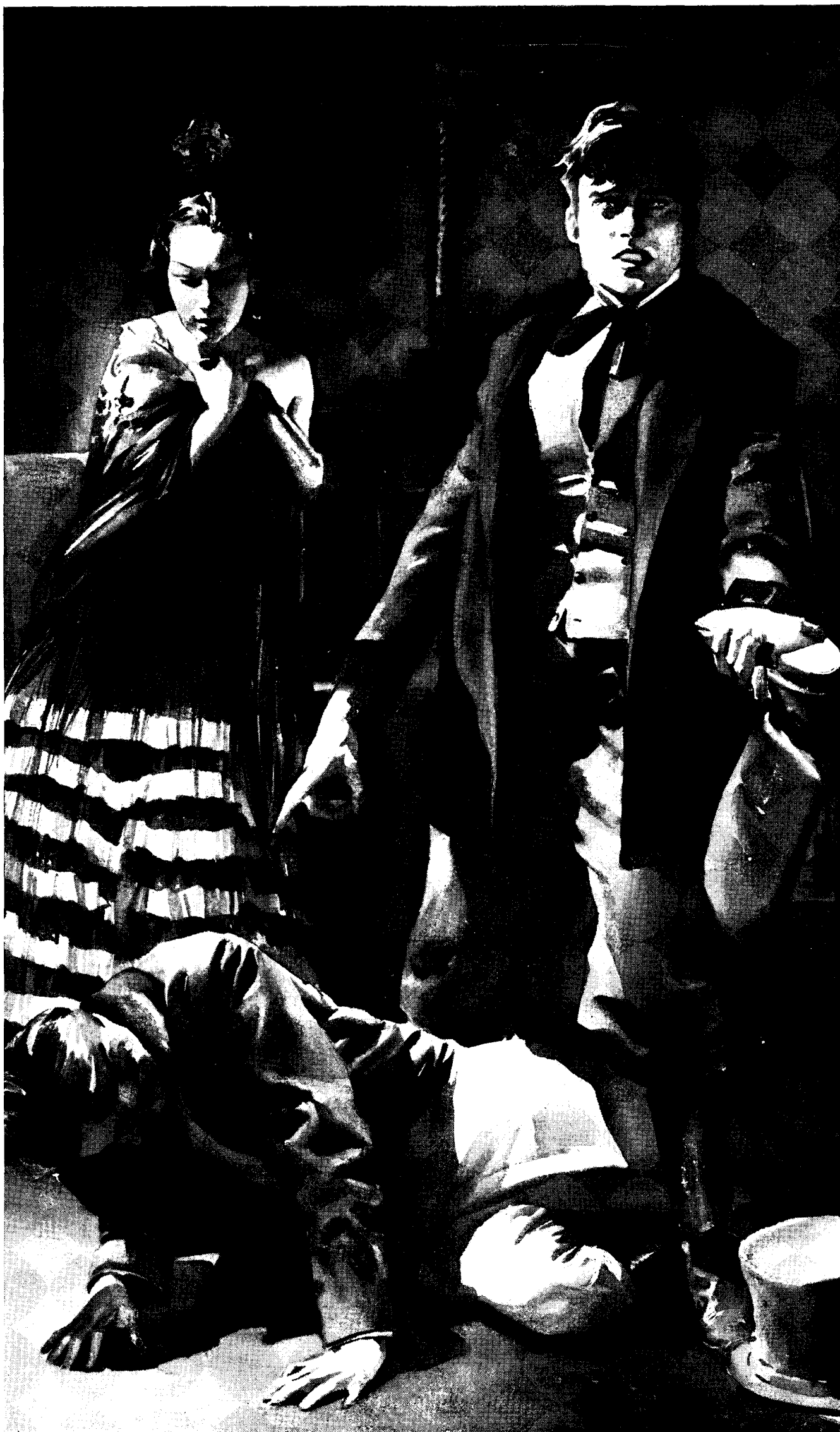
"Pouf," said Luisa.

"I have never turned a man in want from this door," said Don Ricardo. He looked intently at Craig. "Are you a Hound?" he asked.

Luisa said, "Pouf," again, and, "He is only a dirty, so dirty, boy. I think also that he is sad and lonely." She turned to the old servant, gave an order. "So we must send him away less sad."

Arthur's anger was something which Craig could not understand, although

(Continued on page 64)



"There's who kicked him," Alec Craig shouted. "Look! Look at the sole of the boot! Look at the dead man's shoulder! This is the man who kicked him!"

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Under Pressure

By George Agnew
Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

BANDITS seize Cutler Sewell's Mexican estate, La Barranca, murder his wife, and force him to flee for his life. He escapes with his small daughter, Joyce, returns to the United States, and marries again. When he finally dies, the bandit leader, General Dorado, still holds La Barranca.

Joyce, financially dependent upon her stepmother, is wretched. Then comes a ten-thousand-dollar indemnity for the loss of her mother; and she goes to Mexico to fight to regain her old home. Her adventures begin when she meets General Onelia, Dorado's bitterest enemy. Onelia advises her to oust Dorado from La Barranca and take possession of the place by force. This she does, with the aid of some of Onelia's soldiers. But from that moment on, the *hacienda* is besieged by Dorado's forces.

Back in the States, Helm Blackadder, Mrs. Sewell's adviser, who is soon to marry her, sets Washington to work. After which, he journeys to La Barranca. Captured by Dorado en route, he is released on his promise to take the American girl away and turn the place over to the bandit. When he arrives an interesting situation exists at La Barranca. Two attractive young men have preceded him: Dirk Van Suttart, second secretary of the American Embassy in Mexico City; and Adán Arnaldo, a suave man of mystery who is investigating the situation, secretly, for the Mexican Minister of War. Both Van Suttart and Arnaldo are in love with Joyce.

Blackadder endeavors to persuade Joyce to give up the fight and go home; she declines to budge an inch. Whereupon, the wily American kidnaps her and takes her to Dorado, whom he trusts to send her safely on her way. But Dorado has other plans; he makes an attempt to murder Blackadder and, believing the American is dead, carries Joyce to his headquarters where he informs her that he intends to marry her.

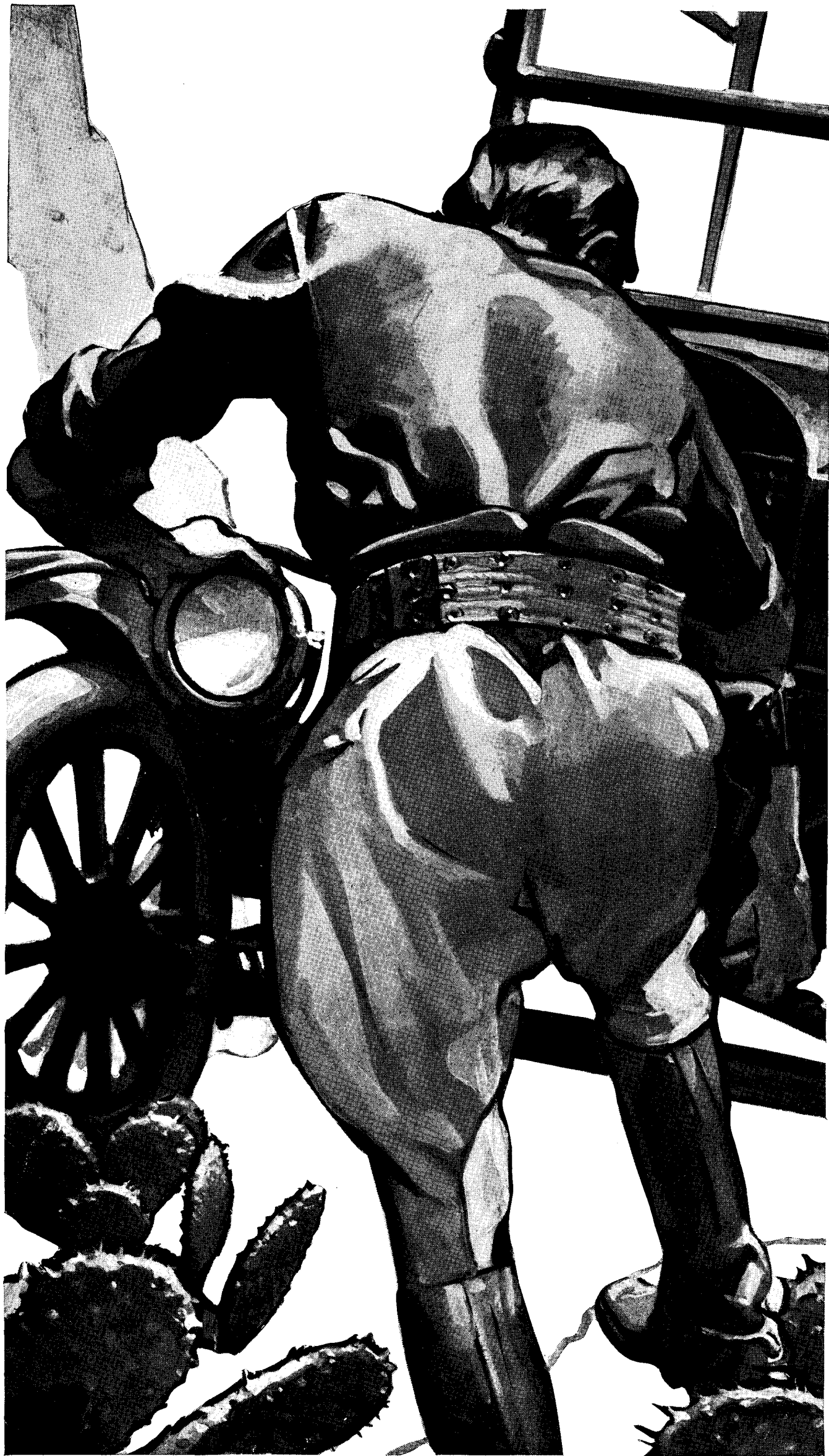
Far from dead, Blackadder organizes a rescue party, and he and Dirk Van Suttart save her. This time, however, it appears that Blackadder has been killed. So Dirk and Joyce believe as, seated in her bedroom (where she is recuperating), they discuss the episode—and their love. They do not have much time for a talk; the sound of an explosion, a dull boom, comes to them. "That," Joyce whispers, rising, "was a gun, a cannon!"

Conclusion

JOYCE sprang from bed, ran to a great rosewood wardrobe and snatched out her polo coat. As she slipped into it there came a knock on the door. Dirk opened. Don Jorge entered, led by Leonardo and closely followed by Luz and Adán.

"You don't have to tell me what it was, Maxie," said Joyce. "Let's go to the roof."

Dirk and Leonardo, one on each side, fairly lifted Don Jorge along and pres-





He leaped out and in a moment was cranking with all his might. No use

ently the whole party emerged into the light of a late moon, climbing almost darkly into a star-spangled sky. They gathered in a huddle against the frontal parapet and waited in expectant silence.

"It's foolish to stand so close together," remarked Arnaldo presently, and as he spoke there came a flash, another boom, but no howling shell—only an earth-shaking thud and then an opaque column of dust where the flash had shown.

Silence again—a long silence, broken at last by Don Jorge. "Tell me, somebody, what you saw; I heard, but for the love of heaven, give me eyes."

"LET me speak," said Dirk. "Of course you know it's artillery, Maxie, but I can tell you more than that. It's howitzers—a battery of them—firing from the bottom of the *barranca*. Since the elevation even of a howitzer has certain inexorable limits, the first shell passed over us and the second—the one you just heard—hit the lip of the gorge. It's my bet there won't be another fired before daylight."

"Why not?" asked Don Jorge.

"Because Dorado has to do one of two things, both of them difficult. He must either move the guns farther away along the bed of the *barranca* or remove the wheels to get a sharper angle, and dropping the carriage is a tedious operation."

"You know a great deal for one too young to have been in the war," said Don Jorge, comforted.

"Plattsburg," murmured Dirk. "I—"

He was interrupted by a carbine volley resulting in a splatter of bullets against the wall beneath them. They retreated in haste, all but Leonardo, who hurried to the southern bastion to direct a counteroffensive. Safe below, Joyce drew Dirk aside.

"Things look black, Dirk, and there's nobody I want to talk to but you—not even Maxie and certainly not Adán. Artillery, cannon—the one thing I can't answer!"

"It's a tough one," admitted Dirk.

"I felt so sure," mourned Joyce; "now I feel helpless and a fool." Suddenly she lifted her eyes to his face. "By the way, that bit about the battery of howitzers. Who told you? How did you know?"

"I guess you're no fool after all," said Dirk; "nothing gets past you." He took out the ambassador's letter and handed it to her. "Read that, Joyce, and it's bad news for me any way you take it. If I stay I'll have a black mark against me the rest of my life; if I desert you I'm a skunk—I'd smell in my own nostrils."

Joyce glanced through the letter, then read it again, word by word, phrase by phrase, the color in her cheeks steadily heightening. Her breath began to come quickly; suddenly she crushed the paper into a ball and held it in her closed fist as her wide eyes stared through Dirk and the wall beyond.

"Joyce, oh, Joyce," he begged, "don't take it like that! I'll write him, I'll—"

"Write to whom?" she interrupted sharply.

"The ambassador, of course."

"The ambassador?" said Joyce, scowling. "Oh, that! Why, I wasn't even thinking of your part of it. Onelia," she breathed, "General Onelia, Minister of War! Listen, Dirk, there's a perfectly good flivver, as you know, the other side of the *barranca*. I have the key to it. Tomorrow—today, since it's almost dawn—you and I are going to Mexico City."

"You're crazy!" cried Dirk. "How are we going to cross the *barranca*—fly?"

"We'll ride around it—ten miles down and ten back."

"While Dorado and his men twiddle their thumbs?"

"STOP!" cried Joyce, her blue eyes al- most black. "If you can't help, keep your mouth— Oh, Dirk, darling, I'm sorry. But our horses are faster—so much faster. Doesn't that make a difference? Doesn't it? There must be a way—there must!"

"Sweetheart, I was nearly a skunk and now I'm surely a rat! But don't worry; I'm cured. Take a bath, eat, change into your riding togs. I'm off to sock a feed of oats into the horses."

"I love you when you talk like that," said Joyce. "I'm glad to promise I'll do exactly as you say except I must see Maxie first." Dirk was on his way before the words were out of her mouth and she turned into Don Jorge's study.

"Maxie, there's a chance the guns won't get the range of the house at all. Even if they do, the one thing to look out for is fire. Fortunately there's lots of water and plenty of people to carry it. Do you think there's any reason I should stay?"

"Reason?" repeated the blind man, bewildered and a little shocked by what sounded like a threat of desertion. "No, *señorita*; it is well you should withdraw from danger."

"I?" gasped Joyce. "I withdraw from danger? Maxie, are you trying to make me laugh?"

Color swept into Don Jorge's cheeks and his sightless eyes watered at the corners. "Ah, *chica*, my beloved child, forgive a blind man for his mistake. Where is it you intend to go?"

"Mr. Van Suttart and I will start for Mexico City as soon as it's light enough to see."

Adán Arnaldo, who had scarcely listened and was sitting with head hanging despondently, suddenly straightened and rose to his feet. "Me, too!" he cried fervently. "But how?"

"I'm sorry, Adán," said Joyce. "You're going to be terribly disappointed. You don't ride very well, and besides, there are only two horses fast enough to do the trick. Of course, it will have to be a race of wits and speed between us and Dorado's outfit."

Don Jorge shook his head doubtfully. "Too far," he muttered, "Toluca is too far. You don't know our *campesinos*; they won't have to ride, they can walk you down."

Joyce hesitated whether to mention the flivver; out of consideration for Adán, poor exile, she decided not. "You'll have to leave it to us, Maxie," she said finally. "We'll surely find a way."

"Even so," said Don Jorge, "I don't understand. Say you do reach the City, what then?"

Again Joyce hesitated before she answered. "Maxie, by the ambassador's letter to Mr. Van Suttart, we know General Onelia has become Minister of War."

"Onelia," murmured Don Jorge, frowning; then he cried out, "Onelia!"

"Yes," said Joyce; "perhaps—perhaps—" She stopped, her lip trembling.

Arnaldo moved forward and something in his pose seized her attention. Most men she had known threw up their heads when they came to some crucial decision, but not Adán—his sank between his shoulders. "It is good you should try to get to Mexico City, but don't go blind. Margarida Fonseca, General Onelia—you think you know them, eh?"

"Why, of course," said Joyce, but the sudden doubt in her eyes belied her words.

"No, no," said Adán. "I'll tell you. Together those two arrange to have Dorado driven out from La Barranca—yes. You think it is for you, but they leave you all alone, abandon you. Why? To make trouble for my friend, General Sebastiano, Minister of War. It was almost certain you would get killed, but no matter to them. Even without getting killed it seems you've made enough trouble to put that old fox Onelia into Sebastiano's shoes."

"Oh!" gasped Joyce, cheeks and eyes flaming, "now I see it all! Thanks, Adán; you've cleared up the one point that was bothering me. Oh, I'll get even—I'll—" She broke off and her face, so illumined by emotion, hardened to a look of determination. "I need a cold bath. I've got to dress, eat." She hurried from the room.

The horses were saddled, Joyce and Dirk ready, but with the break of day came heartbreaking disappointment. It was Leonardo who brought the bad news. Descending from the ramparts he reported that Dorado's following had al-

most doubled overnight. That wasn't the worst of it; secure by reason of their numbers for the first time the riders had dared pass to the northern side of the *barranca*.

HERE was the picture: Straight out from the eastern gate was the great ditch with the rope bridge gone and the howitzers, temporarily silenced, in its depths. Beyond—near and yet so far—was Pancho's abandoned flivver. What need had Dorado to guard that section? None. Had his men stayed on the south side, as had been their invariable custom, faster horses might have ridden around them, but he had been too clever. They were deployed on the near side of the chasm in two broad fans, well out of range, almost three miles to the east and west of the *hacienda*. There they waited like vultures for the moment when fire or ruin should drive its inmates into the open. Dirk turned away, not caring to see what must be in Joyce's eyes.

"Well," he murmured, "I guess the game is up."

"Wait," said Joyce. "Come here, Dirk. Come quite close, so nobody else will hear. Look in my eyes, Dirk. How far can a horse jump?"

He stared at her and the longer he looked the more did a bar of steel seem to form between her eyes and his. "I don't remember the record, Joyce," he said quietly, "but it's well over the width of the *barranca* at the spot where the bridge used to be. Shall I help you up?"

"Please," said Joyce.

He bent his knee and she mounted Rayo; an instant later he was astride Tronido. They tried to walk the horses across the great court and through the *zaguan*, but the mysterious seismograph of sympathy between horse and rider made the beasts toss their heads and mince sideways toward the gate. Adán Arnaldo came running after them.

"Where are you going? What do you think you're doing?"

"Never mind, Adán," said Joyce. "Open the eastern gate, will you?"

"No!" shouted Arnaldo.

Joyce turned to Tobalito and raised her quirt. "Open the gate!" she commanded. "Open!"

HE OBEYED; the bar tumbled and one leaf swung back. Joyce was the first to rush through, Dirk hard at her heels; already they were at full gallop—a near bolt. "Joyce!" he fairly screamed. "Stop! It isn't fair! For God's sake, Joyce, give the horses a chance!"

For the first time he laid quirt to Tronido. The gallant beast took it well. Seeming to sense what was wanted, he laid belly to ground and drew level on the right of Rayo just as the *barranca* came into full view. That was all Dirk asked. He began to ride Joyce off, slowly at first, then with firmer pressure. Now they were galloping in a wide circle, giving the horses and themselves opportunity to steady down. Dirk could talk and be heard.

"That was a close call, Joyce; they wouldn't have jumped—they'd have ridden into the gorge head down. But now that they've had a chance to look at it, come on."

He whirled Tronido, headed him straight for the *barranca* and began to lift him with knee, hand and voice. Rayo was beside him, stride for stride. They rode together—he and Joyce were together. Out of the tail of his eye he felt rather than saw her figure, tense where it ought to be tense, light where it ought to be light, crouching into the saddle, passing its message of courage to the horse beneath. "Are you afraid? No. Neither am I!"

At fifty yards from the brink the

(Continued on page 56)

The Frisco Kid

Here is Mr. Joseph DiMaggio, the rising young man who came from California to join Colonel Ruppert's ball club. He is still pleasantly surprised that you can play baseball and really get paid for it

By Quentin Reynolds

Joe DiMaggio, new Yankee hope, the rookie who makes the big-league grade in his first year

HE SAYS you pronounce it Dee-Mah-gee-o," one of the sports writers said gloomily.

"That's a very tough name to pronounce and also tough to spell," another added.

The sports writers covering the spring training camp of the New York Yankees at St. Petersburg were sitting in the hotel dining-room inhaling large quantities of groceries at the expense of their respective newspapers. They usually spent their afternoons in the hotel dining-room because no matter what the Californians say, the sun does shine in Florida occasionally and sports writers must be very careful of their eyes. If anything happened to their eyes they would not be able to read the hotel dining-room menus, which would be very bad indeed.

I once asked a sports writer who had been covering spring training camps for thirty years why he spent his afternoons in the dining-room and why he never went to the practice sessions at the ball park.

"I just don't like baseball," he growled.

But that is neither here nor there. The problem was what to do about young Joe DiMaggio, the Coast rookie who was showing every sign that he was going to stay on the Yankee pay roll. They sat there discussing it and they decided that they would have to give the kid a nickname—but what nickname?

"DiMaggio sounds like something you put on a steak," one writer said in disgust.

"I thought you always ordered two pork chops put on your steak," a colleague said coldly.

The orchestra was playing half-heartedly and the sports writers, a bit exhausted with their efforts, listened apathetically. Now the band swung into an old and familiar tune.

"That's a nice tune," one of the boys said. "What is it?"

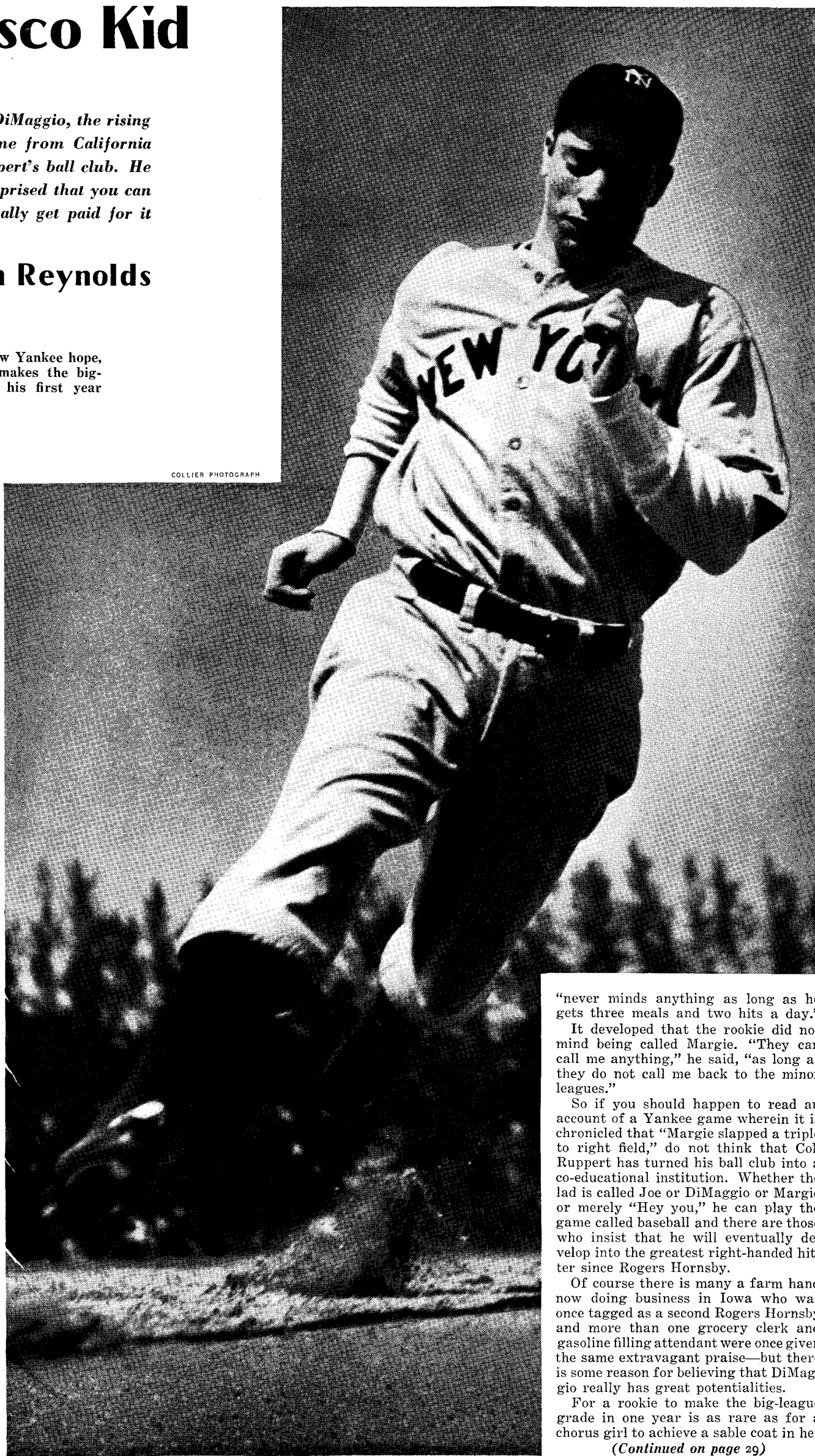
Max Kase, the New York writer, looked up with a rapt expression on his face. "That," he said softly, "is DiMaggio's new name. The name of that song is Margie. It goes Mah-gee, you've been my inspir . . ."

"Don't sing it, please," he was urged and, content with having settled a weighty problem, Mr. Kase relaxed. The others looked at him in awe. Here, indeed, was an inspired mind.

"He shall be Margie from now on," someone pronounced solemnly. "But do you think he'll mind being tagged with a sissy monicker like that?"

"A ballplayer," Mr. Kase announced,

COLLIER PHOTOGRAPH



"never minds anything as long as he gets three meals and two hits a day."

It developed that the rookie did not mind being called Margie. "They can call me anything," he said, "as long as they do not call me back to the minor leagues."

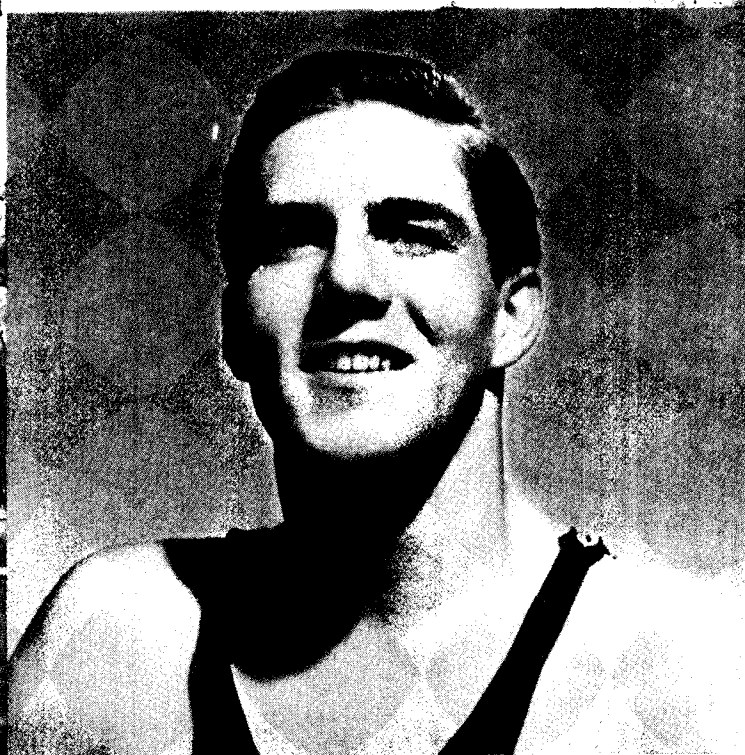
So if you should happen to read an account of a Yankee game wherein it is chronicled that "Margie slapped a triple to right field," do not think that Col. Ruppert has turned his ball club into a co-educational institution. Whether the lad is called Joe or DiMaggio or Margie or merely "Hey you," he can play the game called baseball and there are those who insist that he will eventually develop into the greatest right-handed hitter since Rogers Hornsby.

Of course there is many a farm hand now doing business in Iowa who was once tagged as a second Rogers Hornsby and more than one grocery clerk and gasoline filling attendant were once given the same extravagant praise—but there is some reason for believing that DiMaggio really has great potentialities.

For a rookie to make the big-league grade in one year is as rare as for a chorus girl to achieve a sable coat in her

(Continued on page 29)

"I'm expecting an Elgin for commencement ..it's our traditional gift watch"



says **ROBERT E. GOUDREAU**
Princeton, Class of '36



Robert Goudreau has rowed at Princeton 3 years... has played middleweight football... manages the Key and Seal Club. He gets his A. B. degree in political science this year

Why not choose for your graduate-to-be the same fine watch this Princeton man is hoping for?

It's one of America's finest traditions—this giving of ELGINS at graduation time. And in the case of husky young Robert Goudreau it joins with a family tradition six decades old.

"Grandfather chose our first family ELGIN in 1875," writes this descendant of General Montcalm. "Since that time the tradition has never been broken. My graduation timepiece will make me the fourth ELGIN owner in our family."

This month new generations the country over will be getting ELGINS for graduation. Is there a tradition like this in your family? If not, you'll want to start one when you see the newest ELGINS.

Good-looking, rugged, clean-cut in their modern styling. Expressing in every line their sturdy workmanship, their honest value. The kind of timepieces that keep pace with a man's success.

No other watch but ELGIN can achieve this spirit. For ELGINS

alone are produced by the perfect collaboration of skills age-old and modern. Each is planned, created and completely finished by craftsmen and scientists working together at every step in the world's largest watch factory.

Compare the styling of these smart new graduation ELGINS. Compare their workmanship. Compare their accuracy. In every respect they're leaders. Flawless... even under the microscope. Timed to the absolute standard of the stars by an electrical timing device, developed in cooperation with ELGIN master craftsmen.

Give an ELGIN to your graduate! Jewelers have all the newest models, including the popular "Crusaders." Prices: \$17.50 to \$500.

★ **ELGIN** ★

MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865

A. 17 jewel model in 14 K. natural solid gold case. One of the smart new "Crusaders." The dial has raised gilt figures. Model 1823. Priced at \$65.00.

B. 17 jewel movement in good-looking 14 K. natural gold filled case. The dial has raised figures. Sturdy leather strap. Model 1925. The price is \$47.50.

C. Sturdy man's model, in handsomely designed case. Gold filled band. The dial is curved, with embossed gilt figures. Model 1989. Priced at \$27.50.

D. Thin pocket watch with star-timed, 17 jewel adjusted movement. 14 K. natural solid gold case. The dial is embossed. Model 556. The price: \$75.00.

E. 15 jewel "Crusader" timepiece for men. 14 K. natural gold filled case. Curved gilt figure dial. Gold filled band. Model 1845. Priced at \$42.50.

F. Distinguished 15 jewel strap watch for men. The streamline case is natural gold filled. Dial has embossed figures. Model 1929. The price: \$37.50.

G. Man's round model wrist watch, in smartly streamlined natural gold filled case. The dial figures are embossed. Model 1464. Price: \$24.75.



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What kind of shirt should you wear when it's hot?

IT'S only logical that in hot weather, you should give your body the comfort of cooler shirts.

Most hot-weather shirts, however, wear poorly . . . or the collar refuses to sit up and be good . . . or they shrink after a few washings.

But no longer need you sacrifice coolness to be neat or sacrifice neatness to be cool. Now Arrow extra-cool summer shirts give you both. Now you can get summer shirts with the Arrow label and all that it stands for.

Above, you can see three of the new Arrow Summer Shirts. The first (worn by the man riding up with Two-gun Pete) is *Arocool*. Formal and handsome enough for town wear, yet made of an amazing new fabric so light and

open you actually can get a coat of tan through it! \$2.

The second (center) is Arrow's famous *Gordon* — one oxford shirt that will *stay* your right size! \$2.

The third (right) is the Arrow *Hitt*, with the famous Aroset collar that never needs starch — yet *looks* starched, and refuses to wilt even under the hottest sun. Hitt is \$2.



If it hasn't an Arrow label
it isn't an Arrow Shirt

All these shirts have the one and only Arrow Collar — the best-fitting, best-looking, most comfortable collar ever devised by man. All are beautifully tailored. And all are *Sanforized Shrunk!* This means that they are *guaranteed* not to shrink — *ever*. Why not look them over?

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ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized Shrunk
a new shirt if one ever shrinks



"Can't I ever be right for once in my own house?" cried Delia, her blue eyes flashing

The Sign of the Scales

Tarat the astrologer considers another problem. This time a young couple are puzzled by Wall Street's antics. But you can't fool the stars!

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

THE wise wife rarely calls her husband a pig. For one thing, she can't quote him for her authority, saying, as wise wives do when speaking their minds, "But Douglas says," or "Now Mortimer thinks!" And, also, if he takes her word for it he will guess that he is being run like a pig and he will get artful; and when he is pushed he may not back up as expected, and when his tail is pulled, so to speak, he will not trot ahead. No, it is impolitic; it is even impolite.

This is elementary, and Delia Baab should have known it, young wife as she was, without having to go and consult Tarat the astrologer; though she's lucky she did that.

"Can't I ever be right for once in my own house?" cried Delia—nee O'Hara—her blue eyes flashing and her black brows wreathed with thunder. "Of all the contrary, arguing, pigheaded—yes, you're just a pig!"

And why? Well, Delia, in turquoise blue pajamas at the folding breakfast-table in their one-room apartmentette on West End Avenue, had said, "It looks like rain, Bert: wear your rubbers."

"Oh, I don't know," said Bert abstractedly from behind the stock-market page. "I think it's going to be a nice day."

To be called a pig for that? His chubby and comely face and amiable blue eyes under the straw eyebrows went sulkily blank. He did not flare back at her, cloud retorting on cloud, provoking a shower, till a shaft of humor slanted through and all was merry sunshine again; she had that against him. He never went deadly, flamed hate, cut loose and let nature take its course to hate and furiously back to love again. He just took it and kept it, every unfair word of it—and was that fair? Wouldn't it drive a girl nuts?

Four and a half months of it, and always being put in the wrong, always being the one to start a fight and then having no fight to make up. Nothing to kick about; oh, nothing, except being picked up every time a person opened

her mouth. Couldn't a girl just scream?

"Goodby," said Bert mildly, getting into his overcoat.

"Goodby!" said Delia, sending him to the galleys, to the gallows. She snapped on the radio and caught Tarat's broadcast.

BERT went out, closing the door softly. He reopened it immediately and called coaxingly, "Goodby, Mookey."

"Don't you Mookey me!" He pulled the door to with a bang, and she looked at it in glad surprise. But he opened it again and closed it softly.

"Pig!" she cried. She was back in the wrong again; she was always wrong; she could scratch; she could scream; she was through; she wouldn't live with him. "Pig!" . . .

Pig, and double pig. . . Bert was resentful as he walked up West End

Avenue toward 86th Street. He was of disposition bland as cream, but this thunder and lightning that had been breaking over him of late, for no reason, were turning him sour.

A new husband ought to put up with a lot and not change for some light and transient cause, but when continuous abuse evinces a design to reduce him under an absolute despotism till he can't speak without having his head taken off, why, it's time he declared himself! He'd do that; and Mookey could like it.

What had he ever done to her or ever said?

The morning was Monday—February 17, 1936—but Bert was not going to work. He was going to a boardroom to watch the market.

He was out of work. He had been a clerk in a branch of the great United Bank; the bank had failed, setting Bert and a hundred more on the sidewalk when the liquidation was completed.

He had been an excellent bank clerk.

To most matters in this world there are two sides, and a bad settlement is better than a good fight, and one should compromise and split the difference, but

that doesn't go for adding and multiplying and such banking problems. Bert's intolerant sense of justice was just what the business called for; when he couldn't pick a quarrel with figures, they were right. He'd get back on a pay roll when banking opened up again, if he didn't run out of money and stop eating for too long, he and Delia.

He entered the boardroom of Pfaff & Gieser, there in the Chateau Arms at 86th Street and Broadway.

Mr. Daly, the bulky resident partner, was standing by the order window with old Mr. Pfaff, watching the translux—the reflected and magnified ticker tape—doing setting-up exercises. The market was not yet open.

"No, Mr. Pfaff," acknowledged Mr. Daly, "we haven't been doing our share lately, particularly in cheap stocks and odd lots, and I'm cursed if I know why, in this active market."

"Good morning, Mr. Daly!" called Bert with a pleasant smile.

"Morning," said Mr. Daly in a neutral tone and turned a shoulder. "As I was saying, Mr. Pfaff—"

"Hello, Mr. Baab," said a small customer, hesitating toward the window and reaching unsafely for an order blank. "Say, what do you think of the utilities right here? I got a mind to jump on one at the opening. That Tennessee & South Preferred at 8—"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bert, eager to aid. "This is Monday and the Supreme Court might hand down the TVA decision, and whatever it does to the utilities will be plenty. Suppose you do pay more."

"And be with the trend," said the customer, drawing back. "Right! I'll wait and see."

"Think so, Mr. Daly?" said Bert. Mr. Daly had turned and stared and Bert was flattered. Mr. Daly didn't pay attention to everybody.

"As I was saying, Mr. Pfaff," said the massive Daly, "our business has fallen off this last month, and there might be a good reason! The way I feel about it, I could shed blood."

THE translux ground out MARKET OPEN and the electrically driven clock was at ten. The board clerk poised his chalk. Mr. Daly and Mr. Pfaff ceased to confer. The oracular customers' men watched the opening to see if they'd been right. Bert, wishing to pick a good one, sat down and watched.

He had had for a month a trading account of six hundred dollars with Pfaff & Gieser.

The money came mostly from Delia—she had been a suit model in a department store—and she had said it would be the first payment on their own home, and that they must not lose it; above all, they must not put it in the stock market. Whereupon Bert had pointed out to her that, of all depositaries, Stock Exchange firms had proved the safest through the depression, and that the market and nowhere else was the place for their fortune. And he could sit and watch it while waiting for the banking business to open up, and, perhaps pick a good one.

And it was there yet, every dollar. After a month in Pfaff & Gieser's easy chairs, and with every lure dangling, Bert had not laid a bet. He couldn't make up his mind.

He got up and wandered about the room, listening in on discussions, putting in a judicious word. Traders who had sold stocks spoke injuriously of them, hoping to buy them back cheaply; those who had stocks to sell that wouldn't go up had only kind expressions. Bert, being neither a sold-out bull nor hooked in

a stock, spoke without prejudice, saying, "Yes, but on the other hand . . . Ask yourself that!"

"May I see you a minute, Mr. Baab?" called Mr. Daly.

The resident partner towered over Bert and took him strongly by the arm and shook him as if in bluff and hearty friendship. "Baab, do you know what business we're in? . . . Right! I wasn't sure you knew. And we're paying the rent. Tell yourself that, will you, Baab, when you feel like talking a customer out of giving us an order?"

"It is difference of opinion," said Mr. Daly, "that makes the market, and the more the merrier. Some buy and some sell. But how are you a bear when a customer is trying to make up his mind to buy, and you are bullish with the others? Ask yourself that, Baab! Ha, ha—no offense."

"I certainly shall, Mr. Daly," said Bert amenably. "I get your angle."

"Who is that nuisance?" piped Mr. Pfaff to Mr. Daly ten minutes later, his white head tremulous with indignation. "He just spoke to a customer who was in the very act of making out an order and said, 'You must excuse me from giving you my opinion of that stock, because if I did you probably wouldn't buy it!' His name is Baab?"

"Sell him out—buy him in—the instant his margin falls below the required fifty-five per cent, and hand him a loss! No mercy, confound him. Tell the customers' men to watch for him!"

TOWARD noon there was an anticipatory stirring in the stocks of utility corporations—gas, electric light and power; they were appearing more fre-

quently and in larger blocks on the translux.

And then the news ticker's bell rang, and one of the customers gathered at the instrument shouted, "Tennessee Valley decision, men! Here comes the big news; hold your horses!"

"Wow! Twenty-five thousand shares of Commonweal & Western on the upside! . . . And there goes Gas . . . Hey—buy me five hundred Electric!"

"But the decision's not out yet!"

"Rats, the big boys know what it is. They know; they know—there's plenty of leaks if you know how. Stenographers and printers and—they know! Whew—fifty thousand Commonweal in one block: would they buy 'em like that?"

TSS.PF.
... 5000.10 ...

"Five thousand Tennessee & South Preferred at ten dollars!" gasped the small customer whom Bert had dissuaded from buying the stock at the opening that morning. "And I could have bought it at 8, and had two points already; what did you want to talk me out of it for, Mr. Baab?"

"It was my opinion," mumbled Bert, watching the rushing translux.

"Your opinion," scoffed the embittered customer. "Well, there goes Judge Hughes' opinion, and it's different! What did you know about the stock anyway, hah? Do you know it's a seven-per-cent cumulative? Do you know there's forty dollars of back dividends on it?"

"Sell 'em," mumbled Bert. "Sell 'em right here. Sell 'em short."

"Don't you agree with the Supreme Court even, Baab?"

"Do you want to sell that stock short, Mr. Baab?" asked Mr. Stuhl, a customers' man, with polite malice. "How much?"

"Catch him," sneered the small customer. "Talk a poor mug out of buying them, he will, but when it comes to selling them with his own dough—not him. Not him! Put up or shut up, Mr. Baab."

BERT looked unhappily at the faces about him. Wittingly or not, he had saved most of these people money by his easy advice, but that was forgotten; they remembered the times that he had argued them out of making a profit.

"Like to sell a utility short here, Mr. Baab?" called Mr. Daly with iron smile.

"Sell me," said Bert in a choked voice, "a hundred Tennessee & South Preferred—short—at the market."

"—Short, at the market," repeated the order clerk to his telephone; and he seized his hat and hurried out to lunch.

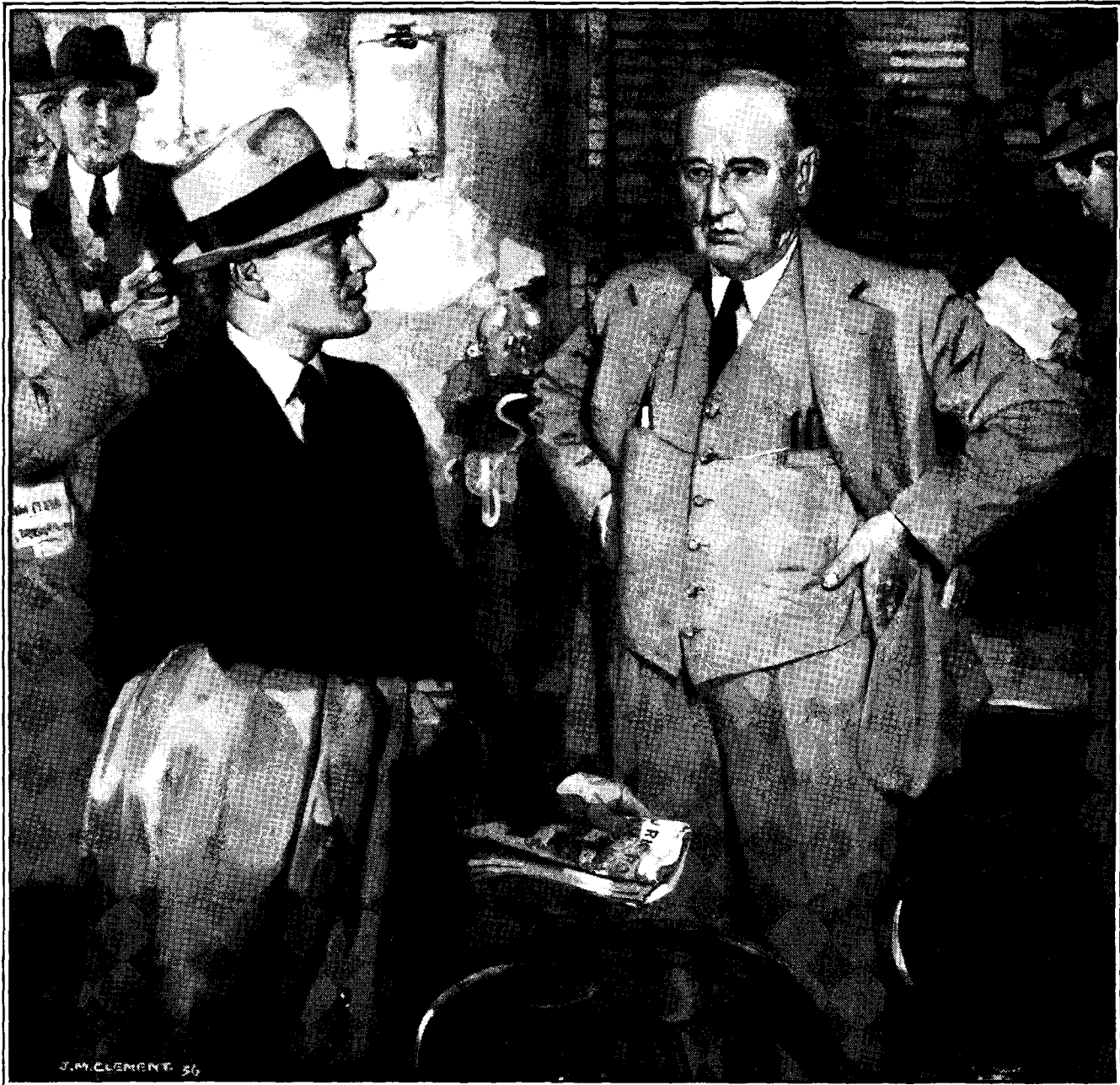
Bert had conquered the respect of the boardroom at a blow, and he was ringed by admiring comments, but nobody was following him. The market was rising on volume, with the utility stocks leading.

Bert was vibrant with alarm. He had sold the stock short; he'd have to buy it back, at some price.

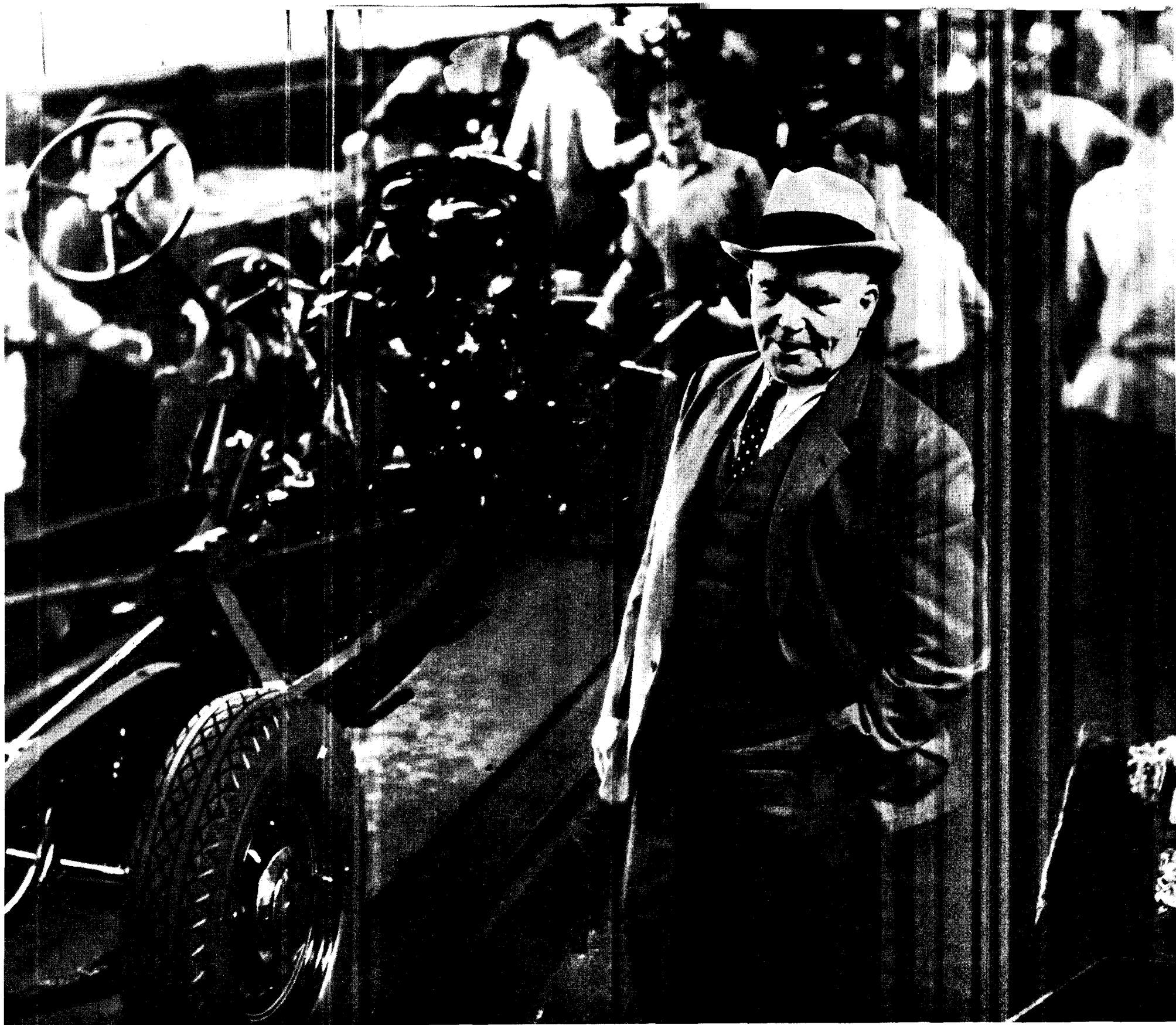
"Sold that Tennessee for you at eleven dollars, Mr. Baab," called Mr. Daly, answering the telephone. "Tape running late; big buying in the utilities; bidding 12 for Tennessee & South Preferred on the floor!"

Bidding 12; buyers bidding twelve dollars a share for the stock. Then he couldn't buy it at 12 and lose a hundred

(Continued on page 76)



"Tell yourself that, will you, Baab, when you feel like talking a customer out of giving us an order," he said



“The Boss is On the Line”

THIS IS THE MAN who built and equipped the great main Plymouth plant...P. C. Sauerbrey, Plymouth's vice-president in charge of production.

It's the largest plant in the world under one roof, on one floor level of any industry. Engineers agree that its equipment and layout are the finest in the automotive industry.

Seventeen miles of conveyors...power hoists and cranes...“roller-runs”...trucks...do all the heavy lifting and moving. Men keep their energy to do fine work...with time to do each job *right*.

Twin assembly lines, nearly half a mile long, complete three new Plymouths a minute. Yet you never

see any hurry or confusion. The cars are built with exacting care...built to *stay built*.

When people want to see P. C. Sauerbrey, the answer is nearly always...“The Boss is on the Line.” Or somewhere out in the plant...keeping in personal touch with the job.

Because his chief concern is to get a superbly engineered car superbly *built*. And, from the boss down, that's true of *every* Plymouth worker.

“Look at All Three” lowest-priced cars and you'll see how well this works...you'll see what care goes into the great, new Plymouth for 1936.

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TUESDAY NIGHTS, N.B.C. RED NETWORK

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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THE GOODYEAR MARGIN OF SAFETY—ANOTHER REASON WHY
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON

GOODYEAR **G-3** THAN ON ANY OTHER TIRE

G-3 ALL-WEATHER —A GREAT TIRE ON THREE COUNTS

1. THE GOODYEAR MARGIN OF SAFETY with tough, sure-gripping center-traction tread that gives 43% longer non-skid mileage than even former Goodyears.
2. BLOWOUT PROTECTION...Super-twist cord in every ply...more resilient, more enduring than any other cord.
3. LOWEST COST PER MILE service with greater safety in every mile — proved by the experience of millions.

PICTURED here are typical accidents that failed to happen—thanks to the mighty grip and sure-stopping power of the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather tread!

More than 8,400 tests prove that "G-3's" will stop your car quickest—that these famous tires represent the maximum of safety against skidding.

That is what we mean by the Goodyear Margin of Safety—the difference between where Goodyears *stop* and other tires *skid*—a precious margin that can save you from costly accidents and injuries.

That is why the "G-3" All-Weather outsells any other tire in the world *by millions*—because millions of motorists have discovered in emergencies like these that "G-3's" are *safest*! Can you afford to ignore that experience?

The Frisco Kid

Continued from page 22

first season. Both feats have been performed but you could almost count on the thumbs of your right hand the rookies (and chorus girls) who have made the spectacular jump. DiMaggio seems to have done it all right but, after all, his major-league career, like automobiles, broccoli and television, is still in its infancy so let us for the moment ignore it and take a look at the life and times of Joseph DiMaggio before he became a big-leaguer on the pay roll of Col. Jake Ruppert. Today DiMaggio is just twenty-two years old.

He was much younger than that when he played his first game of baseball on a real team. The team was the Francisco Junior High School, which you'll be right in saying is in Joe's native city of San Francisco. Joe was fourteen but even then he stood out from his teammates. He stood out because he was the only one on the team who didn't wear a uniform. In addition to young Joe, Poppa DiMaggio had to feed and buy confirmation suits for Thomas, Mike, Vincent and Dominick and he had to go for hair ribbons and pretties for Nellie, Mamie, Marie and Frances and how's that for a family, Signor Mussolini? Now that is many a mouth to feed and although Poppa DiMaggio did pretty well as a commercial fisherman who owned his own boat, he had no loose wampum in his belt for such things as baseball uniforms.

Through a Knothole

But young Joe didn't mind. He liked baseball all right, but actually he was more concerned about getting out there in the bay with his father's fishing boat. He wanted eventually to buy his own boat as his brother Tom was about to do. Then one day Coach Ed White of the school team said casually to young Joe, "Listen, kid, put your mind on it and you can be a good ballplayer. Yes, you might be good enough to play for the Seals sometime."

"Who, me?" Joe said, startled, then he murmured, "*Sei matto da legare.*"

Coach White didn't know that Italian idiom, which was just as well, because it can be translated loosely as meaning, "You should be put in a straitjacket, you're that crazy." The Seals? Joe couldn't help but laugh. To any North Beach kid the Seals were the greatest team in baseball. The Seals? Why, Lefty O'Doul, Smead Jolley, Earl Averill, Roy Johnson, Gus Suhr—they were the kind of players who cavorted for the Seals, not kids. But the thought stayed in Joe's mind and gave him a very pleasant thrill.

Then one day lightning struck Joe. He was asked to play for a team in the Industrial League. They were going to pay him for playing, too—imagine anyone paying a kid to play baseball?

Young Joe was quite a riot in that Industrial League. He hit .555 and that's hitting hard even if you're punching your way out of a paper bag. About this time Joe's mind was divided. He didn't know whether he wanted to play baseball or be a fisherman. Brother Tom fixed that very quickly. Brother Tom told him to stay in school or he'd punch his ears off. So Joe trundled off to the Galileo High School, for Brother Tom was strictly the Head Man in the family now that Poppa DiMaggio had retired from business.

Joe played for the high school team and then his brother Vincent (two years his senior) was signed up by the Seals. Maybe Joe didn't strut a bit then. This was in 1932, remember.

Joe hung around the Seals' park the rest of that summer catching glimpses

of the games from convenient knotholes. Brother Vince was acting as a spare outfielder and occasionally getting into games. One afternoon fate in the guise of Spike Hennessey, one-time ballplayer and then playground director, saw Joe peering through a hole in the fence.

"Listen, kid," Spike said, "I'll get you into the ball park so you can see the games. In fact, I'll fix it so you can work out mornings with the team."

"Gwan, they wouldn't let me do that," Joe said.

"They won't, hey?" Spike roared. "You come with me."

Spike introduced Joe to Charley Graham, president of the club, and he allowed that Vince's brother could hang around mornings if he didn't get in the way. Joe Donovan, the regular first baseman, had a stone bruise on his heel and he was let off from morning practice. Joe filled in and did nicely, too. One day he went up to take his cut at the plate and he swung on a fast ball right lustily. The ball kissed the right-field fence—a well-hit ball, that one.

"I was never so surprised in my life," Joe says now, "as I was to see that ball go. I'd never hit one like that before."

A week before the Seals closed their season Augie Galan, now playing a very gaudy outfield for the Cubs, then the Seals' shortstop, asked permission to leave early. He had an invitation to go to Honolulu with Prince Oana, one of the club's spare outfielders. The Seals weren't going anywhere anyhow so the boss gave him permission. Brother Vince asked if Joe couldn't finish out the season with the Seals and President Graham said, "Why not?" Joe didn't astonish anyone during that week but he didn't pull any bad ones either, and the following winter the Seals invited him to their winter baseball school. This was one school that he didn't mind attending. Brother Tom, finally won over, grudgingly agreed and now Joe began to take baseball really seriously.

When the 1933 season opened, Joe, much to his surprise, had been signed by the Seals. He didn't hope to get into more than four or five games all season but at any rate he was out there every day in a Seals uniform. During the games he sat on the bench collecting splinters.

The Seals were playing Portland in the third game of the season when it happened. They were trailing and when Steward, the regular right fielder, started to pick up a bat in the seventh inning Manager Ike Caveney waved him back. "Go up there, DiMaggio," he called.

Coming into His Own

He was only eighteen then, but he hit safely in 61 consecutive games, breaking the former record of 49 games established in 1914 by Jack Ness of Oakland. Young Ed Walsh, son of the immortal Ed Walsh of the old White Sox, finally shattered the streak when the Seals were playing Oakland. But even in that game when he went hitless Joe's bat was active. Coming up in the ninth he hit a long fly that scored a run to win the game 4 to 3. Yes, he was only eighteen, but he hit .340 and walloped 28 home runs.

In 1934 he played only half the season but he hit .341 and fielded sensationally. By now they were beginning to talk about his wonderful throwing arm. From the outfield he could knock your eyes out if you stood on third base and he could throw a strike to the home plate. Midway in the season he hurt his leg and it looked for a while as though the party

were over. The major-league clubs who had been interested gave up—all but astute Ed Barrow of the Yanks, who can tell a sow's ear from a silk purse any time. He bought Joe on option.

Last year Joe really came into his own. His leg was as good as new and he hit 35 homers and batted .398.

That brings us to the spring training trip of the Yankees in sun-drenched St. Petersburg. Rookies, even rookies with sensational minor-league records, are something like a dime a dozen at training camps and the experts refused to be stampeded even by the extravagant praise given to the kid by such men as O'Doul, Ty Cobb, Rogers Hornsby and other prophets. They wanted to see him hit first.

For His Kid Sister

Manager McCarthy gave them a chance to see him hit. He stuck Joe in against the Cardinals in an exhibition game. All he did was to make four hits in four times at bat against Frank Frisch's bright young pitchers. The experts awoke and said, "Well, now, maybe the kid has something."

Just before the regular season opened, DiMaggio was the victim of a rather odd but painful accident. A minor leg injury was being treated by a sun lamp but DiMaggio's tender skin resented it and blistered so badly that he was out of the game for three weeks. He finally swung into action against the Browns on May 4 at the Yankee Stadium and the customers who had been a bit dubious of the intense ballyhoo which had preceded his appearance were there to be shown. DiMaggio showed them. He cracked out three hits in his first day as a big-leaguer and then the next day he followed it up with three more. The third day, against the Detroit Tigers, he belted two good ones and then the customers took him to their hearts. He belonged.

And that, my fine feathered friends, is the *enfant terrible* who is on Col. Ruppert's pay roll this year and perhaps for many a year henceforth. It's too early yet to prophesy what he'll do this year, for the early part of a season does not make a baseball star. We'll have to wait until all returns are in.

What's he like personally? Well, he looks lighter than his 187 pounds, but he's got very, very strong arms. He wields a 40-ounce bat which is 3½ ounces heavier than the shillelagh Lou Gehrig uses. Al Simmons, a clouter of renown, carries only a 33½-ounce bat to the plate.

On the field DiMaggio is Dead Pan Joe. Lefty O'Doul told him, "You only have to work about three hours a day so bear down all three hours. Never clown around or let up a second while the ball game is on."

Joe doesn't. Off the field he's a nice-looking twenty-two-year-old youngster who'll talk baseball all day but who'd rather listen. He listens to anyone who'll give him a tip—he even listens to the sports writers, which is very, very funny. In some ways he is like another Dead Pan Joe—Joe Louis. Joe Louis has been quoted as saying quite calmly that he can knock out anyone he can hit.

What does he do at night? Well, mostly he reads the papers and cuts out nice things that are said about him. Conceit? Conceit, my eye. His kid sister back home in San Francisco keeps a scrap book and she gets a big kick out of getting stories about Joe. From now on I imagine that she's going to be kept very busy pasting up those stories.

BILL, WHY DO SO MANY OF YOUR SECRETARIES QUIT?



Don Herold Says:

Does your help want to fire you?

This is for bosses—and listeners in.

When you and your secretary are bending over an important paper or delving into a filing cabinet together, does she wish you KNEW ABOUT MUM? Would she like to scream it at you?

The chances are that SHE knows about Mum. Women have used it for years, but men have, until recently, seemed to think—with characteristic male superiority—that Nature has excused them from all possibility of perspiration odors.

The real fact is that men, with their heavier clothes and greater activity, are apt to get *that way* sooner than women.

Even the most careful men are fooled. It is too bad that there isn't such a thing as an odor-meter to show skeptical men that a daily bath lasts only an hour or so when it comes to what I'm talking about. They'd believe a machine.



But thousands of men have now learned the fine habit of Mum. They use a dab under each arm every a.m. and again before evenings out, and often touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Mum is a pleasant, fragrant cream which banishes perspiration odor all day, without interfering with perspiration.

The thing to do—the way to start—your move—is to tear off the corner of this page and send it for a free sample of Mum—to Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. M66, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Pull Yourself Together

By Janet Lane

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME

It's not how much but how that counts in exercise. Do it right and you pull yourself together. Do it wrong and you pull yourself apart. Since vanity and your summer play clothes will make you do it anyway, Janet Lane comes to the rescue and tells you how

IT WASN'T so long ago that clothes, even vacation clothes, were meant to cover you up. You could hide a lot—practically a house and lot—under those flapping black sateen bathing tops, tied in around your middle and reaching coyly to your stockinged knee. And between your straw hat and your white canvas shoes you knew nothing else to wear but dresses, all obligingly gathered into waistbands.

It's a different technique nowadays, though. Comes the summer holiday, you not only have to shed your undergear, but you have to slough off the surplus padding under that, as well. You know—the layer you put on by the good old indoor sports of eating, drinking and sitting around. For after one look at your winter chassis in a nifty new playsuit, or even in slacks—don't let the name fool you, they're never slack where you wish they were—you generally scream and run for air and exercise.

But before you sign up with a horse or a gymnasium, a tap dancer or a diet, take a good look at your trouble areas and figure where you want the steam roller to hit you. For unless you aim accurately, you can exercise until you burst a blood vessel without deflating your spare tire an inch, and you can diet until you drop in your tracks without taking a single reef in your spanker.

You don't have to work yourself into a lather to get rid of out-curves, anyhow. There's a Puritan streak in us all that makes us think the more a cure hurts the better it is, but that doesn't go for figure faults. Reducing yourself to a groaning pulp may be good for your conscience because you feel you're making up for past indolence, but it doesn't necessarily reduce you to a pulp of the right shape.

Reducing that Doesn't Reduce

Of course, any kind of exercise is good for you in that it shakes off flabbiness and stirs up circulation. You look better and feel better for all the extra oxygen you're pumping in, but general physical activity can no more reduce the particular spreads affecting your particular figure than a cocktail can cure housemaid's knee. For figure faults aren't weight faults at all. You can work off any number of pounds and they'll stick right along with you because they are primarily skeleton faults; sags and bulges that appear because some heavy part of your framework, your head, shoulder girdle, or hip girdle, has slipped slightly out of balance and is pulling the surrounding muscles away from their normal smooth position under the skin. And that's why good reducing exercises sometimes don't reduce. They can't do their stuff unless your



bones and muscles are set on the right anatomical tracks; whereas, once you've trained your body back to a good lineup, every step you take, whether it's on a golf course or a sidewalk, indoors or out, is a reducer in that it knits you more smoothly together.

So if relations between you and your new seashore models are somewhat strained, be sure you straighten out your framework and take careful muscular aim before you go into action.

It Pays to Be Careful

Here is a good, accurate exercise routine which will both work your skeleton back into smooth adjustment and train you down where you need it most. It comes from Estelle Bertine, specialist in corrective exercise at the Savage School for Physical Education in New York, and you'll notice she puts just as much emphasis on warning about strains and on maneuvering you into exact starting position as on the actual reducing motions themselves.

First of all, take a bath and a rub-down to release all tension. Exercising while you're tense will do you about as much good as exercising in a strait jacket. If you haven't time for the bath and rubdown, lie flat on the floor and simply flop all over until your arms let go of your shoulders, your legs let go of your hips, and your whole body falls of its own accord into its natural skeleton pattern. And then go easily into your routine. Easily, mind you. It's accuracy, not speed that counts in figure correction, and a whirlwind start will only get you all tense and muscle-bound again.

Start the return to normalcy at your head. It's probably strained forward from a hard winter's concentration until the neck muscles have all gone haywire, sagging under your chin, pulled lean and stringy in front with the tendons thrown into unnatural prominence, and pulled into a lumpy curve at the base of your neck behind.

To unkink your neck and get your head back in normal position, simply sit erect and roll your head forward, around to one side, on to the back, to the other side and front again, as if you had a basin of water strapped to your crown and were spilling a little of it around you in a circle. If you've tried head-rolling exercises before without budging either your double chin or dowager's bump, it's because you bent not only your head, but also your neck and upper spine, which actually did you more harm than good since it is an exaggeration of the very strain that caused the trouble. Keeping your mind on the circular dripping of the imaginary basin of water, however, will automatically hold your spine and neck erect so that you work exactly the right muscles to pull your head back into place. Do this a few times slowly and comfortably and then come to rest with your head centered on an upright neck.

Next go after your too-wavering spine which, believe it or not, is the cause of that settled look across the back and those rolls of slack muscles that ooze so

(Continued on page 33)

To give yourself a final all-over exercise, skip rope. If you come down light and easy, you're doing fine; if not, better check up along the line

She took an ordinary laxative.
Yes, it worked. But she still feels dull,
headachy, not herself.



She took Sal Hepatica—the
laxative that helps correct acidity, too.
She feels on top of the world.



What a difference! When you take a laxative that **COMBATS ACIDITY**, too!

MAYBE you didn't know it, but constipation often increases the acidity in your system.

And though an ordinary laxative may rid the intestines of wastes, no ordinary laxative is designed to combat acidity.

That's why your constipated feeling is apt to hang on . . . why you feel tired and logy.

Don't let acidity linger

Try Sal Hepatica. This mild, thorough laxative is more than a laxative. For while Sal Hepatica is cleansing your system, it is also combating your acidity. You see, Sal Hepatica brings

about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its healthy, normal alkaline reserve.

And what a difference that makes

in the way you feel! Clearer-headed, peppier, more alive.

So whenever your system signals you that you need a laxative, take *the*

laxative that can cleanse your system and make you feel better, too. Take Sal Hepatica—two teaspoons in a glass of water.

This bubbling drink contains many of the beneficial minerals found in famous mineral springs. As a laxative, Sal Hepatica is especially mild, especially efficient and contains no harmful drugs. This, with its alkalinizing effect, makes Sal Hepatica unique.

Wear the "smile of health." Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.

TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight." Every Wednesday Night, over NBC Nation-Wide Network.



Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

WRITE A CHECK EACH MONTH FOR THE FUTURE

Why not lay a foundation for comfort and security in later years by writing a check each month for the future as you pay the usual bills?

To help remind you to set aside regular amounts for the future, a Regular Purchase Plan has been inaugurated by the Division of Savings Bonds of the United States Treasury. This plan provides that you may authorize the Treasurer of the United States to mail you a memorandum statement each week, each month, or at other regular intervals, as you may elect, for the purchase of Savings Bonds of designated denominations. The Regular Purchase Plan order forms will be forwarded to you upon receipt of the coupon below or upon request.

You can start today to free your future of many financial worries through this systematic purchase of United States Savings Bonds. These bonds, if held for ten years, increase your investment by one-third. Savings Bonds may be redeemed in cash at any time after 60 days from issue date, in whole or in part. The bonds range in cost from \$18.75 to \$750. For the results of monthly purchases of bonds see the tabulation set forth below.



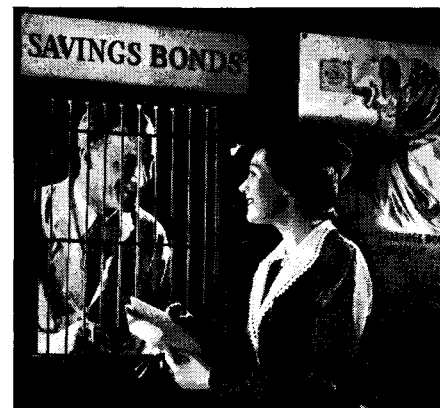
A travel and recreation fund may be conveniently accumulated by regular investment in Savings Bonds. The extra dollars they add to your savings increase vacation pleasure and help to relieve worry over expenses.



"I am buying a Savings Bond for you every month." Your daughter's future will be more secure when she reaches womanhood if you invest in Savings Bonds at regular intervals.



Begin now to provide for a college education for your son by monthly investment in Savings Bonds. If held for 10 years they add \$1 to every \$3 and may be purchased in units that cost as little as \$18.75.



You may stop at Post Offices anytime it is convenient and invest in Savings Bonds. Thousands are forming this habit as a means of saving for definite future needs.

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THE BASIS OF A SECURE FUTURE

A United States Savings Bond matures in exactly ten years from date of issue for a sum one-third more than its purchase price. Hence, if these bonds are bought at regular intervals and are not redeemed prior to maturity, the maturity values will be payable, at the same intervals as the purchases, ten years from the respective issue dates.

For example, a \$25 denomination bond (present price \$18.75) purchased each month for 120 successive months will result, if each bond is held to maturity, in an ownership of \$3,000, maturity value, of these bonds, payable during the following ten years by the United States Government on the first day of each month at the rate of \$25 per month. Likewise—

- \$37.50 so invested each month will provide bonds of \$6,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of \$50 per month for the following ten years.
- \$75.00 so invested each month will provide bonds of \$12,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of \$100 per month for the following ten years.
- \$93.75 so invested each month will provide bonds of \$15,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of \$125 per month for the following ten years.
- \$187.50 so invested each month will provide bonds of \$30,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of \$250 per month for the following ten years.
- \$375.00 so invested each month will provide bonds of \$60,000, maturity value, payable at the rate of \$500 per month for the following ten years.

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Pull Yourself Together

Continued from page 30

unattractively over the tops of girdles. But before you tackle any muscle work you must first unhitch your shoulders—get rid of the pull of your heavy arms and shoulder bones—for if they are clamped down onto your rib cage by the tension of work and worry, they get in the way of any back-smoothing or spine-straightening exercise you may do. So just shrug your shoulders free, wriggling them vigorously up and down and 'round and 'round until they feel completely loose and free—and if this gives you a good stretchy feeling it's a sure sign you were tied up too tightly there and beginning to pull yourself out of shape. Then, just to make sure your shoulders really are detached from your torso, slowly raise your left shoulder up as high as you can toward your left eye, keeping your right hand on the left ribs as proof they aren't rising up with the shoulder. Repeat with the right shoulder.

Now—and only now, with all that weight off them—you can begin to tone and flatten your back muscles, and work off those rolls of unwanted flabbiness. A good exercise for this is the salaam, so-called because you do it in the position of oriental obeisance—that is, all the way down on your knees, with your feet tucked under your buttocks and your body dropped forward so that your abdomen rests on your thighs, your chest on your knees, and your forehead on the floor. Spread your arms out easily at shoulder height, palms resting on the floor. Empty your lungs by hissing your breath out through your teeth and then raise your head, arms and body up until your back is perfectly flat and your buttocks are slightly lifted off your feet. Hold this position a minute or two before you return to the floor to rest. Incidentally, if you go through this exercise with the slow rhythm of a salaam you will be tricked into doing some deep breathing, which is Nature's best back-slimmer.

And now for getting your hip girdle where it belongs in the skeleton pattern, and it's a ten-to-one chance that's what you've been waiting for, since about nine out of ten women have overdeveloped their rear hips by walking slightly disjointed in that section—knees tense, and legs thrown so far back under them that their hips ride out behind, a gait that puts practically the entire leg-swinging effort on the buttock muscles. This works up a pretty snappy muscle development in that area, just as you'd work up regular prize fighter's biceps by the same amount of dumbbell swinging. Your legs should swing limberly up and down from your ball-and-socket thigh joints, like pendulums, so that there is just as much muscle action in front as behind—a logical mechanical arrangement meant to give you a smooth swinging walk and, if you get your legs and hips in the right alignment to use it, every step you take becomes a natural fore and aft flattening exercise.

Unhitch Your Legs

The first thing to do to cut down your hip measure is to unhitch your legs from the pull of those overdeveloped rear muscles and get them working freely in the thigh sockets, and the easiest way to do this is with that old exercise favorite, the bicycle ride. But accurately done. Lie on your back on the floor with a small pillow under your head and your arms crossed easily on your chest. Get the flat of your hips against the floor, lift first one leg and then the other into upside-down bicycle position (lift-

ing both legs at once may spread and strain your stomach muscles) and pedal in big circles, making sure the inner borders of your knees touch as they pass each other. Notice that warning. Thousands of exercise fans do this exercise every morning, pedaling wide and wild, their legs striking out sidewise at an angle that will only spread their hip-spread and toughen an already overdeveloped posterior. As far as their figures are concerned they'd far better be snoozing comfortably in bed. But if you pedal so that your knees just graze, and make big circles, you kill three birds with one stone. You work your legs into correct contact at the thigh joints, you reduce the thigh itself, and you strengthen the muscles that keep your legs tracking right for the smooth, slimming walk you want.

Skip It

Now you're set for more drastic work on your spare tire and rear bumper if they need it. A rowing machine is fine for this, provided you don't do the pulling with your arms—a common mistake that only develops biceps and a bulged back. It's your seating capacity you're trying to reduce and that's the section to put to hard work, so row with your back straight and shoulders easy, getting the real bend and effort in your thigh joints, where the motion should be like the opening and closing of a jack-knife, with your legs considered as the close-set blades and your body the handle. A good rhythmic thigh-swing will tone and flatten the entire pelvic section.

If you haven't a rowing machine, substitute this exercise, which goes after the same area. Lie on your back on the floor, arms flung overhead, legs and body straight but not stretched. Lie relaxed a minute, to be sure you've dropped back to your natural neatly adjusted joint and bone arrangements, and then swing your arms forward vigorously so that the motion swings your whole body up to a sitting position. If you don't come up comfortably, don't strain, but try it an easier way by raising one leg up in the air and swinging it back to the floor as you swing your arms forward and your body up. This is just as good for you and puts a little helpful rhythm in

the swing. But whether you swing yourself up with or without the leg-rudder, be sure not to bend your back and pull yourself up by your shoulders. The entire swing and snap should center in the thigh joints and surrounding muscles.

Now lean forward from the sitting position and touch your fingers to your toes, again being careful not to reach by bulging your back or ducking your head but by a genuine thigh bend. This exercise is a real reducer, and one often tried, but unless it is done exactly right it can do—and has done—a lot of damage, spreading your back muscles instead of tightening your hip ones and even getting the abdominal muscles in a snarl that is not any too good for the digestive apparatus. So until you get the feel of the exercise, keep one eye on your full-length mirror or ask somebody to watch, to be sure you are keeping your head, neck and back in line as you come up and again as you bend forward to your toes. It's the same old exercise story. Do it right and you pull yourself together. Do it wrong and you pull yourself apart.

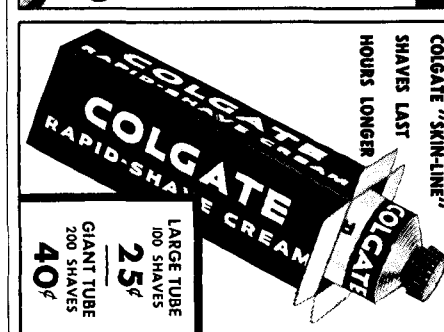
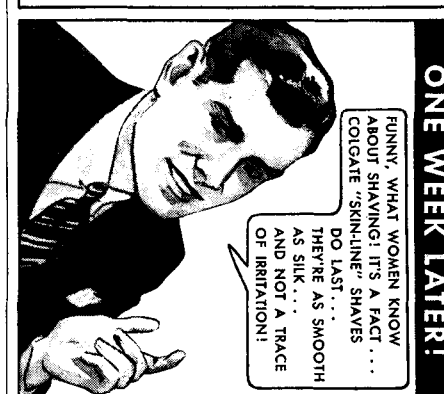
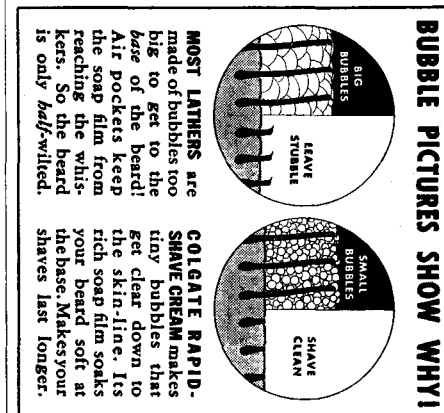
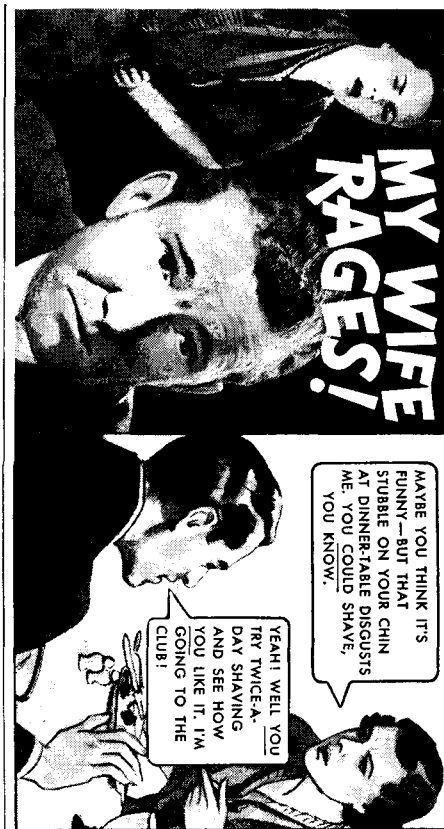
And now, just for a final allover exercise, get to your feet and skip rope. Good and hard, too, but however hard and fast you skip, when your joints are all free and easy, your bones all fitting where they belong in the jig-saw puzzle of your skeleton, and your muscles tracking right, you'll come down lightly. If a good skip makes your teeth rattle and the people downstairs complain, you're tense or out of line somewhere and therefore only exercising a bad matter worse. Get your head up on your neck, shoulders wide and free, hips well under you, knees swinging limber, and try again.

A good workout, one that's really good for your figure, should leave you relaxed and stimulated—raring to go, not ready for a stretcher. So tackle the series easily. Do the exercises three or four times the first day and build new muscle control by degrees until you can do them endlessly, rhythmically, without tiring at all, and it's then they'll give you back the smooth easy action of bone and muscle that keeps you sleek and trim. And you'll have found the cure for the bathing-suit blues.

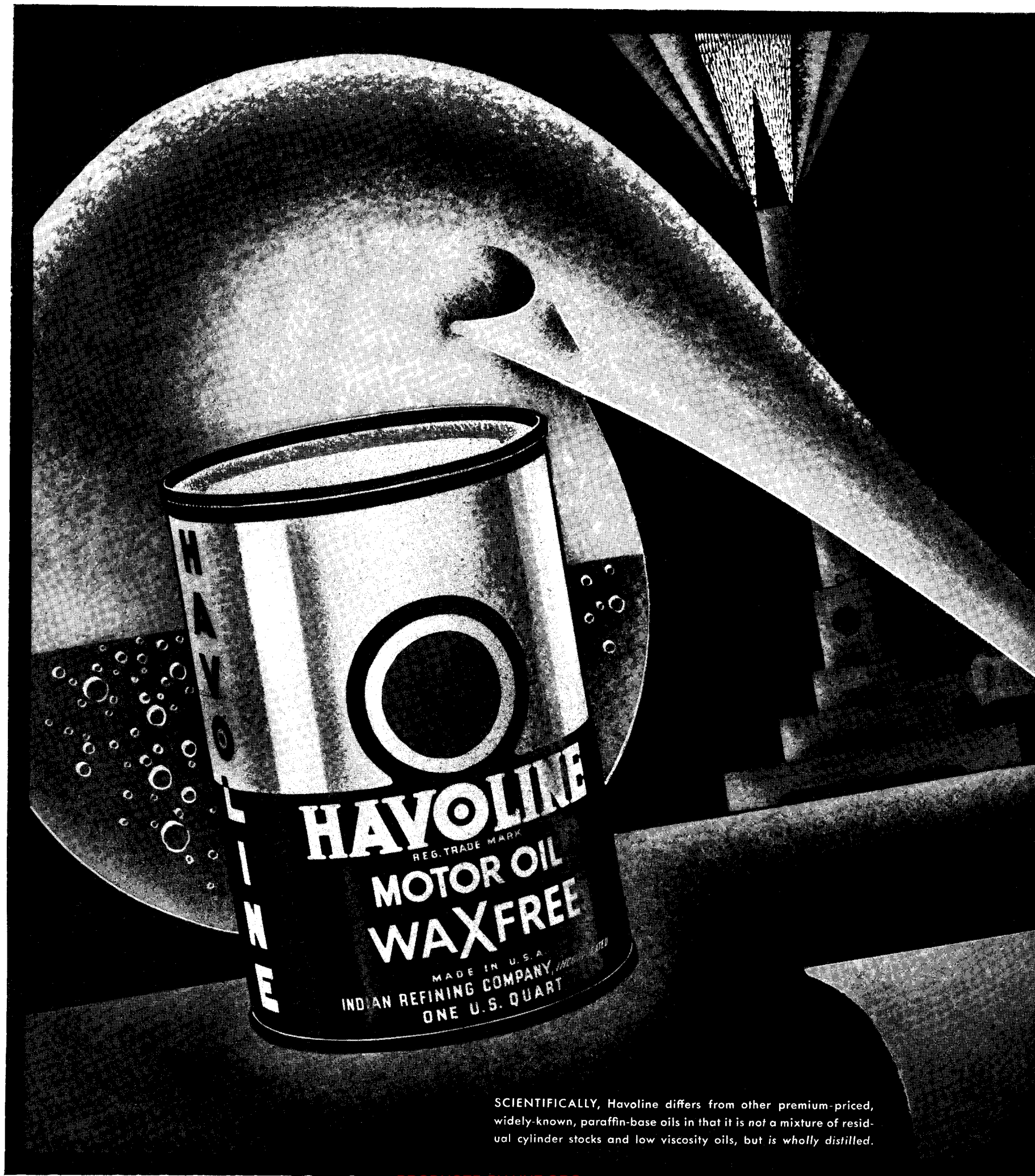


"The umpire here would like to place a little bet on the game!"

GEORGE WOLFE



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The refiners of many widely-known, premium-priced oils *distill only a light oil*, not suitable for modern motor cars. Such methods require adding and mixing-in heavier residues to give body.

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Today, in modern, scientific vacuum stills, Havoline is 100% distilled. It is actually transformed from the crude oils, first *into a vapor*, then condensed into fine, clean oil. Nothing is added to Havoline. No other nationally distributed oil today is wholly distilled.

Even high-priced oils can form injurious sludge deposits. These deposits catch and hold road dirt,

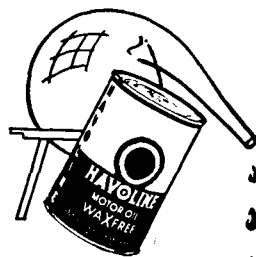
dust and metal particles. An *abrasive* substance results, which slowly wears down your engine.

Havoline *protects* your engine—keeps it clean—keeps out non-lubricating impurities. Havoline *cannot*, because of the way it is made, form the hard carbon that costs so much to remove.

Your car is protected to the last mile—by a lubricant produced entirely by modern distilling and made free from harmful wax and tar.

Ask the Dealer. He knows there is no finer premium oil made than Havoline—*always completely distilled*.

Havoline is sold at all Texaco stations and by dependable dealers everywhere. Indian Refining Company, Indianapolis. Affiliated with The Texas Company.



KEEPS YOUR ENGINE *CLEAN*

Just an Average Man

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Corey Ford

H E HURRIED up the long creaky flight of stairs and pushed open the door of his office, and strode into the room. There was a guilty look on his face, and when Miss Connors looked up from her typewriter and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Brown," he started violently and said, "What?" He crossed the room and slammed the door of his private office.

Miss Connors stared at the ground-glass door for a moment. That guilty look on his face was unusual; and the face of George L. Brown was the last place in the world you would look for anything unusual. She sighed, and returned to her typewriting.

Alone, George L. Brown leaned back in his swivel chair and drummed nervously with his fingers on his yellow roll-top desk. He was a mild bespectacled man, of medium height, somewhere in his early forties. The word that described him perfectly was "average." As his neighbors in Midland often said: "I guess there's a little bit of all of us in George L. Brown."

Indeed, it was this very quality of universality which had served to confer a unique distinction upon George L. Brown. When a big newspaper syndicate had instituted a nationwide search for America's Average Man, several years previous, their scouts had employed maps and weather charts and census reports, divided the number of cities and towns in the entire country into its total population, subtracted the mean rainfall for the current year, and discovered, as a result of their expert calculations, that the little town of Midland, Iowa, represented the average in location, in climate, and in the number of its inhabitants. And of all its inhabitants, they decided, George L. Brown was by all odds the most average of all.

The honor of being chosen America's Average Man had not turned the head of George L. Brown. "I am glad," he had said at the banquet which the Chamber of Commerce had tendered him when his selection was announced, "if I have been of any service in bringing attention to our fair city of Midland here. Next to the wife, and of course my two youngsters, my main interest here is in Midland, because I think Midland is the finest city of all, and I am proud to be known as just an average citizen of Midland here, like all the rest of you."

"Good old George," they had all smiled, patting him on the back. "I guess the best thing all the rest of us can do here in Midland is to try to be like George."

A S A MATTER of fact, it was not so much an honor with George as it was a responsibility. He took his position rather seriously. As America's Average Man, he felt, he was the one established quantity, the national mean, as it were, and everyone else deviated from him in one direction or another like spokes upon the hub of a wheel. In his mind, as he dwelt on it, the idea became more or less fixed that he had a solemn function to maintain the standard of solid, dependable, middle-of-the-road normality at all costs. He set the American average, the way the Prince of Wales might set the latest style. He was the die from which all the rest were struck; and if he allowed a single eccentric thought or action to alter his own pattern by so much

as a hair, the flaw would be reflected at once in the pattern of everyone else. It was his duty to preserve the golden mean.

He bought a radio, and a washing machine, and a medium-priced five-passenger sedan; he cultivated conscientiously a fondness for hot dogs, and he learned to play golf because he found out somewhere the average man plays golf. In every way he had lived up to his sacred trust, until that lamentable moment, a week ago, when he had yielded to a sudden pagan impulse that was no part of the respectable, sober, average George L. Brown.

George stole a guilty look at the closed door, reached in his pocket, and took out a letter with a Hollywood postmark. He squirmed uncomfortably and sank a little lower in his chair.

"Dear George Brown," he read, his forehead growing warm, "it was such a nice surprise to hear from an old school-mate after all these years, because I did not think that anybody in Midland remembered me when . . ."

He had no idea what had ever prompted

him to write to Valeska Shane. He would have given anything to recall that impulse now. She had not even entered his thoughts for years until the other night, when he had taken his family to see "The Borgias" and had gazed wide-eyed at its dark and voluptuous star, whose tendency to poison a lover's wine while she languished in his unsuspecting arms was the season's current sensation. It was hard to associate the little Shane girl he had known in grammar school with this sloop-eyed temptress of the screen. On the way home, his wife had stated that Valeska Shane was definitely a deplorable influence, and that Mr. Sanborn of the Bijou really ought to see to it that the pictures he ran were of the type you could take your children to without giving them all sorts of ideas. Somehow, his wife's talking that way had made George feel strangely stirred and excited. He had nodded solemnly, but there was a roguish gleam in his eye, and that night, when he was alone, he had sat down and written the letter.

As a matter of fact, he had never known Valeska Shane very well. He remembered her as a rather eccentric little girl, wild as a gypsy, and the decent element in Midland—as his mother called it—had always left her strictly alone. His mother had cautioned him not to have anything to do with "that Shane girl." Perhaps it was a subconscious reaction against that long-forgotten parental injunction that had prompted him

a week ago to yield to his fatal impulse. ". . . and so under separate cover, George, I am sending you a little something to remember me by. Thanking you again for your letter . . ."

His forehead felt damp and hot. He stole another guarded look at the door, ripped the scented note into little pieces, dropped them in a corner of the metal wastebasket, and touched a match to them. He watched the flames mount and then dwindle, with a miserable premonition that their ashes would yet rise again to plague him. There was a sharp rap on the ground-glass pane, and he scurried back to his swivel chair and plopped into it as the door opened.

"**I** THOUGHT I smelt smoke," said Miss Connors, peering into the office. "Smoke?" said George vaguely. "I must have dropped a match when I lit my cigarette."

"You haven't got a cigarette," said Miss Connors. She looked at him for a moment. "By the way, your wife telephoned while you were out. She said a special delivery just arrived for you from Hollywood, California."

George swallowed with difficulty.

"She said she opened it, in case it was anything important."

George rose slowly and took his hat. "She said," said Miss Connors, "it was a picture. . . ."

The street was bright with sunshine, but George walked in the shadow of his own guilt, his head heavy, his eyes lowered. It was not so much what his wife would say. She would forgive him, he knew. It was his own inner knowledge of his failure. He had betrayed a sacred trust. He had deviated from the average; and now he was a man apart. People said, "Hello, George," but he shook his head and walked on alone. He was different, now, from all the rest. He trudged with leaden feet up the walk to his doorstep, and turned the knob quietly. He halted in the hall.

"—and you can imagine my feelings," he heard his wife saying, "when I opened it and saw she had even written his name here in the corner!"

George slunk back into the shadow of the coat rack.

"Why, you can see just by her eyes what type of a person she is, my dear," another voice assured her. "I heard the other day she's having an affair with her first husband again."

George could hear several ladies click their tongues in unison.

"She's exotic," said a third voice. "But to think of George deliberately carrying on with a Hollywood actress," said Mrs. Brown. George held his breath. "Oh, well . . ." she sighed; and then she laughed resignedly: "Isn't that just like the average man?"

George L. Brown let out his breath suddenly. He walked upstairs to his room and stared at himself in the mirror for a moment. Humming under his breath, he stooped and picked up a pair of bar bells. This morning he had weighed one hundred sixty-five and one half, and according to the statistics of the Actuary Society of America the average weight for males between forty and forty-four was only one hundred sixty-four. He continued to hum in a contented monotone as he began to swing the bar bells conscientiously.



He watched the flames mount and then dwindle, with a miserable premonition that their ashes would yet rise again to plague him

ILLUSTRATED BY
NORMAN KENYON

DANGER AHEAD?



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION.. *Ride on Silvertowns!*

Pietro: "Look what you've done. You pay for my vegetables—yes?"

Driver: "Don't worry. I'll take care of you. It looks as if that blow-out is going to cost me plenty, although I should be thankful I didn't get hurt."

* * *

Figures don't lie. Every year thousands of dollars are spent for damages—thousands of motorists are killed or injured when blow-outs throw cars out of control. To trust to luck when it comes to tires is to invite a serious, costly accident—sooner or later.

Why not play safe? Why not be sure that the tires on your car provide you and your family with *real* protection against blow-outs? At today's high speeds you can't afford to gamble.

When you spin along the highways at a rate of 40, 50, 60 miles an hour terrific

heat is generated *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER grows this invisible blister. Then it's just a matter of time when, BANG! A blow-out!

To protect you against such danger every Goodrich Silvertown is built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat the amazing Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—it keeps heat blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

More for your money

Golden Ply Silvertowns also safeguard you against dangerous tail spin skids with a specially designed "road drying" tread that acts like the windshield wiper

on your car. At the first sign of a skid the big center ribs sweep away water, giving the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a drier surface to grip.

And into the thicker, deeper Silvertown tread Goodrich engineers have built months of extra trouble-free mileage, that will be good news to your pocket-book. You'll also enjoy the greater riding comfort that these longer-lasting, extra safe Goodrich Tires provide.

No extra cost

If you need tires now—if you are going to need them any time during the next few months—*don't take chances*. Remember, it pays to play safe. See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns. *They cost not a penny more than other standard tires and they may save your life.*

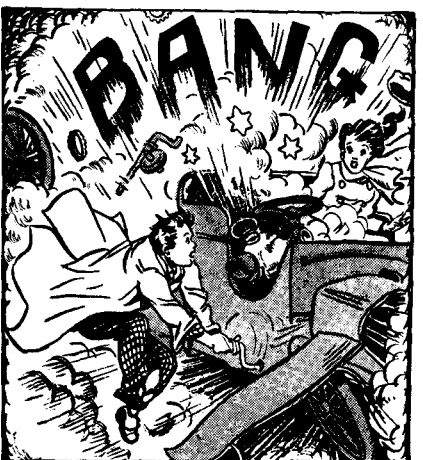
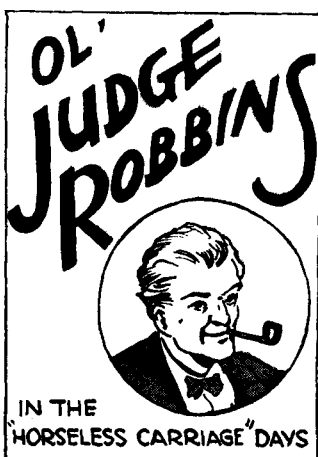
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PREVENT THOSE
BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS
HEAT-RESISTING
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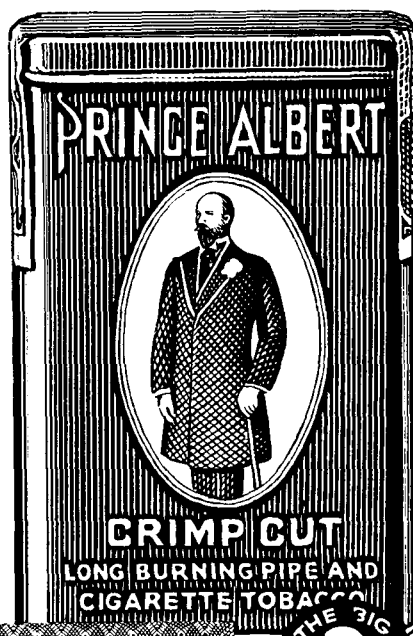


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Gentlemen, meet the prince of pipe tobaccos - Prince Albert



Introduce yourself to Prince Albert at our risk. Prove to yourself that there is no other tobacco like P. A. As a tobacco fancier, notice how P. A.'s "crimp cut" makes for a longer, cooler smoke. Enjoy steady pipe-smoking that doesn't bite the tongue, thanks to the special P. A. process that takes out all trace of "bite." See how evenly Prince Albert cakes in your pipe. How mellow and fragrant and comforting it is! Prince Albert is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. Try it at our risk. Below is our man-to-man offer. P. A.'s grand "makin's" too.



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"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Fixed

Continued from page 9

were wide, glaring; some of the men worked their shoulders to help home punches; some made little automatic gestures as though they were blocking hard blows. No one in the great house sat immobile, at ease, except Big Bill, a deity raised above the pitiful human concerns of the millions. For he alone had knowledge of what the end must be.

He watched young Finnegan take the initiative suddenly, hammering home short blows to the body as he backed the Negro into a corner. The crowd yelled, the dry tinder of its enthusiasm for a favorite flaming up suddenly. For from exactly such an attack Finnegan knew how to shift a blow to the head and end a battle.

The round ended. Finnegan sat with his head down a little, his father handling him, sneering out words from the drooping corner of his mouth. Across the ring Little David had begun to laugh. Still laughing, he patted his body, looking up at his trainer. It was plain that the punches of Finnegan had not injured him.

"The nigger's tough," said Sammy Rosenbloom. "He sure can take it. Out on the Coast..."

"Ah, shut up for a minute," said Big Bill. He leaned forward. "What you think, honey?" he asked.

"I don't know. . . . Slam isn't right," said the girl. She turned her troubled face. "There's not so much of the old 'I be damned' about him. He studies around too much. What's he think he's doing? Reading a book?"

"No, counting money," chuckled Big Bill, settling back into his place.

THAT was, in fact, his explanation. For of course as Finnegan pulled his punches he was thinking of the ten thousand dollars. Not so much that, either, as the avoidance of certain dangers at the hands of the law. It was a practice of Mr. Bill's to investigate the past lives of prominent people in all lines of work, from time to time. It was true that the detective agencies often sent in big bills, but it was equally true that he managed to reap large profits now and then. Besides, the knowledge gave him that divine power over other men which he relished more than all else in the world.

In this instance what he had learned was so unimportant and so outlawed by time that it would have amounted to nothing, except that he had been able to reinforce his knowledge with a powerful bluff. That bluff had turned Pop Finnegan white with fear. He was crumbling under the attack when Big Bill turned to the sweet music of a cash offer. He felt, after the interview ended, that he might have bought out the Finnegan for five or six thousand. In that respect he had been careless, for having victory in sight he had named the figure upon which he already had planned.

It was the second or the third round. He cared not which. Finnegan, dancing through his usual maze, was caught by the gliding Negro with two blows that sent a smacking impact through the loud speaker.

Finnegan covered, stabbed feebly at the black whirlwind, retreated, felt the ropes against his back, and hit through an opening with all his might. The punch caught LaRue high on the chest. Even when he was stung, Slam dared not strike at a vital spot for fear of abrogating his agreement with a knock-out punch!

Big Bill laughed a little. It always amused him, in fact, when he considered how money controls men in love and hate, in war and peace. He, for ten small

thousands, was able to insure the winning of fifty. Of course it was not a matter of the ten thousand but the leverage he had given to that sum, so that it outweighed the fifty, in the minds of the Finnegan. It outweighed the chance at the championship for rising young Slam Finnegan; it outweighed his pride in three score honest battles. Ten thousand dollars was a quicksand that imprisoned his feet and left him helpless before the Negro.

The joy of command brimmed the very soul of Big Bill. His sense of power was no less great because it was secret.

Snipe Dickinson yelled out, somewhere along in the seventh round: "Yella! Yella! Finnegan's yella. . . . See that dirty Irish Mick, Bill? He's yella as a dog! He won't fight!"

But Sammy Rosenbloom said a moment later: "He ain't yella. He's doing about his best, but the nigger's too good for him. The nigger's leaving him to death. . . ."

IT WAS true. Whatever Finnegan might have done with an honest start, he seemed hopelessly out of it, now. The left hand of Little David was hitched to his head with a strong elastic and could not miss the mark. It kept the hair of Finnegan leaping up. Now the Negro began to throw the right. The blows glanced. They cut a gash over Finnegan's left eye; they swelled the entire left side of his face; now and then they plumped home deep in the body, shots to the wind that would have brought down a giant, eventually.

Well, the next round was the eighth and then, according to agreement, Finnegan could make his dive and be out of his misery. Only an Irishman, thought Big Bill, would have endured so patiently and made the fight seem so real. In his heart he registered a vow never to forget the Irish—never to forget to use them and to pay them liberally. He felt about the entire Irish nation as a great general feels about the stout fellows who go over the top for him.

The round ended with Little David dancing to his corner, sitting laughing on his stool, while Slam Finnegan stumbled back to his place on loose knees and with hanging head.

"Little David, play on your harp!" shouted the ringside jester.

A few people laughed. Most of them turned sour faces, for Finnegan was a great favorite.

Sammy said: "When there ain't no jump to the spark, any more, what can they do? Look at Dempsey in Philadelphia. In there with Firpo he was a tiger; down there in Philadelphia he was a tame pup and got clawed to pieces. The best of 'em . . . they just bog down all at once. But to see Slam go this way, eh?"

JAP had leaped to her feet with her hands cupped at her mouth. Her thin young voice cut through the muddy roar of the crowd.

"Hey, Slam! Hey, Slam, Slam, Slam!"

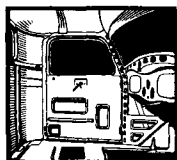
Slam Finnegan was lying back against the ropes, his body newly drenched and polished with water, his back bent in under his own weight, his flaccid belly lifting, falling with his breathing, while a handler snapped a bath towel to give him a cooling breeze and his father worked on his wounds to stop the bleeding. But it seemed that the voice of the girl reached clearly to the punch-drunk brain of Slam, for now he lifted himself, waving his father

(Continued on page 40)

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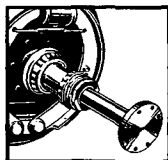
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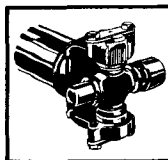
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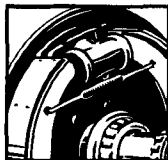
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**ENGINE ADVANCEMENTS
SAVE UP TO \$95 A YEAR IN
GAS ALONE, SAY OWNERS**

If you are going to buy a low-priced truck, do these three things. First, check it for gas and oil economy. Next, check it for known, acknowledged quality features that you can see for yourself will save you money. Last, check delivered prices right in your community.

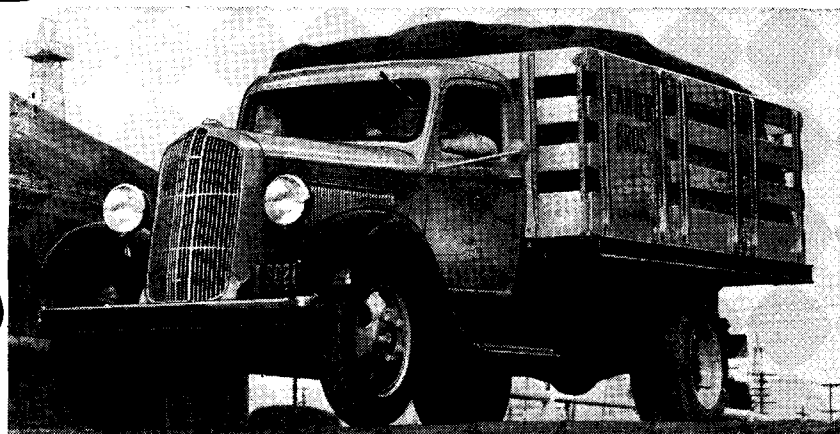
Thousands who check Dodge against the other two lowest-priced trucks are amazed at the extra quality Dodge now offers in trucks priced with the lowest.

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We invite you to make a "prove-it-yourself" economy test, say Dodge dealers. Owners say new Dodge trucks are saving them up to \$95 a year in gas alone. But we don't ask you to take their word for it. Use the little machine that shows how far any truck, new or old, will go on a gallon of gas. Compare! Get the facts! Ask for the Dodge truck "Show-Down" score card. See your Dodge dealer today.

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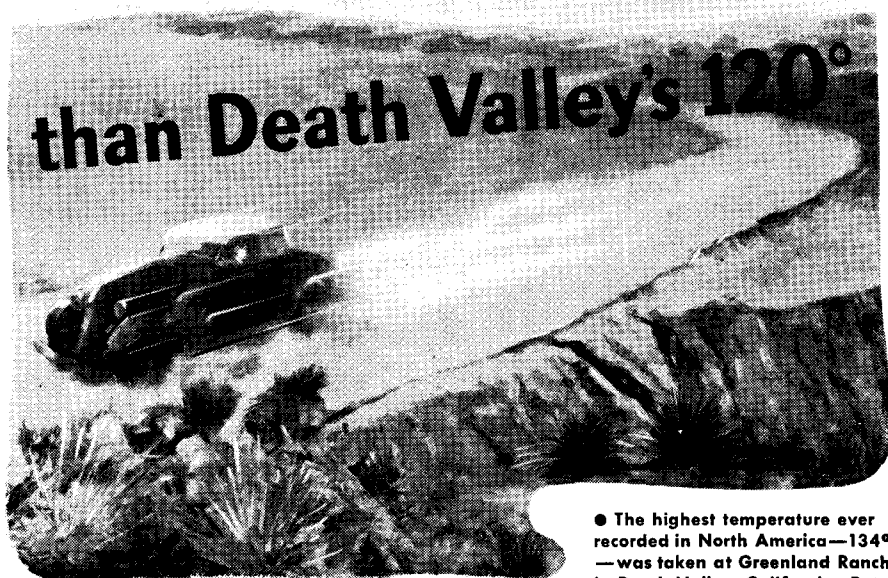
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ONE START can cause more engine wear...



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**This new Fast-Flowing Oil
cuts the strain of today's
"Stop-and-Go" driving**

IN today's engines, delicate moving parts are often separated by only 1/2000 of an inch. If these parts are not INSTANTLY bathed in oil when the engine starts, they *rub together*! That's one reason engines lose their new-car "purr."

The *starting* and warming up period, engineers say, can cause approximately *three-fourths* of engine wear!

To meet this new driving problem, Shell has developed a new oil at a cost of \$3,000,000.

The new Golden Shell Motor Oil

is FAST-FLOWING, yet TOUGH... it lubricates quickly in *starting*, yet in steady running it *holds its body* under motor heat.

And so the recommended grade of the new Golden Shell can:

1. Add a year or more to the life of your engine!
2. SAVE you up to 50% of your yearly engine repairs. (Many repairs can cost from \$10 to \$100.)
3. SAVE you a gallon of gasoline in every tankful. (The "drag" of an oil that is too heavy can waste over 5% of your power.)

Start protecting your engine with the new Golden Shell Motor Oil today. At 30,000 Shell stations.

Golden Shell

THE NEW MOTOR OIL

Fixed

Continued from page 38

aside, and stared down through the dazzle of the lights straight towards her.

Big Bill, at that moment, had risen to say at the girl's ear: "Take it easy, Jap. He'll be out of pain, pretty soon."

She only screeched: "Slam, wake up! Wake up, Slam!"

Slam seemed to be waking up. He shaded his dazzled eyes with a glove and stared again. Then the fifteen-second gong was rung and the seconds left the ring. Slam Finnegan rose, but still with turned head he studied the distant figures as though he had forgotten all about the Negro who was slithering across the ring to meet him.

"Stop it!" yelled someone close to the ear of Big Bill. "Hey, stop it! He's out on his feet!"

"Stop it!" roared Big Bill, and yet he felt like laughing except that the face of Finnegan was puckering strangely almost as though he were about to weep, or shout in a frenzy. He turned at the last instant to meet Little David.

The Negro popped in his left three times. He was hitting perfectly, well accustomed to an unresisting target.

THEN something happened. The trained eye of Big Bill could not have missed it and did, in fact, see that Finnegan countered just inside a driving punch; but his mind refused to believe that he was watching Little David walk backward on his heels towards the center of the ring while an Irishman with a bleeding, convulsed face rushed after him.

Those punches were very wild. LaRue, though badly dazed, instinctively wrapped himself in a perfect defense. Finnegan stood on his toes and with

a right fist that was a leaden club beat on the side of LaRue's head.

LaRue gave ground. He began to run. Finnegan swung himself off his feet and landed on the canvas full length. When he rose, LaRue was able to fight again, though still in full retreat.

THE air of the Garden was no longer a smoking mist but a continual explosion with an endless siren screaming through the mist. Big Bill felt that he was going mad. The Finnegan had sold him out, and yet that could not be the case, for when he climbed onto his seat as every man in the house had done before him, he was able to see the face of Pop Finnegan as he crouched, making himself small, an animal fear in his eyes.

Big Bill looked up, as though for superior guidance, and beyond the glaring cone of the ring lights he saw the dim upper galleries with the pallor of crowded faces through the shadow like stones under water. It seemed to Bill that this world had no mountains except heaps of human flesh and that no winds moved upon its face except the insane screaming of human voices. A mind had been in control only a moment before and that was the mind of Bill, but now the contact was lost, all was rushing to witness ruin.

The gong sounded the end of the round like a small voice in the distance.

No one sat down. Snipe Dickinson screamed: "You see it, Bill? The kid was holding it all the time. Like a Bonthron sprint finish. He let the nigger wear himself out, and then he started..."

(Continued on page 44)



"I'm being initiated into the Thoid Street A. C., lady. I got to eat here every day for a week!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

I'll say

Motorists Wise . . . Simoniz!

Makes the Finish Last Longer and Keeps Cars Beautiful

If you're particular about appearances, you've already Simonized your car. Millions know it is the one way to keep the finish beautiful for years. Moreover, every car needs Simoniz to prevent it from getting old-looking. Simoniz is more than a "wax" or a "polish." It's easy to put on, but hard to wear off. Protects the finish in all weather, makes it last longer, and keeps the colors from fading.

If your car is dull and discolored, first use Simoniz Kleener. There's nothing like it for bringing back the original lustre to the finish. Simoniz Kleener cleans more thoroughly . . . yet easily, safely . . . and a little goes a long way.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. They'll save you time and effort, as well as your car's beauty! Get them today!



Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are never sold under any other name. Hardware and auto accessory stores, filling stations and garages everywhere have them. Look for the famous trademark "SIMONIZ" on the cans. It's put there so you'll know you're getting Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.



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To *thousands* he has demonstrated the amazing performance of the U. S. Royal Master ... America's First De-Skidded Tire.

Let him show *you* by actual road test how Centipede Grip digs down, grips wet slippery pavements ... protects you from forward and side skids ... how the flowing, silent ride of the U. S. Royal Master introduces a new degree of driving comfort ... how much more easily it steers.

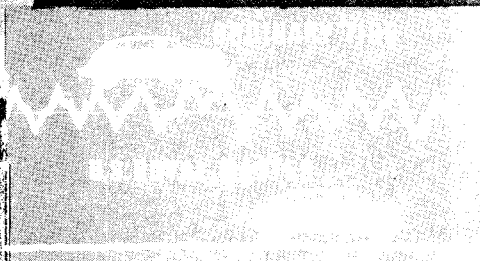
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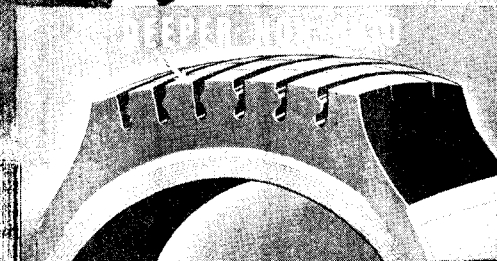




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GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

That was what the sports writers were getting into words as fast as their fingers could work; that was what the announcer was broadcasting; but it held no meaning for Big Bill. Pathetically, with the eyes of a child, he looked up to the misty rafters, he looked back into the ring. Three men with fear-tightened faces were working over Little David, who lay back on the ropes while Finnegan sat alert on the edge of his stool. Pop, on one knee, poured advice at him with a savage leering mouth, and shook a fist under his chin, but Slam pushed the old man off to the end of his long left arm and rose with the gong.

THEN Big Bill partly understood. Old Pop was all right. It was Slam who had gone mad. That, thought Bill, was the trouble with the Irish. You never could tell. A lot of sparkle like champagne, and then a hell of a headache.

But fifty thousand dollars . . . a year's profits . . . a year of wasted life. . .

"There oughta be a law . . ." shouted Big Bill, and found that his voice was the babbling of a voiceless child beside a roaring sea.

For Little David could still fight and did fight. He met the Irishman almost in the middle of the ring, stopped him with a stone wall of straight lefts and then crossed his right to the head, to the cheek, to the jaw.

Finnegan fell on his back so hard that his head bounced from the canvas.

Bill said through the tornado of screeching, to the profound stillness of his heart: "What a beauty . . . on the button! He can't get up. Oh God, don't let him get up!"

The referee, down almost on one knee, used his left hand as one half of a megaphone to make the shouted numbers reach the ear of Finnegan. His whole body swayed gracefully in rhythm with his long arm which beat out the count.

"Three . . . four . . . five. . ."

Finnegan stirred.

"He can't get up!" said Bill to his heart.

He reached out his hands. The spiritual weight of them would press Slam back to the canvas.

Finnegan turned over on his face.

SOMETHING burned the mouth of Bill. It was his cigar. He spat it out. It hit the back of Jap's fur coat and dropped to the floor.

"Eight . . . nine. . ."

Finnegan thrust himself up on his arms and swayed to his feet. He was half turned from the Negro and LaRue, seeing that wide target, forgot all the years of gymnasium instruction and risked a wide swing. It landed with a jarring thud—on the lifted shoulder of Finnegan!

And then came the clinch.

"Shake him off!" screamed Bill. "Push him away . . . and kill him! Kill him!"

LaRue pushed Slam Finnegan away and smashed with both hands, his face grown apelike with the grin of effort. The blows skidded off the ducking head of Slam. He fell into another clinch. The referee worked hard to pry them apart; they separated; and as LaRue smashed with his right again, Finnegan's leaden fist banged home inside the punch. A perfect counter. With dull eyes Bill watched Little David's knees sag.

It was his time to run, now, but apparently he could not believe that a man who one moment before had been helpless was now formidable. So he went in with flailing gloves to the attack.

"Keep away from him!" screamed the sore throat of Bill. "He's ready again

. . . keep away . . . you nigger fool, don't you know he's Irish?"

Someone was beating his shoulder. His hat was joggling over awry on his head. But the trained eye saw everything. It watched the two stabbing lefts with which Finnegan staggered Little David back to the right distance. It saw the right poised with a tremor of dreadful power.

Big Bill wanted to close his eyes but he was crucified and had to see fate fulfilled. The blow landed. It seemed to take Little David by the chin and pull out his face to twice its normal length. The Negro fell straight forward and knocked himself out a second time against the floor.

Sammy said: "Wasn't it great? Ever see anything like it? . . . Hey, Chief!"

Big Bill did not answer. He only smiled as in death he would smile.

Jap was jerking the lapel of his dinner coat.

"Give me back the flower," she was crying. "Slam pinned it on me his own self. I forgot! He'll want to see it on me!"

He let her take the gardenia but still he held her by the arm with his shaking hand.

"Slam Finnegan . . . he pinned that stinking flower on you? Slam did that?"

"Sure he did? What's eating you, Papa?"

But Big Bill could not answer, for again he was seeing the picture of young Finnegan in his corner at the end of the seventh round peering under his shaded eyes at the girl. How clearly Slam must have seen the familiar face of Big Bill, large as two in the crowded picture, and beneath it, almost brushing the fat of the throat, the little white gardenia

Fixed

Continued from page 40

with its three big shining leaves, for luck. "Let's go home, Sammy," he said. "Why do we care a damn about the wind-up fight?"

The noise of the storm had not abated a great deal when Sammy Rosenbloom went with him up the aisle.

"Are you gunna leave the gal, Chief?" asked Sammy. "Are you gunna chuck her?"

"Doncha see she was only stringin' me from the start?" demanded Big Bill, in a feeble rage.

"Stringing . . . you?" gasped Sammy.

"Yeah, me, me, me!" groaned Bill. "She's Slam Finnegan's girl. She was only building things with a big shot so's to help Slam."

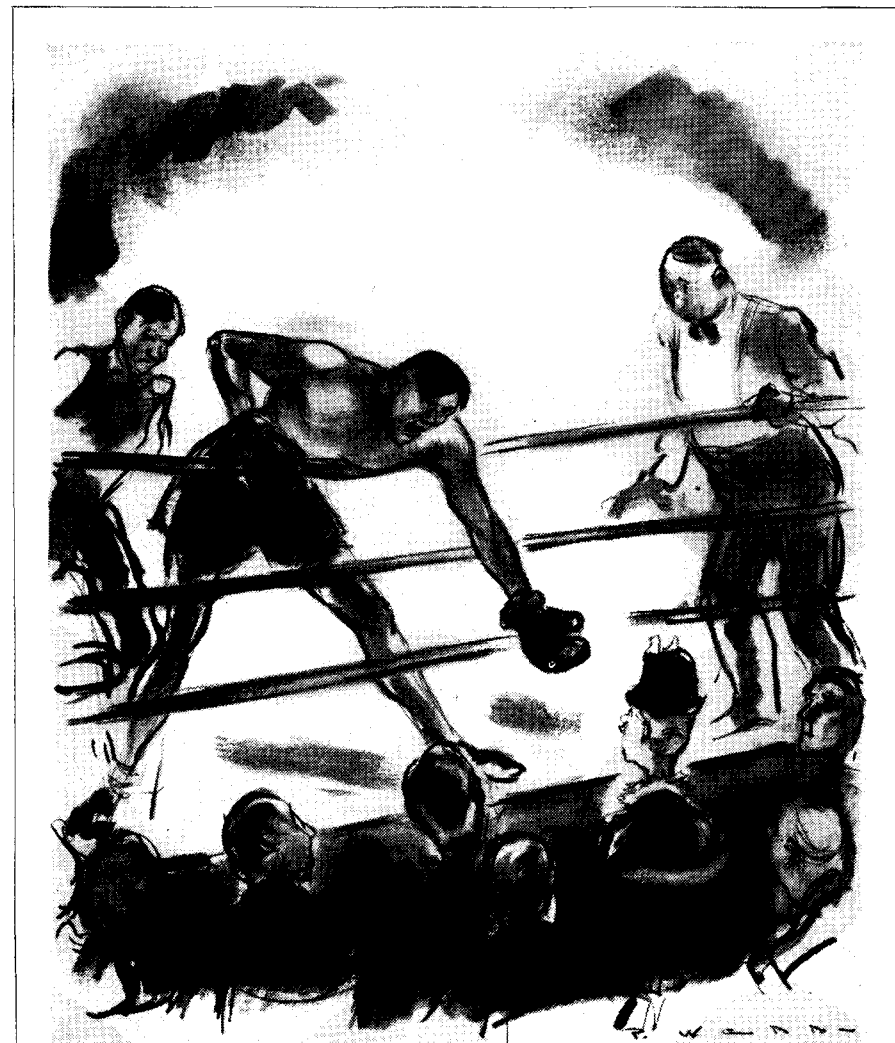
"You mean that Slam . . . you mean a classy kid like her . . ." protested Sammy.

"Ah, shut up!" commanded Big Bill, and to himself he muttered: "Am I getting old, or something?"

THEY got out into the lobby. Other men came with them, slowly, weak in the knees. Some of them carried their coats and the faces of all were streaming with perspiration. Torn programs littered the floor and the sidewalk. Rain was falling, silver bright, a veil that only half covered the face of this wretched world. He was as sad as Monday morning, as lonely as a telephone ringing in an empty room. His chauffeur, signaling from the distance, was a ghost half lost in the gloomy chaos of time and space.

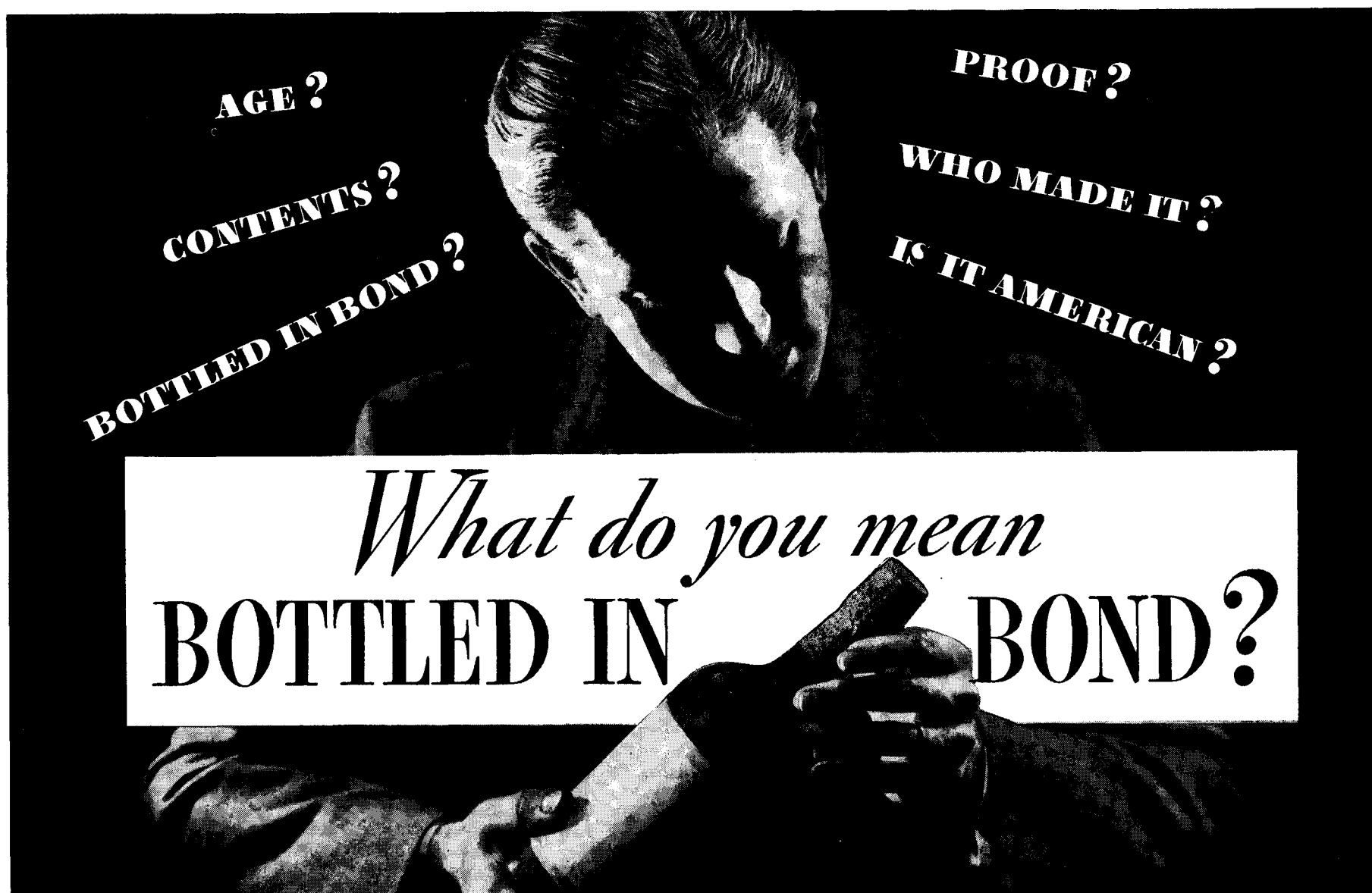
"The trouble with you, Sammy, is you don't understand," said Big Bill, sadly. "Understand what, Chief?" asked Sammy.

"Gardenias, you fool!" shouted Big Bill.



"When I want your advice, lady, I'll ask for it! Who's fightin' this guy? You or me?"

PAUL WEBB



NEXT time you step into a liquor store or up to a bar look closely!

You'll see that some whiskey bottles bear stamps, some RED ones, some BLUE, and others YELLOW.

What do these different colored stamps mean?

The RED stamp means that the special American revenue tax has been paid. The product is legal.

The BLUE and YELLOW stamps identify the whiskey as a product of Canada.

But the **BOTTLED IN BOND** stamp — it gives a gold mine of information to the consumer!

It is the Bottled in Bond stamp of the United States Government — the only stamp which identifies made-in-America Bottled in Bond whiskey! And no other whiskey in the world has to meet such a stiff set of specifications!

That **BOTTLED IN BOND** stamp means the whis-

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YOUR GUIDE

TO GOOD WHISKEY

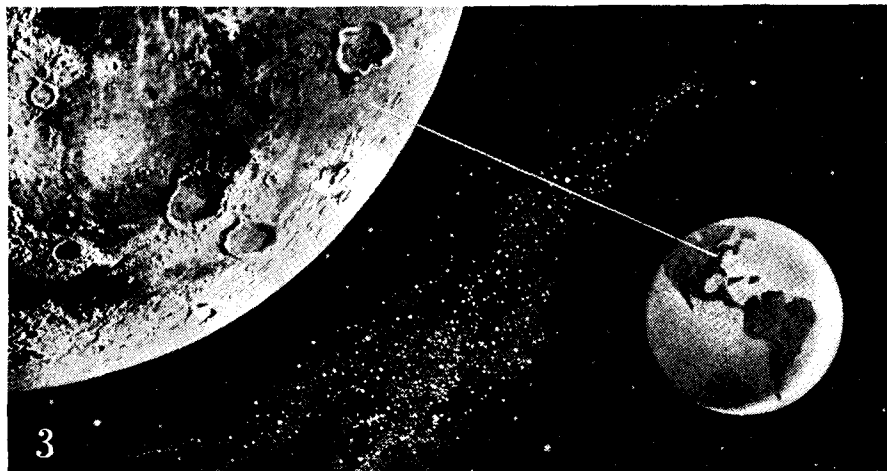
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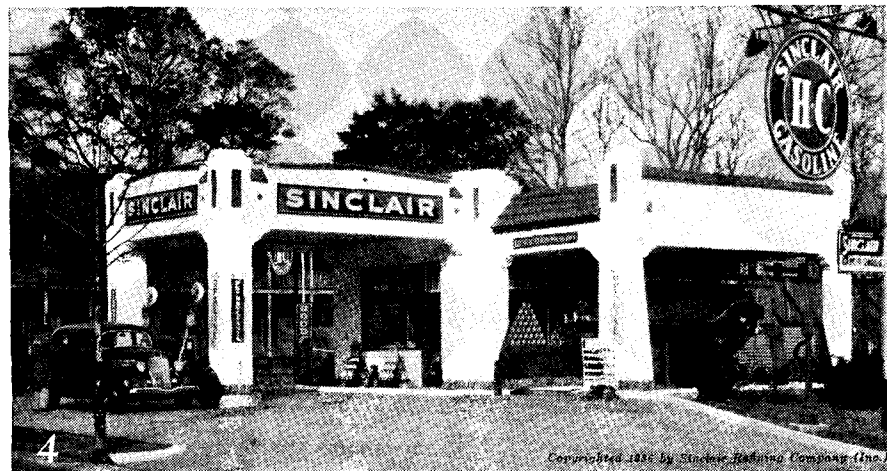
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4 . . . Sinclair dealer for Sinclair Opaline or Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. These splendid oils, made from the oldest, mellowest crudes, stand up better in the heat of summer driving.

Thumbs Down

Continued from page 11

Then something happened. The night before Connie's party we were supposed to usher at a concert in the auditorium—one of those dreadful civic affairs with a speech by the mayor and all sorts of people in the audience who look as if they'd never worn evening clothes before. They had gotten us to usher, of course, and our pictures had appeared in the paper—"Debutantes of Season Ushering at Town Hall Concert Friday Night—List of Prominent Sponsors." Carly too. Even in the picture she looked somehow apart from us, but perhaps that was because the rest of us had our arms linked.

Friday evening the heavens opened and simply poured rain. We'd all had our waves set for Connie's party, so instead of going to the concert we went over to Lyddy Stewart's for dinner and bridge, and told Sanders we were out if anyone called.

WE WERE just having coffee when Leta Ripley jumped and almost dropped her spoon. "Carly Bancroft! Did anyone remember to call her?"

Connie turned a little pink, and looked guilty. "I did," she said. "But she said she thought she'd go anyway."

"Isn't that just like her!" Neely Winslow said disgustedly, "making the rest of us look like sissies!"

"I told her we thought hardly anyone would show up," said Connie. "But she said she thought she'd better go anyway, because she'd said she would."

"Anyone with a bun on the back of her neck," I said, "would be troubled with a high moral sense."

Everybody laughed, and said, "Glory, you're too screaming," and Lyddy had tables brought in, and we settled down to a good rubber and forgot Carly.

But only for a time. Next day at the beach Leta Ripley came and sat down next to me wearing a new shell-pink bathing suit and looking so pleased I knew she had bad news for me.

"Darling," she began, "I'm dreadfully afraid it was a mistake for you to pass up that concert last night."

I smiled. "Yes, Leta? Why?"

"Because," said Leta, "it seems that Mrs. Schuyler, mother of the well-known Roddy Schuyler, was there and she was terribly interested in the success of the concert—took two boxes—and she was sim-plee furious when none of us showed up to usher but Carly. So afterwards she went up and told her she was glad to see one debutante turn up and do her part when it was inconvenient to. And, darling," Leta's voice turned simply to honey, "she's asked Carly to come to dinner before the Palmers' dance."

These girls were all my dearest friends, yet I could see the same look in their eyes as they watched me—curiosity and a sort of secret pleased expression, as if they were glad to see me getting it for once. Me, the invulnerable Glory, who always had things her own way. I couldn't bear it. I turned to Leta and drawled, "Well, now won't that be disappointing for poor Carly? And for Mrs. Schuyler, too, when she finds out that Roddy dated me up for the Palmers' dance a week ago. And that he's coming to dinner beforehand."

Lucy Masters said casually, leaning her head back, "Has Mrs. Schuyler asked you over there to dinner this year, Glory?"

"Probably," I said carelessly. "I forget." But I could see nobody believed me, so I said, "What if she doesn't like me? Roddy does."

"Yes," said Lucy slowly. "But he's very fond of his mother."

"Not fond enough to stop rushing me." That shut them up. But still I felt the need of a gesture. "Listen!" I said excitedly, drawing them towards me with my hands, "I'll tell you what we'll do. All of you come to dinner at my house first—eight-thirty—we'll leave for the dance at twelve—all come in together. Won't it be a joke on Mrs. Schuyler when she can't get any of us to go with Carly, not even her own son!" I laughed. "It'll teach her manners."

Leta looked at me slyly. "How about Freddie?"

"Oh, Freddie!" I said carelessly. "He'll come with our crowd."

Connie was looking over towards the beach. "Look," she said suddenly, "speaking of Freddie, isn't that—over there in the orange suit—his old flame, Lillie Maynard?"

"If it is," I told her sternly, "don't look. She's the last person in the world we want to see. Probably here for the dance."

"Let's see," said Neely Winslow, "how long ago did she come out?"

"At least three years," I said, "and Mother says she's been running with a dreadfully cheap theatrical crowd since. She says—"

But Connie, who was still looking towards the main beach, uttered a gasp as if she'd been killed, and sank back pale with her eyes popping.

"It's him," said Connie, swallowing hard. "I mean it's he. The one with eyes like—"

"Connie," said Lyddy Stewart, "for pity's sake stop gibbering. Where?"

Connie gulped. "Over there. In trunks, standing by the edge of the water."

We all looked, and I had to admit Connie was right. He was something to look at. Quite tall, with a divine figure. He looked like the men you see in the ads.

THE only trouble with our all sitting up and staring like that was that of course Lillie Maynard saw us and waved and screamed wildly—she's simply a born exhibitionist—so that everyone on the beach looked, and then set off running towards us. "Darlings," she shrielled when she was within hearing, "how simply thrilling to see you all again! Glory, my pet," she kissed me effusively, "how marvelous you're looking! How terrifically, terrifically grown up! You make me feel like a hag! My dear, you're stunning! Simply stunning! You must go in the movies—you must go on the stage! But at once, pet!"

That's the way Lillie is. But of course there's no harm in her, and some of the things she says are rather nice. I smiled at her. "How are you, Lillie?" I said.

Everyone began asking her questions, and Louise Ingalls whispered to me, "Who was she? She was simply fascinating."

Lillie has style, there's no denying that, only she's terribly theatrical. She was wearing her hair cut in a sort of fringe around her face, perfectly straight, like a small boy's. Her eyes were terribly made up, eye shadow and everything, and she was wearing an orange bra-suit and silver lacquered toenails.

"How long are you down for?" Leta asked her.

"Just a week, darling," said Lillie. "Just to see Mother and take in the Palmers' expensive brawl and give poor Dodo a little sunning before his play goes on."

"Who's Dodo?" said Neely.

Lillie opened her mouth and screamed, "Dodo! Dodo!"

The vision we had been admiring turned, removed his toes from the water

(Continued on page 48)



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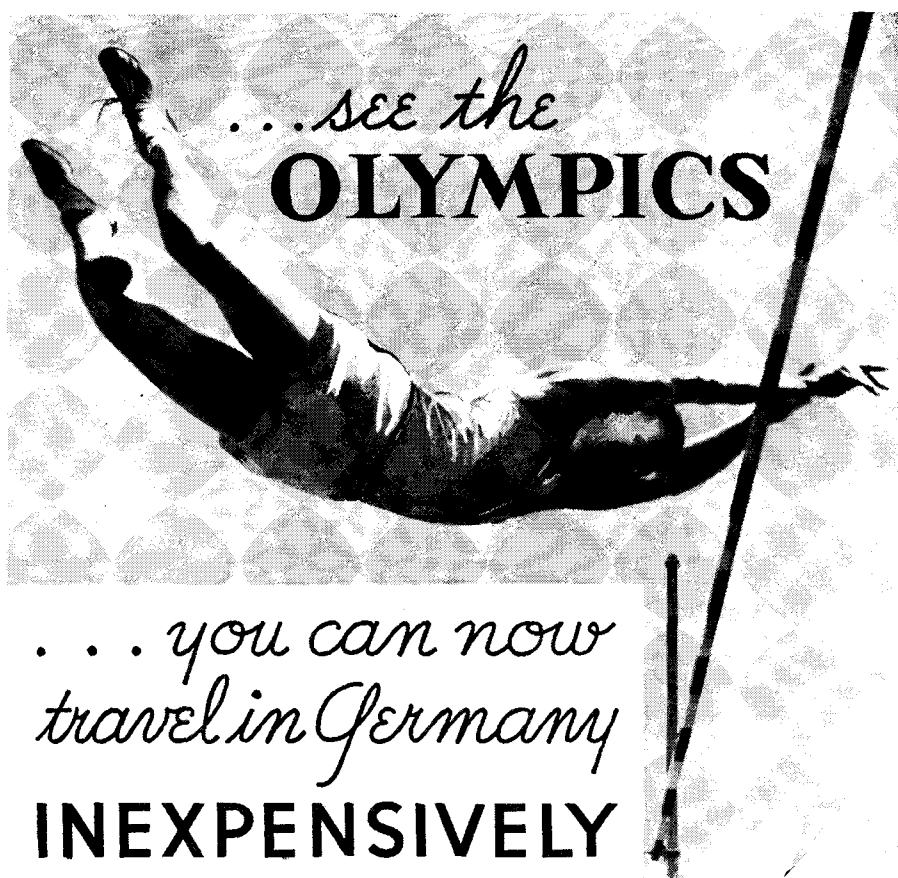
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Thumbs Down

Continued from page 46

and sauntered over. Connie said faintly, "Is he—is that Dodo?"

Lillie nodded. "Silly name, isn't it, but sort of cute. I gave it to him."

I moved over and patted the sand beside me. One of the things I can do is think fast. "Sit here, Lillie," I said. "I want to tell you about a party we're getting up before the dance. You must both come."

"Divine, darling," said Lillie. She turned to greet the simply marvelous-looking creature coming up. Lillie's introductions are always so casual, I had hard work catching his name, but I did. It was Walter De La Salle. The name just went with the aristocratic angle of his nose, I was thinking, when Lillie, who really has terrible taste, explained, "That's French for John Smith, children."

Mr. De La Salle wasn't in the least embarrassed. He smiled at me with those lazy, insolent eyes of his. "Dreadful, isn't she?" he said and reached over and slapped Lillie's hand. "I only put up with her for the food."

I LOOKED at him the way Connie Bennett looks at her ex-husband in her last picture—a sort of mocking and yet understanding look, with the eyes slightly narrowed. Then I opened them wide and fluttered the eyelashes a little. He leaned a bit closer; his hand brushed against mine. "D'you know," he said, "you're rather breath-taking?"

I made my eyes round and innocent. "Breath-taking?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "It's your eyes. It's your skin. It's—"

But just then Connie Moore broke in. "Are you going to be here long, Mr. De La Salle?" she gurgled, just as if she didn't know, because Lillie had told us.

All the other girls leaned towards him, trying to catch his eye. I got up. "I must run," I said, looking at my little diamond wrist watch. "Goodbye, Lillie. Lunch with me tomorrow? Goodbye, Mr. De La Salle." He had gotten up too. I held out my hand; as he took it, I pressed his fingers ever so slightly. "You're coming to my party Friday night, with Lillie."

He kept hold of my hand. "Friday," he said, "will be my favorite day from now on."

"Dodo," said Lillie, "don't practice on babies." But I didn't care what Lillie said. I walked away ruffling up my curls, and met Roddy coming towards me frowning.

"Who's the lady-killer?" he said. I smiled at him provokingly. "Mr. De La Salle is attractive, isn't he?"

"If you like chorus men," said Roddy shortly. "Glory, listen. Mother's in a furor. It seems she asked that attractive Miss Bancroft to dinner before the Palmers' dance Saturday. And she was," Rodney stammered, "she was counting on my being there. Didn't know I was tied up with you."

I drew myself up and gave him a chilly look. "If you feel tied up, Roddy, I'll be glad to release you."

Roddy grabbed my arm. "Don't be dumb! That isn't the question. It's just that it's pretty embarrassing for Mother, having asked Miss Bancroft and then having no young people there. So we just—I just—" Roddy stuttered a little, "wondered if you couldn't possibly come over to our house instead, and then we could all go on to the dance together. It would be a big relief to Mother, Glory."

I shook my head slowly. After all, I said to myself, this will teach Mrs. Schuyler to leave me out. And then to ask me to go on to the dance with Carly Bancroft!

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Roddy," I said, and I smiled up at him regretfully, "but it's simply impossible. I have guests coming myself—you know, all the crowd. Carly Bancroft simply wouldn't fit. And I've just asked Lillie Maynard and Mr. De La Salle."

"Mr. De La Salle? Who's he—the Living Profile over there?" Roddy scowled.

I saw the situation called for tact. "Roddy," I said, putting my hand gently on his arm, "don't let's quarrel. I can't dismiss all my guests—you know that. All I can do is offer to let you go."

"You know I don't want that," said Roddy gruffly. "It can't have escaped your attention that I'm nuts about you."

I gave him a very deep, grave look. "Are you, really, Roddy?" April, I thought, St. Thomas'...

But Roddy gave his head an impatient shake. "Don't pretend you don't know! Glory, I don't like being strung along. Sometimes I think you're just interested in counting heads."

I looked up at him. It was in my mind to tell him I was "that way" about him, too; that nobody else mattered, and get it over with there and then. But Mr. De La Salle walked by, quite close to us, and when he saw the way Roddy was looking at me he raised his eyebrows and made the most amusing little face: Well, really! and I couldn't help smiling, way in the back of my eyes. Roddy turned around and saw him and his face got very black.

"Roddy!" I said, "you know that isn't so."

"Isn't it?" he said.

"No, it isn't," I told him. "I feel—" But suddenly I couldn't tell him how I felt. The moment had passed; I knew it. And I was just the least bit relieved. Because, while it's awfully nice to be engaged, to show the other girls your ring and see them writhing with jealousy, to have parties given for you and a house and car and wedding trip to choose, and to know that you will never, never be one of those older girls who hang around dances getting gayer and gayer and having fewer and fewer partners—still, there's no use denying it, there's something awfully final about marriage.

"Roddy," I said earnestly, "I can't tell you how I feel now—there are too many people around. But... I'll tell you at the dance."

I ran on. I could feel his somber eyes on my back and it made me feel all fidgety and yet excited too, as if I'd had a glass too much of champagne.

I BACKED my roadster out of the parking place and smacked the bumper of another car doing it. It was Mr. De La Salle, with Lillie beside him.

"Darling," he called, "a little less recklessness—at least with impersonal objects like cars."

I drove home laughing. As I ran up the driveway I saw Freddie duck out on the terrace. It struck me that he'd been avoiding me lately, and I particularly wanted to speak with him. I ran after him.

"Freddie," I called, "I'm counting on you Saturday. We're going to have a big time—champagne and everything."

Freddie loves champagne. But he just turned around sulkily.

"Listen," he said, "I'm taking Miss Bancroft to that dance. I asked her, and Mrs. Schuyler has asked me to dinner there first. So you can just put that in your pipe and smoke it."

I don't know why, but something about the way he spoke frightened me even more than it made me angry. "Freddie,"

(Continued on page 50)



What every young bridegroom should know

YOU and the girl who has so bravely cast her lot with yours will now want many things. Children, a home of your own—these are important things.

You will want to educate your children. You will want to pay for your home. You will want financial success by the time your hair is gray. And these are costly things.

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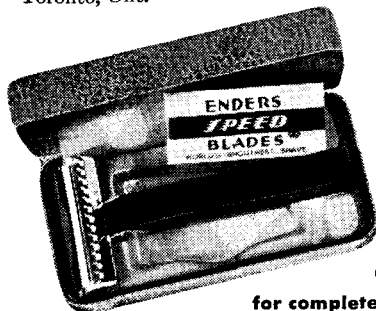


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49¢
for complete outfit:
razor, 6 blades, case

Thumbs Down

Continued from page 48

I said, "you aren't seriously falling for that girl, are you?"

"Falling for her?" he said. "You're darn tootin'. She's the finest girl I've ever met. I'm going to ask her to marry me, first chance I get, and I'm counting on this dance to give me the chance. So how'd you like that?"

I thought very, very fast. Something had to be done; the situation was desperate. If Freddie was allowed to roam off by himself with Carly Bancroft, I'd have her as a sister-in-law before I knew it. My thoughts ran round wildly, and suddenly hit on Lillie Maynard. Lillie had run off and ditched Freddie two years before, and that always gives a girl romantic value in a man's eyes. Lillie is a good sport, and just daffy enough so she thinks Freddie is amusing. I knew I wouldn't have any trouble persuading her to be nice to Freddie again for just one evening. And if Lillie were occupied with Freddie, Walter De La Salle wouldn't have her on his mind.

"Freddie," I said, "how would you like me to ask Carly to dinner here?"

Freddie eyed me suspiciously. "You can't," he said, "and you know it. I told you Mrs. Schuyler had asked us both. Besides, I don't want to."

"I think you're foolish, Freddie. If you're really serious about her, it will look much better for her to come in with all of us. She'll appreciate it more. And we've got an awfully good crowd."

Freddie was weakening, but he still jeered. "Louise Ingalls! Yeah!"

"Lillie Maynard is here from New York, and she's coming," I said.

Freddie jumped. "Lillie!"

"She was asking for you, over at the beach. Of course," I said casually, "I realize Lillie's no thrill to you now. Still, she's amusing, at a party. And it would probably help you with Carly Bancroft to see how high you stood with a girl as fascinating as Lillie."

I personally don't think Lillie is fascinating at all. But in a thing like this you have to sacrifice your convictions. Freddie surrendered suddenly, all in a heap. "All right," he said, "maybe you're right. So what? That doesn't help me out of the Schuyler dinner."

I dropped a little kiss on the end of his nose. "Leave that," I told him, "to me."

MRS. SCHUYLER, when I called her on the phone, sounded decidedly chilly. But that didn't deter me. "Oh, Mrs. Schuyler," I cooed, "I'm so upset. I find Carly Bancroft is going to dinner at your house before the dance. I'm so disappointed, because all the girls just 'coming out' were planning to go in a body from my house, after dinner, with their men—we thought it would be such fun—and I was counting on Carly. Only apparently she didn't understand it. So I wondered if you'd let me be wicked enough to steal her from you? At least for coffee?"

Mrs. Schuyler sounded curter than ever. "Why," she said, "I don't like to stand in the way of the child's good time, of course. But I understood she was free for that night—at least up until two days ago."

"I'm afraid there was a misunderstanding," I said gently. "I told the girls when we were all in a crowd together, but maybe Carly isn't used to our casual manners. Because I understand from Freddie she didn't think she was included."

"I should think your brother would have mentioned it before," said Mrs. Schuyler.

"You would, wouldn't you?" I said

lightly. "But sisters are the last ones in the world that brothers confide in!"

Mrs. Schuyler unbent somewhat, and said in a really quite human tone that of course she'd waive her claim. Then I called Carly. "I've stolen you from Mrs. Schuyler!" I told her artlessly. "You're coming to dinner at our house instead."

"But—but," she stammered, "I've accepted Mrs. Schuyler's invitation. I can't possibly—"

"Oh, yes, you can!" I told her. "I've just been talking to Mrs. Schuyler. She said it would be perfectly all right. She's taking an older crowd."

"Oh," said Carly. I could feel over the telephone how she didn't want to come. But what could she say? "Half past eight on Saturday," I told her gayly, and rang off.

Generally on a night you've looked forward to dreadfully it either rains or your wave won't set or your complexion goes haywire. But none of these things happened Saturday night.

Everyone came in a crowd at nine.

WHEN Carly came in Roddy was standing on one side of me and Walter De La Salle on the other, and Walter did something that annoyed me very much. He drew in his breath and said, "My God! Who's that beautiful Brunhild?"

Roddy frowned, and looked annoyed; he didn't like Walter, and pretended it was because his line was cheap, whereas it was simply nothing but jealousy.

"If you mean the one with straight hair," I said, "that's Carly Bancroft." I added, very sweetly, "Shall I introduce you, Walter?" But as I said it I looked straight up into Walter's eyes and smiled.

He put his arm under mine and pressed it. "No, thanks," he said, "I don't run to Brunhilds. I like Botticelli cherubs with naughty eyes."

Roddy nodded to me stiffly and moved over to greet Carly. I could see he was going to act sulky and impossible as long as Walter was round. I made up my mind not to tease him too much—at least only for the first part of the evening.

I looked around and a happy sight met my eyes. Lillie had Freddie on a sofa, already under control. I could see Freddie trying to act stiff and reserved and a little distant, but he couldn't do it—not with Lillie. In a moment he was sitting there laughing like a hyena, Lillie signaled to Evans, who was going by with a tray of drinks, and they each had one and I could see Freddie getting sillier by the moment, but it didn't worry me much. As a rule, I don't like it when Freddie has over one cocktail, but not this evening. Liquor, I said to myself, has ruined many a man but it may save Freddie.

We didn't sit down to dinner until half past nine. By that time everyone was thoroughly happy but two people. Carly Bancroft sat looking pale and grave between Leta's snip of a man and Louise Ingalls' brother, who cares more about his soup than about any girl living. And Roddy was trying to ruin my evening by being in a black mood, just answering questions and looking daggers at Walter De La Salle on my other side. Walter saw it and kept whispering to me, "Never turn a man down before dinner," and things like that, as if Roddy's temper were my fault. I tried not to laugh but, really, the things he said were too, too screaming; I couldn't help laughing, and the more I laughed the blacker Roddy looked.

Everyone noticed it. I could see Leta (Continued on page 52)

"Another thing, Miss Beebe



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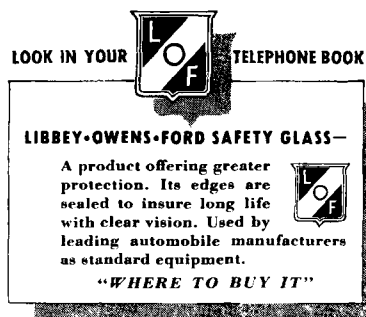
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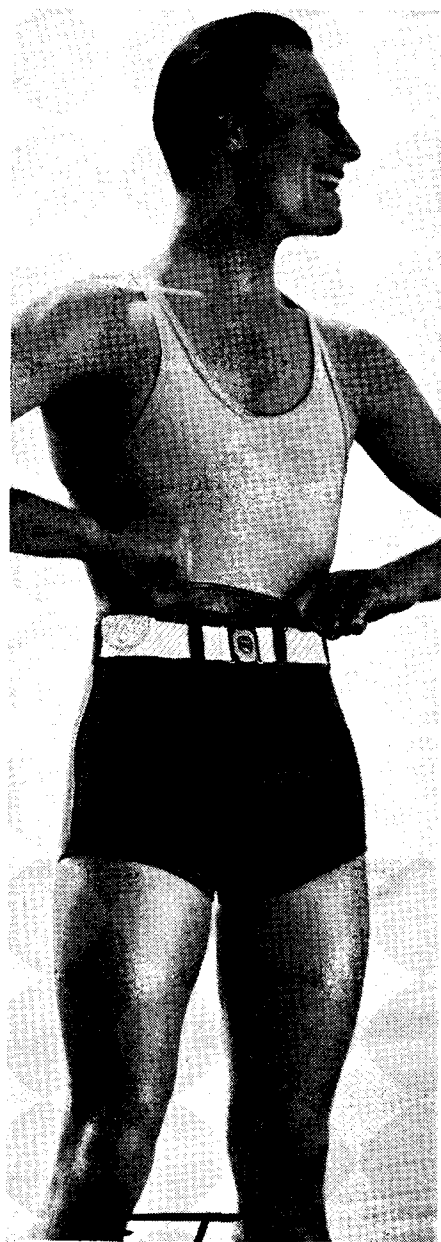
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Thumbs Down

Continued from page 50



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and Lyddy exchanging knowing glances, but of course all the girls were just burning up with jealousy; the two most attractive men at the table, and both at swords' points over me.

I'd put Lillie next to Freddie, and she was having fun too. Lillie was wearing a flame-colored backless thing, with her hair in little angel curls round the top of her forehead. And what a line she was handing Freddie! He seemed to be eating it up. But whether he was trying to make Carly jealous I couldn't tell—then.

We got off to the dance about midnight. By that time Lillie and Freddie were in top form. The burlesque of a tango they'd been doing had everybody in stitches. Lillie insisted on going in Freddie's car—said she couldn't be separated for a minute. So then Walter said he'd have to go along, and he couldn't go without me. In the end we all piled in together, and someone else drove Roddy's car.

WHEN we got to the Palmers' everyone in the world was streaming up the steps and they were playing the most marvelous tango—simply the kind of thing that makes your spine melt in the middle. Lillie floated into Freddie's arms, light as a feather. She put her face close to his, and said, "Let's dance this seriously. Shall we, Freddie?"

Freddie looked around and for a minute I was afraid he was going to do his duty and dance with Carly. But Carly turned proudly away. "Seriously is right, Lillie," said Freddie, and off they went.

Walter took me in his arms. "It would be criminal to let you dance this with anybody but me."

I looked at Roddy. "Go ahead, Glory," he said curtly. "You know I can't tango."

I smiled at him. "Back in a moment, Roddy!" I laughed. But really I knew we wouldn't be back in a moment. Because I never danced with anyone who was such a divine dancer as Walter. He seemed to have wings on his feet.

Looking over my shoulder I saw Roddy ask Carly Bancroft to dance. Mrs. Schuyler was sitting at one of the little tables with the old dowagers and she simply beamed when she saw Carly and Roddy together. I hoped she could keep that beam on for six dances more, because I saw no hope for Roddy. Carly had about as much ballroom technique as one of the High Sierras.

Men began to cut in on me—first one or two, then in droves. I've had rushes before, but never one like that night. I couldn't go two steps without my partner getting tapped. The evening went faster and faster. My head felt dizzy, my feet whirled, I lost track of everyone. At two Walter carried me out for supper on the terrace with a crazy crowd. When I got back on the floor, Roddy cut in. "Rescued so soon?" I asked him.

He smiled. "Don't be catty, Glory." "Then why haven't you cut in before?" I asked him.

"Didn't know you needed me," he grinned. I was puzzled by his attitude. He'd been so bad-tempered before, and now he acted all smoothed-over and cheerful; even a little distant. But I didn't have time to find out what was up because Walter cut in. "Come on out to the conservatory where we can practice steps all by ourselves," said Walter.

Only, when we got there, there were Lillie and Freddie evidently thinking they were concealed behind two palms. At first I was glad to see them. Then I couldn't help wondering, if Freddie was here, who was Carly dancing with? I wasn't in the least bit jealous but I thought I'd better get back on the floor.

"D'you know what time it is?" I asked Walter.

Then I wondered if the question hurt his feelings. He wasn't smiling, and his face looked all different. He continued to stare at Lillie and Freddie. "Time?" he echoed.

"What's the matter, Walter?" I asked him.

"Nothing," he said. "It's ten of four."

"Let's get some punch and go back," I said.

But when we got to the punch bowl, there, smiling at me very cattily, was Leta Ripley. "Darling," she said, "aren't you being very generous?"

"Generous?" I said stupidly.

"Didn't Roddy take you?" she asked. "And then you let him dance all evening with your little Bancroft friend. Darling, I wouldn't stand it for a moment."

I looked meaningfully at Leta's little shrimp of a man. "Leta dear," I said, "I've been too rushed all evening to give my dances to any one man."

Leta stood her ground. "Better watch out, though, Glory dear," she purred. "It looks very serious to me. Higgy here cut in, and Roddy cut back right away. Carly loves hunting, it seems, and she and Roddy were talking hunting on the terrace for an hour."

That frightened me. Because Roddy has always had the most ridiculous ideas about the joys of camping and sleeping in the woods. You would think he couldn't really enjoy a dinner unless it were full of ants.

So when Higgy asked me to dance I went right in with him. I saw Roddy at once. He and Carly were dancing in one corner, and the way he was holding her—quite close, yet just far enough away so they could look in each other's eyes—scared me. They were dancing very slowly, not looking at anybody else, and the thought flashed through my mind that somehow they *belonged*. But I knew very well they didn't belong. I excused myself to Higgy and dashed back to the conservatory to find Freddie.

I STOOD in the doorway getting used to the light and at first I thought it was still Freddie on the couch with Lillie, and then I saw it was Walter. His voice wasn't laughing at all now; it was different, like his face.

"Make me jealous!" he was saying to Lillie, in that loud voice. "With that little shrimp! Not likely, darling. I think you've just been making a damn' fool out of yourself, that's what I think. And I'm not going to have it any longer. Either you come out and announce our marriage or I will."

My hand went to my throat. I felt very sick. Not that I care anything for Walter, but to think what he must think of me! What they both must think!

I ran outside, and there was Freddie wavering towards the punch bowl. I grabbed him by the arm and shook him. "Freddie!" I said desperately, "you ought to be looking after Carly Bancroft. A nice way you've treated her! You said you were going to propose to her."

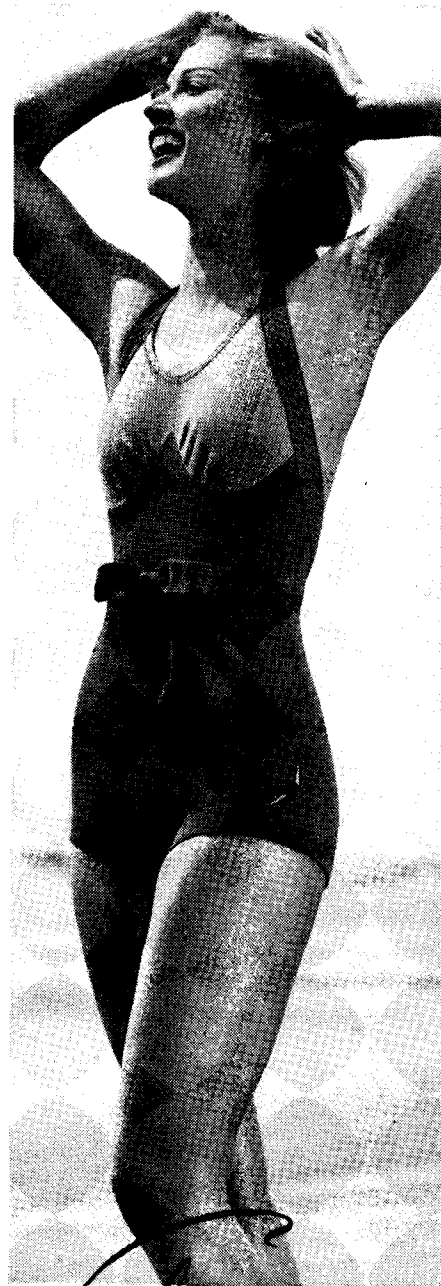
Freddie braced himself on the back of a chair and attempted to fix his eyes on me. "I said I was going to and I did," he said, "before dinner. An' she turned me down. She likes someone else better. Can you imagine it? Can I have my drink now?"

"No!" I said, and stamped my foot. "Freddie, you are to go in now and cut in on her. At once! And take her home."

Freddie stood swaying a little. "Take her home? She wouldn't go, Glory."

I took him by the shoulders and shook

(Continued on page 54)



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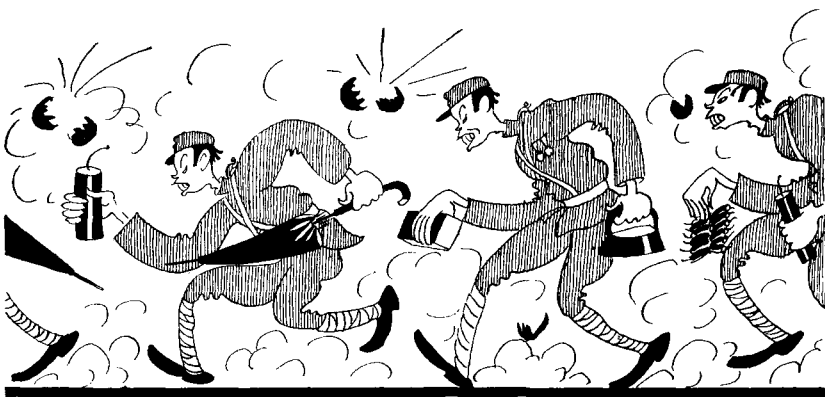
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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Probably the most unusual battles of modern times occurred in the recent civil wars in China. As firearms were scarce, the regiments that could not get cannons, machine guns, rifles or revolvers equipped themselves—and even won battles—with meat choppers, firecrackers, bricks, umbrellas and other improvised weapons.

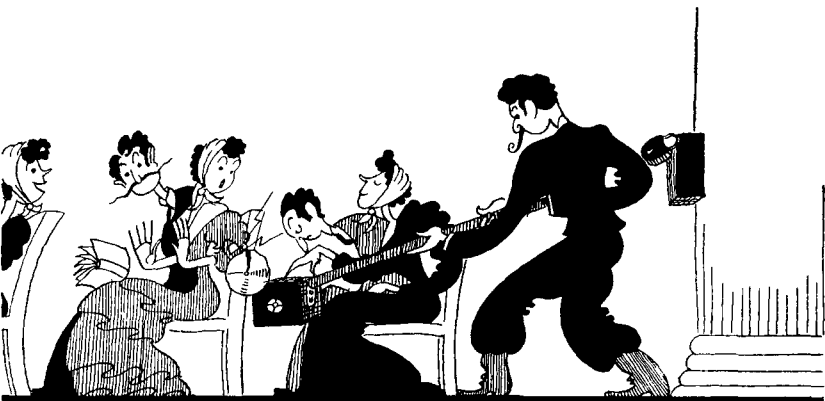
Germany very likely leads all other countries in the humane slaughter of animals for food. Cattle, sheep and hogs—and even poultry and fish—are rendered unconscious by a simple electrical device before being killed. Some restaurants that specialize in live fish feature this “stunning machine” at the customers’ tables.

Shipbuilders and mariners still believe in three age-old superstitions connected with the ceremony of launching a vessel. A ship will be unlucky, they say, when it is christened by a man, when water instead of wine is used and when the vessel slides down the slipway with its christening bottle unbroken.

A *puppet* show in a marionette theater in New York City often so affects the audience, chiefly adults, that it stops the show with its cheers and hisses. At times it even shouts encouragement to the hero and hurls eggs at the villain.—By Anne Carroll Tierney, New York City.

Even church collection boxes—in central Europe—have undergone redesigning for greater efficiency. One of the improvements is a bell that attracts the attention of those who are inclined to meditate too deeply; another is a padlocked top—with a money slot—that discourages those who want change.—By Carl F. Prosch, Honesdale, Pennsylvania.

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“Grandmother” clocks are more entitled to their name than “grandfather” clocks, for their cases, with the exception of the face, are carved to represent a woman’s figure. The National Museum in Helsinki, Finland, owns an interesting one which wears a short-sleeved blouse and a flared skirt and stands, with arms akimbo, on two human-shaped feet.

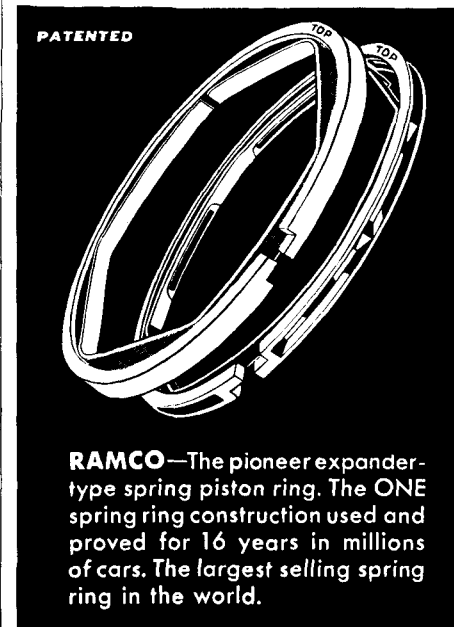
Surat, India, recently witnessed a unique wedding. The couple, expensively bedecked with silks, pearls and diamonds, were married in a great temple by a high-caste holy man, using the complete Hindu ritual which requires several hours. Thousands attended the ceremony, thousands lined the streets to see the procession and hundreds were present at the wedding banquet given for the bride and groom—a pair of monkeys.

Evidently several famous rivers are older than the mountains through which they flow. A typical one, the Danube, twice cuts through the great mountain chain of southern Europe, once at Vienna and again at the Iron Gates, a geological phenomenon whose only possible explanation is that the river existed before the mountains and kept its course open as they rose during the ages.

In 69 years, not more than five inmates have successfully eluded the heavy guard of the Sante Prison in Paris. Yet in 1927 a man escaped by the simplest kind of ruse. He had an outside friend telephone the warden that a pardon had been granted, and the prison official released him before verifying the statement.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Thumbs Down

Continued from page 52



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him. "She would! She'd have to! You brought her, didn't you? Do you want everyone to laugh at you for having another man walk off with your girl? That's what they're doing!"

Freddie passed his hand over his face. "Nobody's going to laugh at little Freddie," he said thickly. "Watch me, Glory."

I watched him go and paw Roddy's shoulder. Roddy said something, annoyed. Freddie became argumentative. Carly Bancroft nodded and smiled reassuringly at Roddy and danced off with Freddie. I caught Roddy's eye and beckoned him over. "Let's go out on the terrace and dance where no one can cut in on me, Roddy," I suggested. "Just we two."

He looked down at me, a little troubled frown between his eyes. "I'd like to, Glory, but I'm a little worried about Carly and your brother Freddie. He's had too much to drink."

"Oh, Freddie can hold any amount," I said easily. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Freddie arguing with Carly by the doorway. I realized I'd have to work fast.

"Oh, Lord!" I said. "I've left my vanity in the conservatory. Would you run and get it, Roddy? There's a dear. I'm so tired."

Roddy went off. None too soon, either. As I stood looking out into the hall Carly Bancroft came down the stairs from the ladies' room in her cream velvet wrap. Her face was white and she looked about to cry. Seeing me, she ran up.

"Miss Cameron!" she said, "I don't know what to do. Your brother wants to drive me home, and he's had too much to drink. I can't talk him out of it." Looking at me, she stammered. "Mr. Schuyler has been so kind," she said. "Do you think I could possibly ask him to take me home? He could come right back. It would only be for a few minutes."

I looked her straight in the eye. "Freddie can drive well under any conditions," I said. "No matter what he's had. But—" I smiled a little, holding her gaze—"of course," I said slowly and scornfully, "if you want Roddy—I'll call him."

She whitened and drew back. "No," she said, holding her head high. "Don't call him. I'll go with Freddie."

THE door had barely closed on them when Roddy came back, looking puzzled. "I couldn't find your vanity. I hunted everywhere."

"Never mind," I told him, and held out my arms. "Let's dance."

We danced, but it wasn't the same. I pressed his hand; I looked up into his eyes; I said, "I'm so tired of all this playing around, Roddy!"

"I should think you would be," he said. And that was all. I didn't know what to do. I was looking lovelier than I'd ever looked before in my life; I was wearing my prettiest dress—white, too, and Roddy always likes me in white—and they were playing our favorite tune, "Cheek to Cheek." But something was wrong. I couldn't seem to get his attention.

I looked at Roddy and noticed all at once how dark and handsome he was, how much stronger-looking, somehow, than most of the men on the floor.

"Roddy," I said, very lightly but watching his face, "I think you must be interested in somebody else. You aren't paying any attention to me."

He looked down and smiled, but behind his smile there was worry.

"I have Carly a little bit on my mind," he confessed. "She's such a wonderful

girl, Glory! So natural and unspoiled . . . but so unsophisticated. I don't like to have her dancing with Freddie. He isn't in any state to ask a girl to dance."

Was I furious! I mean, to have that unscrupulous hussy called wonderful! By Roddy, to me! But, "Nonsense," I said lightly, "Freddie's all right. They're practically engaged, you know. He's taking her home."

Roddy stopped dancing in the middle of the floor, and dropped my hands.

"You let Freddie take her home in that state!" He stood looking at me. I felt all the color leaving my face. People near began to turn and stare. Roddy turned on his heel and made for the door. I ran after him. "I'll go with you, Roddy!" He didn't pay any attention.

In the hall, as luck would have it, we bumped into Lyddy Stewart and Leta Ripley and their men, all bundled up to go. "Give us a lift!" they chorused. "Lyddy's car has broken down."

RODDY ran down the driveway. He threw open the door of the car. "Get in," he said curtly. He slammed the door on Lyddy's wrap, stepped on the starter and was off in a scattered shower of gravel and grinding gears.

"For pity's sake!" Leta shouted as we took a corner in high. "What is this? A tour of Ocean Drive on two wheels?"

I motioned her to be quiet. Roddy drove like a fool. They got to giggling there in the back, thrown this way and that as we took the curves.

The drive stretched long and black; in the searchlight you could just see the white edges of the waves. Rounding a corner, Roddy swerved suddenly to the left. There was a car lying in the ditch, and it was Freddie's.

Roddy slammed on the brakes so hard I was thrown against the windshield, and jumped out. In the ditch I could dimly see Freddie wavering to his feet. The searchlight beam fell directly on Carly, lying motionless in the coarse grass by the road, one arm pillowing her head as if she had fallen asleep. Roddy ran to her and lifted her up. Her long hair fell down over his knee. Her face was whiter than marble and there was a tiny trickle of blood down one corner of her lip.

Roddy wiped it off. He stroked the hair away from her forehead and held her cheek close to his. "Carly, Carly darling!" he said in a funny voice, as if he were going to cry. "Speak to me, dearest. Say you're not hurt!" He turned to me. "Get some water," he said curtly. I ran down the slope, stumbling over rocks in my sandals, and filled someone's hat full of sea water. But as I came back I saw it wasn't needed. There was a little movement in Carly's face; her eyelashes fluttered a little; she opened her eyes and looked straight up into Roddy's.

And what a look! Color came flooding back into her cheeks; she smiled at him with her eyes and her lips and her whole face. "Roddy!" she said, and put her hand up and touched his cheek.

The drive back was very silent. We all sat like clams; and Roddy, driving with one arm around Carly and her head on his shoulder, didn't say anything to her that we could hear.

Only when we stopped at her house, and Roddy helped her out and went up the steps with his arm still tightly around her, forgetting even to say good night to any of us, Leta turned to me.

"Too, too generous, darling," she murmured. But I didn't stoop to reply. Because, while it isn't a thing I like to say of any girl, there are times when Leta is just simply nothing but a cat.

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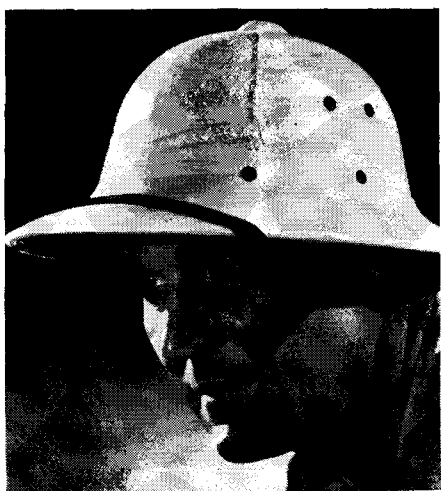
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Under Pressure

Continued from page 21



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horses seemed to get a first inkling of what was coming and at twenty a mysterious change took place in the rhythm of muscle and stride. They were gathering themselves, feeling the sod, digging in for the mighty leap. Then the rush—that peculiar hurtling where heart, muscle and bone make their bid to slap the impossible in the face. Thunder and Lightning—they hit the take-off side by side and soared. Joyce had a sensation of flying, abyss above, abyss below. Rayo's hind feet, everything gathered under, made the level with only half an inch to spare. He was over!

But not Tronido. Before Dirk had time to know terror he was conscious of dark blots in the chasm where it widened on the left—the guns—surrounded by a pale sea of upturned faces, fixed in astonishment. Then he knew, he saw what was coming. The blood in his veins turned cold, ceased flowing, as he felt the last vain wrench of the back between his legs. Tronido's hind hoofs missed the top by a full foot, but simultaneously his knees and chest crashed against it, catapulting his rider to safety as the great horse fell backward, screaming, to his death.

"Oh, Dirk!" cried Joyce. She reined Rayo down and started to dismount.

"Don't! Don't get off!" shouted Dirk, springing to his feet and taking a firm grip on her stirrup leather. "Ride for the flivver. Don't mind me; I know what I'm doing. You can't shake me at any pace. Ride!"

She headed eastward along the *baranca* but missed the gulley she sought and had to turn back. It was Dirk, now on the other side, who spied the tattered top of the car. He let go, fell, rolled to his feet and shouted after her: "Joyce! Here we are! Come back!"

It took her almost a minute to turn the horse and in that time she caught two glimpses of many riders, one group converging from the east, the other from far to the west. Presently they would stream together in a single furious charge toward the one point Dorado had not dreamed he need guard. She dismounted, dug the key to the flivver from inside her glove and handed it to Dirk.

"We'll have to hurry," she said, "the riders are coming fast."

"Much good will it do them," he muttered as he switched on the ignition, "there isn't a horse in the bunch could make it."

"You're being a little stupid, dear, aren't you? Perhaps not a horse, but a bullet can. What shall I do with Rayo?"

"Yank off bridle and saddle and turn him loose." Suddenly Joyce began to sob. "What are you crying about? There's simply nothing else to do."

"Oh, it's not that!" cried Joyce, still weeping as she unbuckled throat latch and girth. "It's Tronido. I'm—I'm crying about Tronido."

"DON'T," said Dirk, "please don't, or you'll have me so I can't do a damn' thing. Don't you suppose—Hell!" Then he continued quietly, "Joyce, hold on a bit; we may both have to ride Rayo. The battery's run down."

"Oh!" she gasped, grief forgotten in the face of fresh disaster.

Suddenly Dirk started tearing out the front cushion. "Here it is, thank God—the crank. Get in, Joyce. Take the throttle and work the choke. Hurry!"

He leaped out and in a moment was cranking with all his might. No use. Not a spark. Then he began using reason and judgment, giving Joyce time enough to do the same. They teased the



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"Heads, I'll nominate Gus—tails, you nominate *my* husband!"

J. M. ANTHONY

motor—teased it into a first gasp of life. Then more teasing. Then a roar, so sudden, so mighty that it seemed the old car would shake itself to pieces before Joyce could shut off the throttle. The backfiring was deafening, more like a machine gun than a motor.

"Oh, Dirk!" she screamed, though he was already at her side, "I can't make it stop!"

"Who's a fool now?" he yelled at the top of his voice. "Take your foot off the accelerator and push yourself over."

Then he was at the wheel, backing, turning cautiously for fear of the spikes of niggerheads, but finally straightening out on the Toluca trail, shifting into second and at last into high. Joyce turned, kneeled on the seat and looked back. The riders were closer now, quite close; some of them were already dismounting, their carbines unslung, and running to kneel on the farther edge of the barranca.

"Never mind the bumps, Dirk," she called over her shoulder, "give her gas and take everything that comes. The shooting is about to start."

"How far off are they?" asked Dirk.

Then and there Joyce was stumped, for is there a woman alive who knows by sight the difference between a hundred yards and half a mile? "I don't know," she said; "I haven't the least idea."

"Of course you have!" he shouted impatiently. "How far? Is it ten yards or a mile?"

"I don't know," said Joyce. "I'm not being stubborn; I just don't know." Then she cried, "Never mind—here it comes!"

The first bullet struck in line but well behind the car; it ricocheted and passed over them with a screaming whine. That was enough for Dirk; he opened the throttle wide and sent the flivver careening across the prairie, making note of the direction he would have to take to bring it back to the abandoned trail. More bullets followed but none so threatening as the first and presently there was silence. Joyce sat down and sank back, sighing her relief.

"I guess we're safe, Dirk. Hadn't we better nurse the tires a bit? They must be pretty soft."

"You're right," said Dirk, slowing down. "How long has this soap box been parked in that gully?"

"Let me see," said Joyce calculatingly. "Is it a year? No; it can't be. I'll give you a chance to figure it out for yourself, Dirk. How many days have you been at La Barranca?"

"Nine," said Dirk promptly.

"Then add three to that," said Joyce. "It doesn't seem possible. Twelve days, less than two weeks! I was away twelve years; I've been back twelve days. Somehow it doesn't make sense."

AT THE first crossroads they were lucky enough to get gas and the poor old flivver, faithful to the last, limped into Toluca a little before noon. Abandoning it in a side street to avoid unnecessary complications, they walked to the San Carlos and before long were feasting on crystal trout fresh from the Lerma and certain equally famed accessories. More than once they raised their eyes to look at each other across the table, then dropped them because their hearts were too full of content for words.

But the moment the meal was over Dirk said without warning, "Joyce, will you marry me? I've got to know."

"Yes, Dirk. When?"

"This afternoon. As soon as we get to the City."

"Oh? Why wait till then?" asked Joyce.

But Dirk was in no playing mood. "Because there's no American consul in Toluca," he answered gravely.

"Does there have to be a consul?"

"Either that or some authorized offi-

cer from the Embassy. Any preacher in good standing can do the trick, but the presence of an American official as witness is what makes it legal at home."

"I see," said Joyce slowly; then she raised her eyes to his face. "Dirk, I'm yours. I'll do whatever you want me to."

He reached out to lay his hand on hers. "I love you, Joyce."

"And I love you, Dirk. Is that why we must hurry so? You'd think it would make us willing to wait."

He frowned. "You haven't told me your reason for rushing to Mexico City, but I think I guessed it."

"To attend to General Onelia," said Joyce, also frowning.

"I thought so," said Dirk. "and that's why we're going to marry today. When you take on Onelia or the ambassador or any other small fry I want a right nobody can dispute to be in the ring—to sit in your corner."

She smiled. "Again I love you, Dirk."

GOING out in search of the finest car available, he walked on air. He was glad to be alive, glad to be relieved of the strain of driving and to sit in the back with his arm around Joyce, both of them wrapped in the same rug. Arrived in the City, they drove straight to his little house and from her first glimpse of its exterior to the last long look within Joyce was conscious of pleased wonder and a steadily increasing sense of well-being. "What about a hot bath to start with?" asked Dirk.

"Splendid," she answered quickly, then her lips drooped. "I haven't anything to put on."

"Don't worry," said Dirk. "Search the world and you couldn't find a costume more becoming than what you're wearing to a person of your particular looks, size and adorable build."

"Silly-head!"

"I can furnish you a soft shirt for a blouse and by the time you're ready for them the jodhpurs will have been brushed and pressed as sweet as a flower." He turned to Pablo. "Pablo, this is the Señorita Joyce Sewell, from whom you may take orders as coming from myself, only more so. Give her into the charge of Paulina. As for the rest, I leave it to her since she talks Spanish better than either of you."

Dirk had not dismissed the hired car and without bothering to inform Joyce or even waiting to wash his hands he started for the Embassy proper, passing the chancellery by. The great iron gate was opened by a strange porter but the man on the door was an old friend.

"Good afternoon, Antonio."

"Buenas tardes, Don Deerke," cried Antonio excitedly, "buenas tardes, buenas tardes!"

"Is the ambassador at home and awake?"

"Sí, señor; como no?"

"Tell him a Mr. Van Suttart would like to see him. Be sure you give the message just as I say it."

As they entered the vast living-room the ambassador himself emerged with a rush from his study, stopped and stared. "Well!" he gasped, "I'll say you came on the run!" His eyes moved up and down. "Haven't you changed those clothes since you left?"

Dirk glanced downward ruefully, then looked up and grinned. "I admit it's pretty bad, sir, especially since I come as a private citizen."

"What do you mean? I haven't fired you yet."

"I was merely anticipating," said Dirk, looking around.

"What are you hunting for?"

"Two things. A chair with a washable cover and a drink."

"Forgive me, my boy. Sit anywhere you like; there's nobody to kick about it since I'm a grass widower from a week

(Continued on page 58)



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COMPTOMETER

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(Continued from page 57)

ago till the Christmas holidays. I'll ring for your usual. Come on, now; what's on your mind?"

"I'm here for assistance, sir. I want you to help me marry Miss Joyce Sewell of La Barranca this afternoon."

The ambassador collapsed into the nearest chair and groaned. Then they talked—talked as only two men who possess an identical background can talk. The rapid fire of questions and answers covered not only Dirk's absence but swept from such broad considerations as his ancestry for three generations back down to the trifling matter of his present private income in dollars and cents with salary omitted. Yet there was no confusion. When they got through there was nothing either of them didn't know about the inner and outer workings of Dirk Van Suttart.

"LET'S see where we stand," said the ambassador, summing up. "You want to marry Miss Sewell. Well, she's certainly of age as far as that operation is concerned, so stopping you by getting her stepmother to stop her is definitely out. Then you state you can't wait even to telephone your people because of the urgency of tackling Onelia, because what they say wouldn't make any difference anyway, and finally because they're probably in Europe." He scowled. "The first of these three reasons is what's bothering me—trouble heading straight this way."

"You needn't worry on that score," said Dirk. "As a matter of fact, sir, Miss Sewell emphatically doesn't want the aid of this establishment. She says she can get along a whole lot better without it. Her idea is that ever since embassies have been run for trade and to hell with the trader they've become mere stumbling blocks to the pioneer—also a constant pain, an eyesore."

"Eh?" exclaimed the ambassador, astonished; then he asked with genuine solicitude, "Are you sure she's quite all there?"

"Quite," said Dirk confidently. "The truth is, sir, I'm inclined to agree with her. Give her a chance and she'll make a monkey out of Onelia—which is more than we have ever been able to do."

"Dirk—I'm calling you Dirk because I want you to think of me as sitting here in place of your father—in less than two weeks this girl has managed to do extraordinary things to your mind, so much so that I beg you not to trust it until you've taken advice from someone capable of judging her with impartial eyes."

"I agree to that," said Dirk promptly. "What about yours? Do you think they would be impartial?"

The ambassador frowned, then smiled. "All I can say is I'd try my best to make them so. When can you bring the paragon around?"

"Don't think me impertinent, but there isn't time for that. Besides, since she has nothing but riding clothes she might find it embarrassing."

"I take it you're inviting me to your house," stated the ambassador.

"Yes, sir," said Dirk, "and I'd be a lot more humble about it if you hadn't waived your ambassadorship to act as my father."

"That's a bull's-eye," conceded the ambassador. "Let's go—the quicker the better."

"Do you mind if I have a wash, sir?" begged Dirk. "I mightn't have time later on."

"Help yourself; you certainly need it and you know the way."

Dirk washed all he could reach without undressing, then paused long enough to do some important telephoning; consequently several minutes elapsed before he found himself in the ambassadorial car and only then did he feel a first twinge of trepidation. Almost an hour

had passed since he had abandoned his prospective bride without warning. How would she react to such cavalier treatment? How to the surprise he was about to spring on her? Absurd as it might appear, what Joyce thought about anything seemed to him a lot more important than what the ambassador was going to think about Joyce.

Even so he was in for a shock, for the moment Pablo opened the closed door of the living-room and stood back that his master and his master's chief might pass they crashed in upon an astonishing scene. Before them, back to the door and with hands thrust in her breeches pockets, stood Joyce in an unmistakable posture of battle. Beyond, a veritable lioness of a hatless woman, not only in appearance but by virtue of her roar, paced the room from side to side. Words were tumbling out of her in an unceasing and reverberating rumble, yet Joyce's voice, accurately pitched, could cut across it quite clearly without apparent forcing.

"It's no use, Margarida," she was saying. "You can yelp all you like but you're here and you're going to stay. Try to get out and I'll ride you down the block."

"Joyce, please!" cried Dirk in an agitated voice; then he collected himself and faced the older woman. "Licenciada Margarida Fonseca, may I present His Excellency, the Ambassador of the United States?" He laid his hand on Joyce's shoulder as she turned. "Chief," he half gulped, "this is Joyce—Joyce Sewell."

The ambassador found himself looking into as straight and blue a pair of eyes as he had ever seen—eyes of a blue that at the moment was almost black. He took a hand cool to the touch, slender, yet amazingly firm, and the next instant a current of courage and the will to fight swept up the length of his arm straight to his heart. He had a feeling that the eyes into which his own were plunged were telling him, not altogether absurdly, that if ever he got into trouble he knew from now on where he could come for help. He wanted to laugh or cry or both!

"My dear," he heard himself saying after quite a pause, "don't you think we might all sit down?"

"Of course," said Joyce; then hesitated, looking doubtfully toward Margarida.

AT THAT moment Pablo appeared at the door, stood back and announced loudly: "General Sebastiano Sanchez y Robles, ex-Minister of War."

"General!" cried the ambassador, advancing with outstretched hand. "What brings you here, of all places and people?"

"I don't know," said the general, glancing around in a bewildered manner; "I really don't, Excellency. I came in answer to a mysterious message from the young lady who caused us so much trouble, brought about my downfall and thus established my reputation for all time as a prophet. Is she here?"

Joyce stepped forward. "Presente, mi general." She smiled, but almost immediately turned sober. "If I did you an injury, I'm more than willing and ready to make amends. General, I'm going to tell you a story. Frequently I shall have occasion to call upon Licenciada Margarida Fonseca for confirmation. Whenever she denies a point you may take it she means the contrary. Let her face be my star witness; I defy her lips."

During twenty minutes they listened spellbound while she talked. At first Margarida Fonseca seemed a volcano on the verge of eruption; while occasionally she protested with a snort of startling volume, to no statement did she deign to voice actual denial. But gradually—very

(Continued on page 60)

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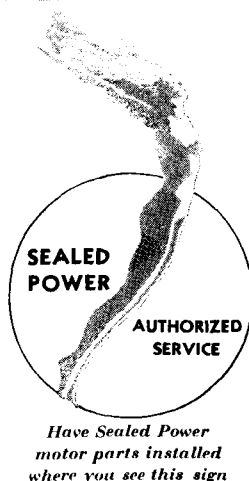
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Under Pressure

Continued from page 58

gradually—the scowl began to clear from her brow, her clenched fists relaxed, a gleam of admiration dawned in her eyes and at last the smile Joyce had seen only once before transfigured her expression into one of peculiar sweetness. Only when the general, not bothering to take his leave, had slipped from the room did she speak.

"Well, *chica*, what wouldn't I give to have you for a partner!"

"No more than I'd give to have you for a friend," said Joyce from her heart. "Oh, Margarida, please be my friend."

"No," said Margarida, tossing her iron-gray mane of hair. "Impossible. I detest you *gringos*—all of you and all you stand for. Your insufferable pride in dynamics as the true and only end of man! Your price labels on everything pertaining to the soul! You jeer at our thieves' market; what about your juries, weighing gold against bushels of injured hearts? I could go on for an hour, but enough is enough. At the end we'd have to arrive at the truth. I love you, *chica*, my little one, and I've always wished I might have a tiger just your size for a pet. You're adorable."

DIRK'S telephoning from the Embassy now bore fruit. Pablo entered and whispered to him, withdrew and a minute later came back, accompanied by a respectable though threadbare individual. The newcomer seemed nervous, at odds with his surroundings and the company in which he found himself. He had the look of a man whose world has been yanked from under him, leaving him floating in air out of reach of help from heaven or hell. He regarded the ambassador, Joyce and even Margarida Fonseca's arresting presence with lackluster eyes, then turned to Dirk.

"I'm the Reverend Ellerton Jones," he announced in the ghost of a voice. "I understand you sent for me, Mr. Van Suttart, but I'm not at all sure—not at all sure—"

"Sit down, sir," said Dirk, "and let's talk the thing over. This is more or less a family gathering. The ambassador isn't an ambassador this afternoon; he's acting as my father. As for Licenciada Margarida Fonseca, one of the high lights of the Mexican bar, she's a very dear friend of the girl whom I wish to marry, Miss Joyce Sewell. Surely you'll help us out."

"That's the trouble," said the lost soul doubtfully. "I don't have to tell you, do I? My charge is gone. I have no rights, civil or otherwise—scarcely the right to live. I'm here on sufferance. That's what I meant. I'm not at all sure—"

"Are you in good standing with your church at home?" broke in the ambassador.

"Yes, oh, yes. I'm awaiting my recall; no—that's not quite true; I await the means with which to return."

"As long as you're a regularly ordained minister," said the ambassador, "that's all that the home states of these two young people require."

"Please, sir," said Dirk earnestly, "please, Mr. Jones, do let's be cheerful on this loveliest of all afternoons. You can make Joyce and myself very happy in about five minutes, if you will, and we'll try to do the same by you. Say I send you back home in style—drawing-room, airplane, or if you like to drive I'll give you a car. What about it, sir? I don't want to rush you but there are two more clergymen waiting on your decision out in the patio."

Mr. Jones tugged a small worn book from his hip pocket and murmured, "Let us proceed with the ceremony."

A strange wedding if there ever was one. It started on a note of haste and levity, but so moving and powerful are the words hallowed by time and usage to Anglo-Saxon ears that a spirit of reverence swept into the room on wings unseen yet surely felt. What though the voice of the preacher was the voice of habit, precise in intonation, humdrum in intent, it could not lessen the surge of emotion which took possession of the hearts of his hearers, choked their throats and turned dry eyes luminous. To the sight of the men and the women present and in the sight of God no longer were Joyce and Dirk arrayed in whipcord and saddle-stained moleskin, nor yet in silk or broadcloth. They were clothed in light, their faces bathed in a glory from within which presaged a devotion beyond any that lips alone can pledge.

The ambassador put his arm around Joyce, kissed her and stood looking down into her eyes. "My dear, I've never given away a sweeter bride to a more lovable boy." He turned his head to look at Dirk. "What now?" he asked. "When do you intend to return to your job?"

"That's up to Joyce, sir," said Dirk. "I've married her. I mean, the whole of me has married her. I've just heard some words I've never heard before in my life—though I and you and everybody else know them by heart. I take them as they stand."

"He means it!" murmured the ambassador and returned his attention to Joyce. "What about it, my dear? I understand you have no use for embassies and all their works. What do you want Dirk to do—shake his job and become a drone?"

"A drone?" gasped Joyce, and caught her lip lest she laugh. She left his side, walked toward a window, and turned. "You're a great ambassador," she stated gravely. "I've known you only an hour and already you stir in me something I'll have to call love—one of the sweeter kinds of love—because there's no other word that comes near it. I can imagine that sort of power doing good no matter where a man walks. If Dirk, like you, is headed toward awakening the love of his fellow man—not of his nationals, his fellow man—what difference does it make where we live, what path he and I take together?"

THE ambassador stared at her, then turned very slowly to look at Dirk. "That's your release, Dirk, and I don't mind saying you've cut out a full-sized job for yourself whether you stay under me or go. Want more time to think it over?"

Dirk looked at Joyce and she answered for him. "Long enough to settle with Dorado."

There was a disturbance in the hallway; General Sebastiano, fuming with impatience, opened the door for himself and hastened toward the ambassador. "Excellency," he cried, "I have been closeted with the President himself and return with a budget of news. For your relief let me say at once that our troubles are over."

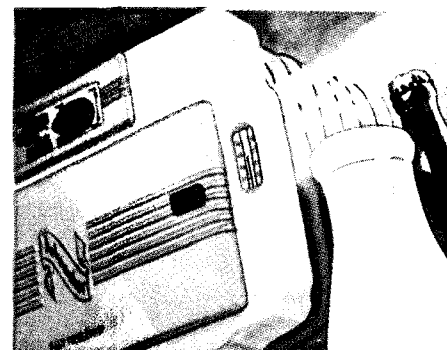
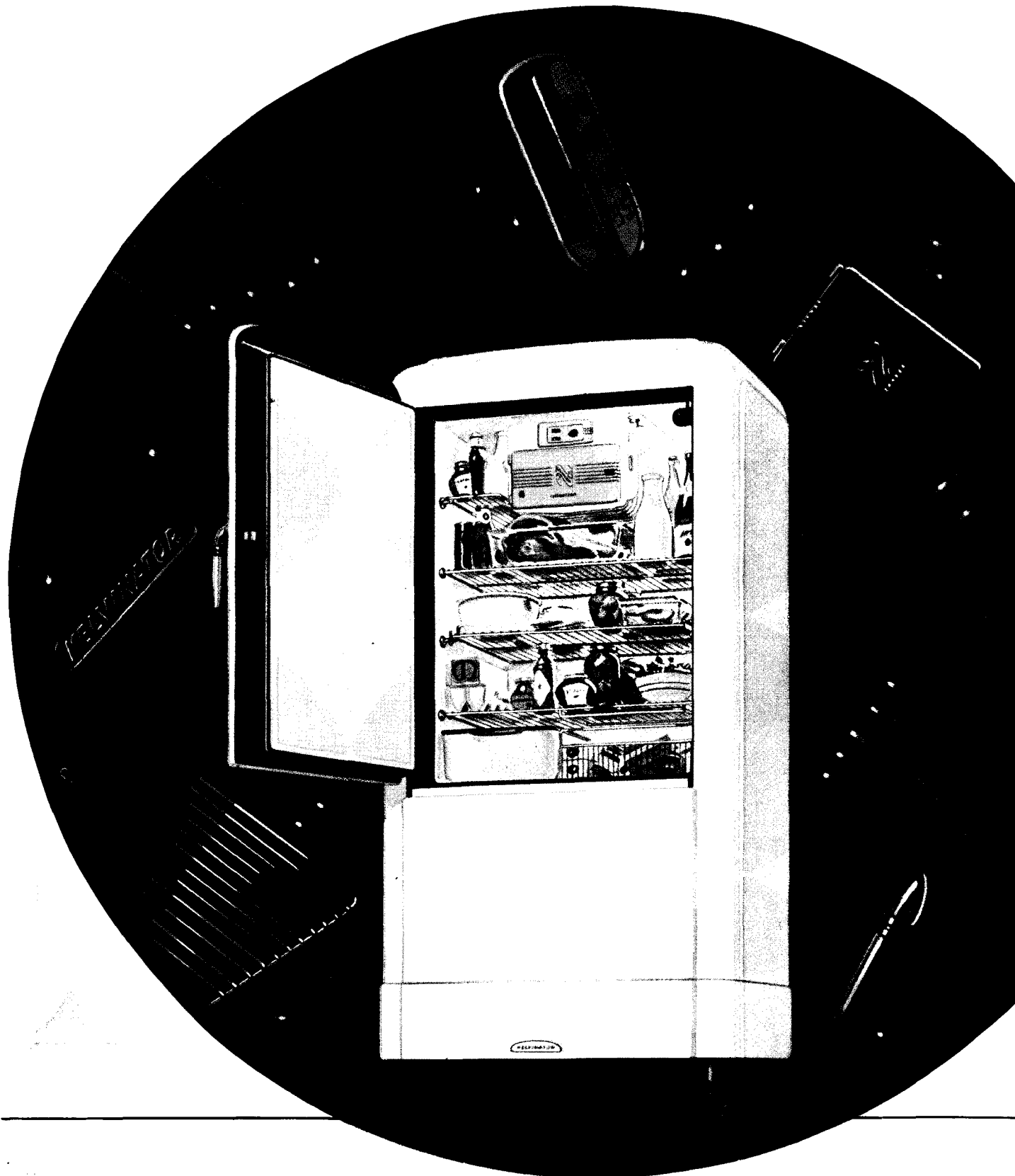
"Which trouble?" asked the ambassador feelingly.

"All, all," said the general. "Our countries can be at peace as never before and we may yet look upon the incident of La Barranca as a godsend."

"That would be good news with a vengeance," murmured the ambassador. "So it's the President himself who found the solution?"

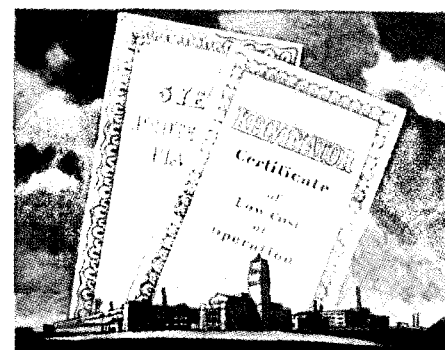
"A perfect one and so simple it cuts the Gordian knot at a single stroke."

(Continued on page 63)



For the First Time **VISIBLE COLD**

Sensitive, accurate controls maintain constant low temperature in the food compartment every hour, every day, safely below 50 degrees, regardless of how hot it is in the kitchen. And for the first time, the 1936 Kelvinator is equipped with a Built-In Thermometer to show you the exact temperature.



For the First Time **VISIBLE PROTECTION and VISIBLE ECONOMY**

Kelvinator answers two questions of the wise refrigerator buyer. These questions are: "How much will it cost to operate?" and "Am I sure of its dependability?" Every Kelvinator is sold with a Certificate of Low Cost of Operation, indicating a current consumption of as little as one-half or one-third as much as many refrigerators now in use. And every 1936 Kelvinator is backed by a 5-year Protection Plan providing written evidence of the manufacturer's confidence in his product.

THE NEW KELVINATOR *has made millions of refrigerators old-fashioned and obsolete*

Millions of refrigerators in use today should be replaced, not because they are worn out, but because new developments—new discoveries—new inventions now offered for the first time in the 1936 Kelvinator, have, by comparison, made them obsolete—wasteful—inefficient and old-fashioned.

A refrigerator should maintain constant low temperature in the food compartment. Many do *not*. The 1936 Kelvinator accomplishes this purpose to amazing accuracy. And the *proof* of low temperature is right before your eyes. No need to guess—or hope—or estimate. A Built-In Thermometer gives you the facts

in unmistakable degrees. You *know* your food is safe.

Many refrigerators, formerly judged as economical, must now be considered inefficient and wasteful of current, for they use twice or three times as much electricity as the 1936 Kelvinator. This fact is proved by a Certificate of Low Cost of Operation.

The 1936 Kelvinator has been designed and equipped to give the user the maximum of convenience. Flexible rubber grids in *every* ice tray in standard models, sliding shelves, interior light, automatic defrosting switch, food crisper, utility basket—these and many more features, combined in a

strikingly beautiful cabinet, recognize the desire of every woman for those things that will lessen the labor and brighten the work of housekeeping.

And dependability and long life are backed by Kelvinator's 5-year Protection Plan.

Whether you have an automatic refrigerator today that should be replaced—or whether you are about to buy your first one, be sure to see the 1936 Kelvinator, and find how easily you can own one by means of the liberal Redisco Purchase Plan.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England

THE 1936 KELVINATOR IS THE ONLY REFRIGERATOR THAT OFFERS ALL THESE FEATURES

1. A Built-In Thermometer. . . . 2. A Certificate of Low Cost of Operation. . . . 3. New beauty in design. . . . 4. 5-Year Protection Plan. . . . 5. Flexible grids in all ice trays in standard models. . . . 6. Interior light. . . . 7. Food Crisper. . . . 8. Vegetable basket. . . . 9. Automatic defrosting switch. . . . 10. Sliding shelves.

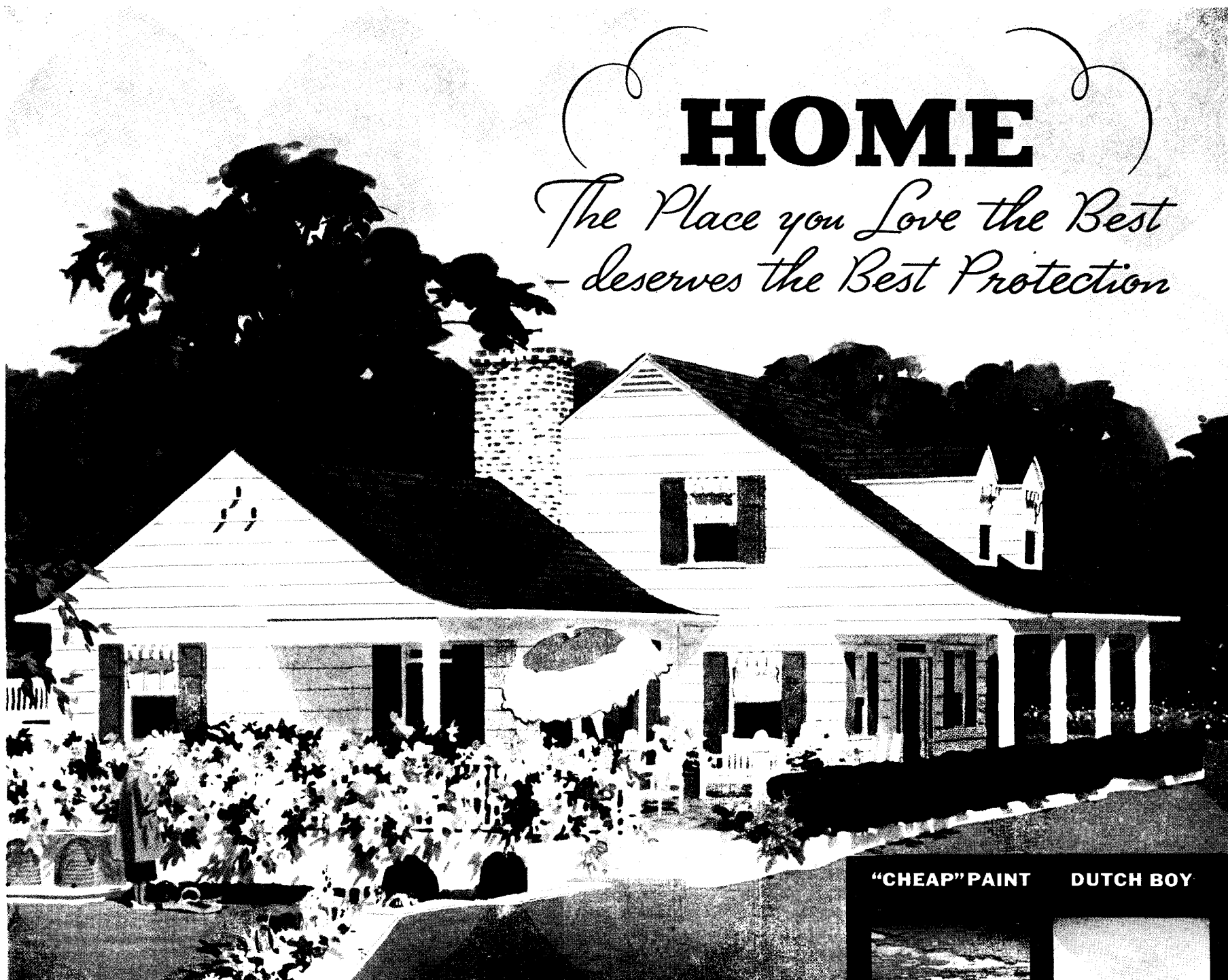
A New High Standard of Modern Refrigeration

See the new

KELVINATOR

Your next refrigerator

PRODUCED BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



And now, under the new easy payment plan, you can give it Dutch Boy protection for a few dollars a month!

If you saw your home in danger of being damaged you'd rush to protect it, of course. But do you, yourself, invite damage...unwittingly? Invite it by choosing "cheap" paint? Not realizing how soon "cheap" paint will fail?

Look at the left-hand photo, an actual section from a house whose owner just a short time ago thought he was saving money.

See how the "cheap" paint has gone to pieces... cracked and scaled... after a few months. Now it must be burned and scraped off. And that calls for an extra coat in repainting. That's why you find "cheap" paint so costly.

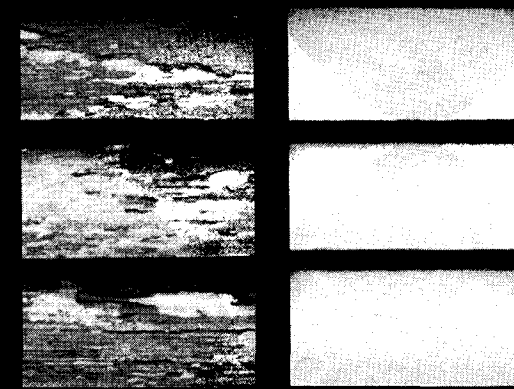
Dutch Boy, on the other hand, does not crack and scale. It resists the weather... wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.

And so the painter who has your interest at heart uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your particular job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan

This new plan enables you to paint even though you have no ready cash. No down payment — small monthly installments. For complete information check coupon at right. Coupon also brings you "The House We Live In," our free booklet, telling how to modernize with paint and what to look for when buying a paint job. Address Department 206, in care of the nearest branch.

"CHEAP" PAINT DUTCH BOY



AFTER 1 1/2 YEARS

Cost \$110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at \$60 more. Total, \$170, or \$113 per year. And on top of all that there's another extra to pay for, the additional cost of a new priming coat.

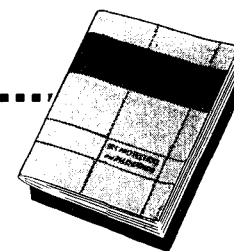
AFTER 4 YEARS

Located in same section as the "cheap" paint job. Cost \$120, or \$30 per year to date, and still less as time goes on. No burning and scraping and no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 4th Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Department 206, (see list of branches above)
Please send me your free booklet "The House We Live In," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on painting.
☐ Include folder describing Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.



Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Good Paint's Other Name

Under Pressure

Continued from page 60

What was the situation? A young girl with the eyes of the world upon her, battling to hold her own property—international dynamite as you yourself admitted. Had my government followed your suggestion of sending a battalion to fetch her out we would have become ridiculous; but reverse the objective and you have a stroke of genius."

"I don't follow you," said the ambassador testily.

"Send a battalion to keep her in," continued the general with slow emphasis. "In short, the President suggests that the government support the Mexican-born *Señorita* Joyce Sewell in the lawful possession of her property, subject only to such restrictions as the national law provides, by every means in the power of the Republic. As a first step he has directed me to dispatch at once a sufficient force for the capture of General Dorado—bandit, bootlegger of illicit gold, and purloiner of a battery of howitzers."

"DIRECTED you?" asked the ambassador with emphasis on the pronoun. "Why not General Onelia?"

"Ah, Onelia. The President ordered his instant arrest, simultaneously with my reappointment as Minister of War. Incidentally, the traitor is no more."

"You mean Onelia is dead?" cried the ambassador.

"Through his own fault," asserted General Sebastiano sorrowfully, "and only in the last half-hour." Then he added in explanation, "Our regrettable national habit of the *ley de fuga*; shot while attempting to escape from his guards."

Margarida advanced with hand extended. "Mr. Minister," she rumbled, "let me be the first to congratulate you

on the reassumption of the portfolio you know so well how to administer to your own honor and the honor of our country."

Dirk went out with the clergyman. The ambassador withdrew, arm in arm with the Minister of War, each aglow with plans for a *rapprochement* that would bring glory to both. Joyce, the small cause of weighty matters, was left alone. Standing at a high window, she watched Their Excellencies depart but turned at the sound of a footstep. She and Dirk hung poised for a breathless moment with the room between them. Slowly they moved forward. The days they had spent together seemed to lengthen into years, reaching back into a common childhood and knitting the innermost fibers of their being. Their hands touched, clung, and as they looked deep in each other's eyes the same fear was born in them, the same silent cry: "This is I; if I lose you I'm lost, torn, maimed." Then his arms opened and she crushed herself against him.

"Oh, Dirk. Darling. Dirk!"

"Don't worry," he whispered thickly. "I feel it too, Joyce. We won't lose each other; we can't. I love you—all of me loves all of you. Nothing ever can happen to one of us again."

She raised her face, blinding him with its incandescence. Their kiss opened the floodgates of the heart and swept their veins with fire. Life with its inevitable pitfalls stretched far and wide before them, but one thing they knew; this was the topmost pinnacle of surrender. Never could they give again what now they gave, never step back out of that world of love to which all other loves are but an echo.

THE END



"Don't be a sucker! Marry the rich one!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Photographs prove...

Surface

is the important thing in a letterhead



YOUR letterhead is your messenger. It must carry your ideas to other people, and *should* carry those ideas with dignity.

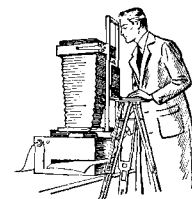
The only place you can put a message on paper is *on the surface*. So it is very important that the surface be right.

When you send a message out of your office on a letterhead, that paper has already been printed with a heading. It takes *printable* paper to make a neat, good-looking and distinctive letterhead.

Next, the paper goes into a typewriter; a carbon copy is made. The surface of the paper should take typewriting clearly and legibly and the fibers of the paper should carry the type bar stroke through the carbon paper to make a good readable carbon copy.

Possibly a mistake has been made. The stenographer should be able to make a clean erasure and to retype neatly over the erasure. That calls for good pulp in the paper and "sizing" that holds down smoothly all those fibers which have not been cut loose by the eraser.

Then you sign the letter. The surface must take pen and ink so that your signature is a credit, so your pen will not stick into the paper, and so the signature will not feather.

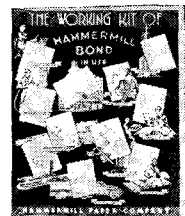


Photograph being taken through Surface Inspector developed by Hammermill.

The letter is folded and goes into an envelope. When the paper is folded, the surface must not crack. The paper must be capable of many foldings and unfoldings without loss of legibility or separation of the fibers.

Hammermill Bond is the kind of paper that will meet your letter-writing requirements. Hammermill makes its own pulp, to very exacting specifications, turns that pulp into paper, and distributes that paper to your printer through reputable wholesale paper merchants.

Would you like some letterhead ideas? There are some new ones in the 1936 Working Kit of Hammermill Bond. They are typographical in character, and can be duplicated by your printer. The new Working Kit also contains ideas on the use of forms... to help you with your correspondence, with your problems of management and sales, with the handling of the routine of your office. This Working Kit will be sent to any person who buys paper and printing for business purposes. Simply attach coupon to your business letterhead.



HAMMERMILL BOND

LOOK FOR THIS WATERMARK...IT IS
OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa. C-6-13
Gentlemen: Please send me FREE your new 1936 Working Kit of letterheads, printed forms and envelopes (students and outside U.S., 50¢).

Name _____

Position _____

(Please attach coupon to your business letterhead)

it's New ★
and it's NEWS!



B.V.D. "SAMOANS"

with the
NEW "ADJUSTABLE" SUPPORT

It is new! It is news! Perfected and patented by B. V. D., this new "adjustable" support gives a guarantee of perfect fit and perfect ease! It's the most revolutionary improvement in swim trunks in a decade.

It's light. It's soft. It's tailored from an exclusive Lastex fabric. It's practically detached from the trunk itself—for quick drying. And the adjustment (as diagramed) is all governed by the belt. B. V. D. Samoans, tailored and fitted to the nth degree, with this revolutionary new feature, \$2.95 up. The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

B.V.D.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SWIM SUITS
© 1936, The B. V. D. Co., Inc.

The Square Peg

Continued from page 19

he felt that it was in some way caused by the girl's friendliness. He found himself saying his first pretty speech: "I am happier than when I came, Madam."

Her quick smile rewarded him; then she took the first glass from the tray which the servant had brought. The second was offered Craig, and he was tasting the bittersweet essence of a cordial of orange flowers; the warmth went through him as the touch of her fingers would have done.

"You observe?" smiled Luisa. "Already your sadness is departed. What is gold? There is much of it to be found here."

In South Abingdon there was none of stern Spanish etiquette, and in South Abingdon it would have been entirely proper for Alexander Craig to say what he did. He said it earnestly, "When I have found it . . . may I return?"

Don Ricardo said, "By the opening gates of hell!" and puffed out his cheeks; the servant gasped; James Arthur's lips were as if glued together . . . but Luisa began to laugh.

"Yanqui," she said.

She made no promise nor agreement. Indeed, she said no other word at all, but as she continued looking at him, all bedraggled as he was, and mud-covered, Alec forgot that he had been robbed, forgot what might be said when he saw Caleb Winter, forgot why he was in California. . . .

And the warmth of the cordial, and of the girl's smile, was still in him when he was on Clay Street again, and seeking his way westward.

Alec told his story to Caleb Winter in the merchant's stove-heated office, and without having washed. He told it up to the point of the loss of the money belt, and then Caleb Winter sniffed and leaned back in his chair.

"Was it th' robbers who gave ye drink, Alexander?"

"That came later, sir," Alec explained. As he continued talking, he realized that the dry merchant was not believing him. "What I don't understand," he ended, "is why this man, the American, was so unfriendly."

"That much," Caleb Winter said, "is very plain. 'Tis said that James Arthur wishes to marry not only a pretty girl, but thousands of acres and tens of thousands of cattle." He put his fingertips together. "My account with your father is such that I'm willing to advance passage money for you. For the first ship, mind. I've no absolute objection to your living here until the sailing."

There appeared at first glance no difference between Caleb Winter's office and those at home, but as Alec summoned his arguments he saw that it was not the same. A chair with tanned deer-skin seat. A China rug, brown and blue and green, where Caleb Winter placed his feet beneath his desk. A lump of quartz used as a paper weight, which gave off silvery-gold scintillations. The other objects and furniture had come around the Horn.

Alec said, "Craig and Son ought to be sufficiently known to you for a larger sum than passage money, Mr. Winter." He valiantly drove the girl's dark eyes out of his mind. "I came to have you purchase hides for me, to arrange for them to be carried back to Boston. Practically no hides from Spanish cattle have been received for a year. Ever since this search for gold. I'll give you whatever note you require, and—"

"You tell me nothing I don't know," Winter said frostily. He picked up a sheet. "Not since the bark Olga, Capt'n

Bull, sailed, has any vessel been loaded with a single hide. Ship, bark, brig, and schooner, better than a million hides have gone to the Atlantic Coast since I've been here . . . well, let's say that the trade in hides is over, and let it go at that."

Alexander Craig did not feel that this was a refusal. "We've never needed good hides so badly, sir. There are new machines; my father has been experimenting with them. We'll peg boots no longer, but—"

"If Angus has decided to try new fandanglers," said Caleb Winter, "I'll risk nothing of my money in buying hides for him, and that's flat." He pulled out a gold watch. "I'll find something clean for you to wear, and then it will be time for supper."

Alec said hastily, "I cannot go home without hides. My father can, and will, excuse the loss of the money, but—"

"If ye can't go home, ye'd best remain here."

"You won't buy hides for our account?"

"I will not." Caleb Winter thrust a forefinger toward Craig. "Who was it had the money? Gamblers or women?"

Alec said shortly, "Neither. Well, I'm not the first man to seek gold in the rivers. I'll get sufficient for hides, and then—"

"Who'll pay your way up the Sacramento? Buy food for you? Eh? I'll inform you this; not one red cent will any man lend another man here. I'm generous when I offer passage money. Or, to be exact, I'll buy the ticket."

The mud had caked on Alec's face; it cracked when he grimaced. "I cannot go back empty-handed, sir."

"Then I take it you're remaining here. How'll you earn your keep? What d'ye know? Boots, I suppose. Hmm. I'll set ye up. No money, mind. I'll find a location for a tent, and Blacksmith Joe can make ye a few tools. Ye'll sleep there, lest all be stolen; ye can eat with us. I'll charge you a fair rate. A dollar for breakfast, two for dinner, two for supper—"

"What?"

Caleb Winter said, "A room in a common house will cost ye a hundred dollars a week. There are Chinese houses where ye can buy food, and French houses, and fondas, but nowhere can ye eat for less than several dollars. Beef, bread and coffee. An egg's a dollar here." Caleb Winter grinned. "I'll buy a place for your tent, and ye'll be a property holder."

"You drive a hard bargain," Alec said unhappily.

"I drive none at all," the merchant said. "I'm not letting you stray, because I'm keeping money from you, and not letting you starve. The bargain's of your own making. You don't wish to face your father. I don't blame ye." He lowered his voice. "Repent. I'll pray with ye."

ALTHOUGH Caleb Winter was on his knees, hands clasped, Craig suddenly stripped himself to the waist. He had proof. "Look, sir," he said hopefully. "Look at my back. You can see where the robbers kicked me."

"I see the bruise, yes. They kicked you out when your father's money was gone. Kneel and pray with me."

Alec would rather have kicked Caleb Winter.

Dismally, he listened to the prayers, in which Alexander and his trusting father and loving mother were all heavily involved. There was only one thing

Always out in front!

The New
HAGEN
VULCANIZED
Golf Balls

A SWEET BALL TO PLAY

"IT'S A HONEY"

Take a natural easy swing at one of these new Hagens! As it drills an invisible hole into the atmosphere and disappears straight-down-the-fairway, you too will shout—"That Hagen certainly is out in front!"

Yes—the new Hagens have almost a monopoly on major refinements.

In all the history of the game, no ball has ever been made with the precision methods as applied to the new Hagens.

Fine high tension rubber windings assure the very highest compression. That means punch and distance in your drives!

Centers are of pure honey. That makes for elasticity.

Covers are vulcanized to assure almost raw-hide toughness.

Try one of these sweethearts on your next round.

For low handicap players—Walter Hagen (vulcanized cover)—75c each. For average players—Hagen Honey Boy—(extra tough cover)—75c each. Other Hagen golf balls—25c up.

NEWS— for the Ladies!

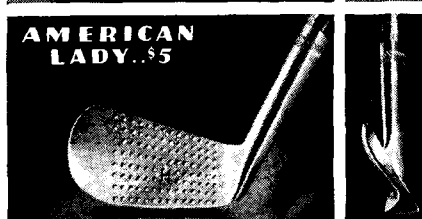
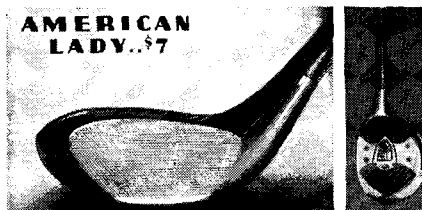
Walter Hagen
American Lady
WOODS and IRONS

The new Walter Hagen American Lady Woods and Irons are a smashing success in all parts of the country. These particular clubs are as special for the ladies as is an evening gown.

All clubs are brand new designs—not made-overs or makeshifts. 2 special woods and 6 special irons comprise the complete ladies set. All new. New lofts. New numbering system. New and smart color schemes.

See these beauties. Also a smart new bag. Ask your pro or dealer.

THE L. A. YOUNG GOLF COMPANY
Detroit Michigan



which kept Alec's bitterness from hurting too desperately, and he supposed that if the merchant had known about it, additional prayers would have been offered to keep the young man from sinning.

If sin had black eyes and shining hair with a high comb in it, and creamy cheeks and soft lips, could sin be so evil?

THE cobbler's tent was several streets from Clay. The land about it was being leveled by pushing the sand hills into the bay. To the south were the frame structures and adobes which housed business concerns, the offices of the Pacific Mail; west was a scattering of houses and hotels; east, old hulls, beached, were hotels also; north was the jail, Telegraph Hill with its signal which told the community of incoming vessels. . . .

There was Sydney Town, huddled against the side of the Hill, hovels and tents lived in by ticket-of-leave men from Botany Bay. Saloons. Bawdy houses, roaring day and night; Alec could hear that when he lay on his cot.

Little China, near Dupont Street. The Catholic church and the bull ring and a tent which was the headquarters for that organization called the Hounds, composed of men from the disbanded regiments of New York volunteers who intended to make California a place for white men; no Spaniards, no Frenchies, no Chileans nor Mexicans nor Chinks, but only good loyal Americans. The tent was marked with a sign. Tammany Hall. There were always a few jugs of liquor there.

Alexander Craig saw men returning from the diggings, Goodyear's Bar, Live Yankee, You Bet, Saleratus, Lousy Level; men lean, hard and terribly alive and hungry, with their pokes full of dust. They sang, these men, as they surged toward the houses at the foot of the Hill . . . I used to know a girl; her name was Sally Black . . . but they were never singing when they set out again for the mines, staked by a saloonkeeper.

If San Francisco, named for the gentle saint of Assisi, had been Spanish once, it was so no longer. The soft days of *no se apure* . . . don't be in a hurry

. . . were past. Rancheros and hacendados remained as much as possible on their land, for, although they considered themselves Californians and not Spaniards, to the Hounds and the ticket-of-leave men they were of a different race. If there were still *bailes*, and horse racing, and gatherings, it was never in the city; the young rancheros still bought silver headstalls for their animals, and silver spurs and ornamented saddles and bright *armas de pelo*, but wore their finery only in the hills. United States silver coins were taking the place of Spanish gold doubloons and Peruvian round-pieces. . . .

And Alec pegged boots. He did more; he had to flesh, hair, and break his hides, had to split, roll, cut and crimp his leather. Blacksmith Joe, half Indian, made tools, knives, pincers, awls, hammers, lasting-stick and spreader. Alec himself fashioned his lasts. When he had no work to do, he cut pegs, as he had when he'd been a boy. Pegs and pegs and pegs. Always square. Pegs were cut square in South Abingdon.

THE growing town was a bit proud of having a real cobbler, who could not only repair worn boots, but also fashion Wellingtons, fashionable shoes, half-boots, and slippers far finer than could be had in the stores. It was expected that the tent-shop would expand into a factory; probably hundreds of men would be employed! But what money Alec made went to Caleb Winter in repayment for supplies and for food.

Alec heard nothing from home.

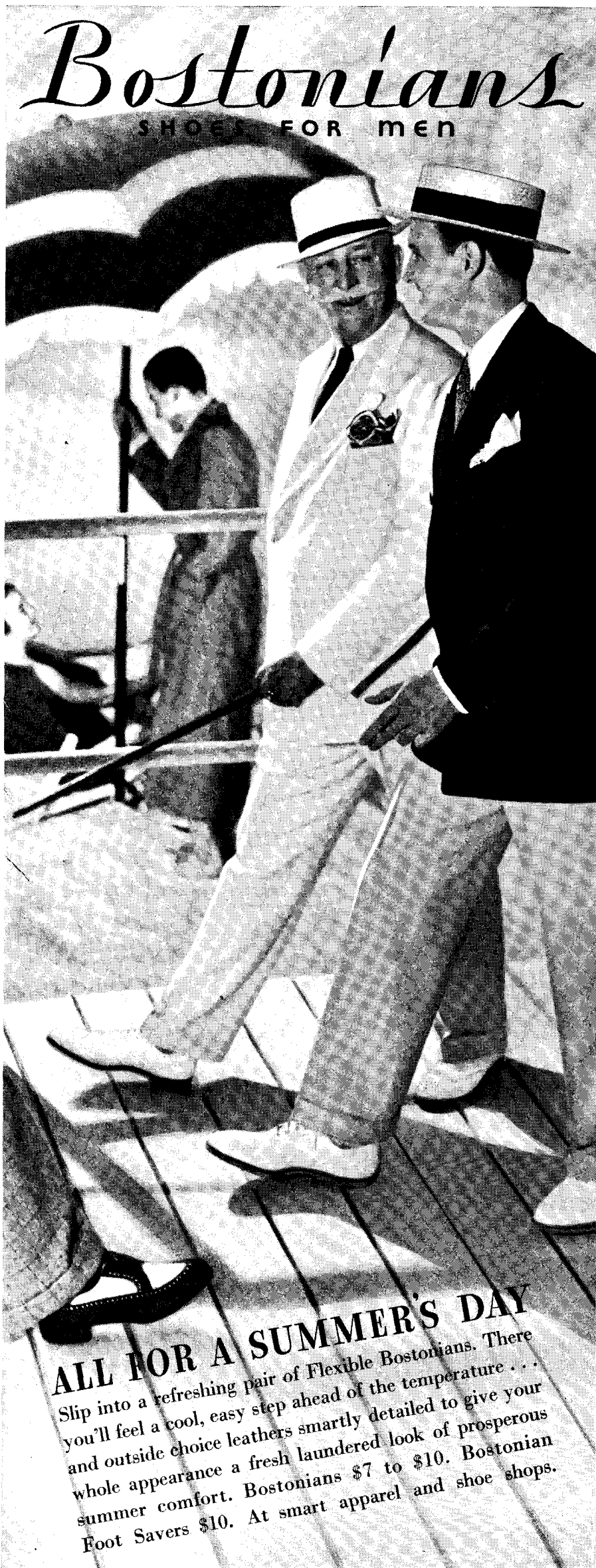
Girls from the Hill came to have red slippers made; it was one of them who asked to do what men had refused him. "I'll send you up to the diggings," she said. "I'll make somebody who has a rich claim give it to me. Oh, he will! Then I'll give it to you, and we'll be partners."

There were times when Craig wished that he had accepted. Such times as when Caleb Winter was pronouncing grace. Or when a drunken miner would throw a gold piece on the tent floor instead of handing the payment to Craig. And at night; nights were the worst . . .

(Continued on page 66)

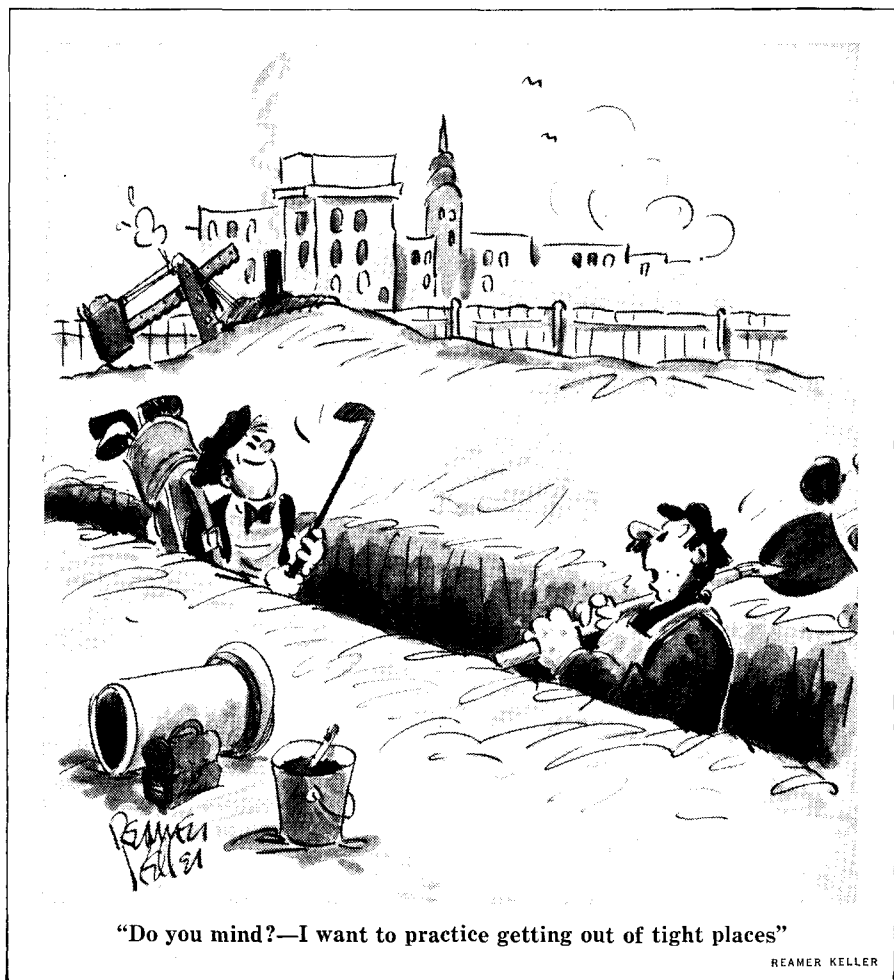
Bostonians

SHOES FOR MEN



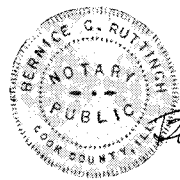
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Bernice G. Rutting
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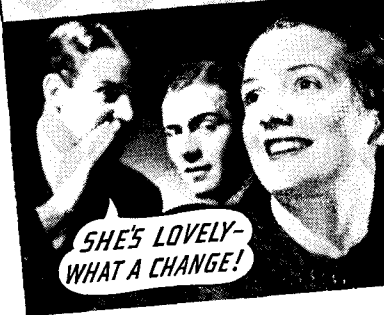
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City State

(Continued from page 65)

the shouts from Sydney Town, the ribald screams of women, the cries of terror when the Hounds, nightly bolder, were abroad.

Craig had learned that the de la Torres, father, daughter, and servants, had gone to their rancho, since it was the season for rendering tallow; he heard, a month later, that they had returned, and that Señorita Luisa was to marry James Arthur, the attorney. Alec recalled his words to her, how he'd come with pockets full of gold . . . and then he bent his head over the strip of wood which he was whittling into pegs. All about him men were growing rich, while he pegged shoes.

He saw Luisa de la Torre once, walking with the old woman and an Indian servant; she inclined her head to him, but he looked away, hands clenched.

It was the same night that the Hounds rolled him out of his blankets, scattered his tools everywhere, and finally booted him well. In the morning there was a boot-mark, smooth and purple, on his thigh; he felt so wretched that he didn't go to Caleb Winter's for breakfast.

He had found most of his tools when he saw James Arthur, smoking, in front of the tent.

The attorney asked, "What's happened?"

Alec said, shortly, "Nothing."

"I had heard," Arthur told him, "that the Hounds visited you."

Craig shrugged. "That's as may be."

"I do not know why you've angered them," Arthur said, taking a delicate pull on his cigar, "but don't let it occur again. It's said that there's a funeral whenever the Hounds return . . . all of which is none of my concern. Can you make me a pair of fine boots, suitable for a wedding?"

"I've lost my tools," said Alec.

James Arthur was agreeable: "Take your time. No hurry."

"I have two other pairs to make."

"I'll pay double." In the same light tone the attorney said, "And, my friend, merely because a girl smiled at you is not reason for you to frown at me."

"I had no intention of frowning," Alec fingered an awl. "Whose wedding?" he asked, afraid that he knew.

James Arthur said, "Mine."

Oh, make the boots! Make them, and go home. Tell Caleb Winter he'd take the passage money now. What difference what people might think, might say? What difference anything?

"I'll make your boots," Alec said.

HE MADE them. He drove each peg exactly into its proper place in the sole; he drove each into the leather so fiercely that they were almost counter-sunk and out of sight. Each peg left a tiny square depression in the sole, and Alec, with a feeling of desperation, hoped that the hardwood pegs would work upward until they'd annoy James Arthur. He had never, before, done an unworkmanlike job; it was the only way he could strike, even feebly, against a person he hated.

Days later, James Arthur came for the boots, paid for them. When the attorney was gone, Alec gathered his tools, placed them carefully on a box, paused and polished a stretcher, and then slowly, with finality, walked to Caleb Winter's.

He washed, put on a clean shirt; there was an unusually long grace. When the merchant was slicing at the beef, Alec said, "I'm going home, sir."

Winter's knife continued through the meat. "I sometimes think, Alexander," he said, "that I was mistaken about you. Eh? You are sober and industrious. I have so written your father."

"I would have preferred telling him everything myself, sir."

"Eh? Hmm. I've informed Angus

that I am in need of a partner. Oh, it isn't as simple as all that. He's got to pay into the business. A considerable sum. I suppose he'll refuse, eh? I . . . I didn't quite dare tell him how large the profits are, lest he feel I was nutmegging him. Eh? So we'll say no more about going home. Pass Mrs. Winter's plate."

Alec said, "That is kind, sir, but I'm going home. I—"

"We'll discuss that after supper." He filled his wife's plate. To her he said, "I heard a little something today. Concerning Mr. Arthur and Don Ricardo's daughter. He's raging all over town. She's given him the mitten, so I've heard, and Arthur's signed papers all over town. He didn't balk me. No. I—"

"Mr. Winter," Alec said earnestly, "I haven't thanked you, have I?" He could hardly control his voice. "Of course I accept. It's marvelous! It's—"

Caleb Winter sniffed. "Ye've not been drinking, have ye?" he asked.

"Eat your dinners, both of you," said Mrs. Winter calmly. To her husband, "If I were Don Ricardo, I'd keep that pretty chick on the rancho."

"She is pretty, isn't she?" Alec said.

Mrs. Winter stared at him. "So that's how the wind blows," she said.

ALEC'S face was beet red. "I've only seen her once, ma'am."

"As junior partner," advised Caleb, "ye'd best put all your attention to business. I admit that Señorita Luisa is . . . hey! . . . what's that?"

The cry hung in the air, rose to a high shriek, slid horribly down the scale to end in silence.

Mrs. Winter put her napkin to her cheek.

"The alcalde and the prefects," Caleb Winter said, "have had enough of the Hounds. It's their leader we want. What they call driving out foreigners is only excuse for robbery. And worse. Eh? We've had enough of it!"

Alec nodded. He continued eating with good appetite. The beef; it was delicious; the strong China tea was like wine.

"Sir," he said, when the napkins were folded, "I had thought of a walk—"

"There's much to discuss," the merchant said heavily. "We must arrange—"

Mrs. Winter said, "Caleb, go and examine your papers, as you have for every night in twenty-seven years after supper. And try not to snore. Leave the boy alone tonight."

The merchant actually winked at Craig. "That's how it'll be with you. Well, you cannot say I didn't warn ye!"

"Warning," said Mrs. Winter. "Humph. Warning a boy when there's a girl." In the same dry unemotional voice she said to Alec, "If you've any sense, say nothing to her about partnerships. Nor business. 'Twas all Caleb ever talked about . . . and me wondering what he thought about a new China silk I wore . . ."

HE WAS ashamed of only one thing, was Alec Craig as he walked toward the de la Torre's rambling adobe, and that was because he had been willing to give up, licked, and crawl home. Why, these people, Caleb, his wife, were kindly; they liked him. They knew where he was going, and why; in their tight-lipped way, they had approved.

Luisa!

He was whistling as he crossed a sand dune, on which scrub lupine grew, blue and pink and yellow, bent fantastically by wind. He had to take every short cut, lest one moment be lost . . . for she had black hair and black eyes and warm red lips, and when she looked at you it was more intoxicating than even the fiery orange cordial from the South . . .

Then he saw a lantern, and men



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standing in the patch of light. For a fraction of time Craig thought of changing his course, since these might be Hounds out on a raid; then his whistling grew louder and he strode squarely toward them. He saw the glint of a gun.

The lantern was held high. Someone was saying, "It's the cobbler, Craig. What are ye doin' out so late?"

"Since when do you stop honest men?" demanded Alec.

"Since tonight, and every night from this one on . . . until we're sure they are about proper business."

A merchant said, "Craig's to be Caleb Winter's partner. You bet Cale looked him all over! He must be—"

"What's wrong?" Alec asked.

"The Hounds. Gone too far this time. Don Ricardo's been killed—"

"His . . . his daughter?" Cold fear ran up Alec's legs and into his heart. "She . . . was she . . ."

"They took money, killed servants, but luckily James Arthur arrived before they could—"

ALEC was running, although they shouted after him; running through sand, through wet sand, mud, and finally splashing through ooze. He stumbled and half fell over the line of submerged kegs and bales . . . was in the hacienda, pushing his way past the grim, sober men in the hall.

The table in the long room had been overturned; a scar showed where a sword had slashed the polished surface, and the blade itself, broken, was on the floor. The wielder of it, Don Ricardo, was as if sleeping beside it. An orange, like a ball of fire in the candlelight, lay in a pool near him, a pool red as wine, but not wine.

Craig saw Luisa de la Torre at once; the other things, even the two dead servants and the old woman, dead also, were only a blur to his sight. The girl's face was drained of color, pale as that of the little porcelain Lady of Sorrows in its niche.

She said only, "Ah," when she saw Craig, and nothing more. Her eyes were blank, tearless.

James Arthur had his arm about her waist.

One of the city officials had followed Craig into the room, and the man spoke directly to James Arthur. "Surely," he said, "you must have recognized some of the men, Mr. Arthur."

The attorney shook his head. "They had done their devilish work before I came," he said. "If they hadn't believed there were others with me . . . you can guess what would have happened. Don Ricardo, as I told you, was dead. The servants also. I found Señorita Luisa struggling with several of them, and . . ."

"Too bad you didn't shoot them."

James Arthur said, "I had no gun."

It was curious, Alexander Craig thought, that, at such a time, he should observe that Arthur was wearing the new boots.

What had happened had already been explained, but the official wished to hear it again. Don Ricardo asleep in his chair. Luisa putting a fringe on a new mantilla. The Hounds had entered at both front and rear . . .

"The lady," said the official, "must not remain here. If—"

James Arthur said, "No. I agree. We were to have been married. I'll take care of her."

Swallowing once, Alexander Craig looked at the girl. She saw him, but did not see him. She said nothing, made no motion of dissent. As for him, what was there for him to say? Why couldn't he have come, instead of the other man . . . and come not late, but in time to have fought?

Why, even the servants of the house had gone down, like Don Ricardo, fight-

ing, while he, who loved her, had been eating. Eating! And it must have been, for a short time, a desperate fight. Alec could see the dead Indian nearest him, all bloody in the face, with his thin jacket ripped almost to the waist and the brown skin showing . . .

Showing a terrible bruise. The servant had been kicked after being hammered to the floor.

Alec dropped beside him; he put one finger to the bruise, bent lower, said, "A candle!" and when it was handed to him by the prefect, stared at the ugly dark mark. He stared at it for a long time, and then he stood up.

He was in front of James Arthur. "Well," he said, and "Well!" again.

Then, with the fastest movement he had ever made in his life, he swung his fist into Arthur's face, and, as the man threw up his arms, hit him again with all of his strength . . .

He was on Arthur before Luisa had gasped, before the official raised his voice; he had torn off the attorney's boot.

"There's *who* kicked him," Alec Craig shouted. "Look! Look at the sole of the boot! At the peg marks. Look at the dead man's shoulder! This's the man who kicked him. This . . . this is your leader of the Hounds." Hands were on him, but other hands were examining the sunken pegged places in the sole of Arthur's boot, measuring them with the little puffy marks along the edge of the bruise on the Indian's body, finding that they fitted beyond the slightest doubt.

Words were in Alec's ears. The attorney, one of the men growled, must have planned it all, come with the Hounds, taken part in the real assault, and then "arrived" just in time to "save" the girl who, rumor had it, had refused to marry him. Arthur must have been certain that she would turn to him, with her father dead; turn to the man who had rescued her. Another Californian said that the attorney had Spanish clients, and it was remarkable how only those who had money in the house were robbed by the men from Tammany Hall. It was the sort of thing which was obvious only when you learned the truth.

THE men had forgotten Luisa. Arthur was jerked to his feet, his coat removed. Alec, pointing, said, "That's my money belt. You'll find the letters A. C. stitched in the leather. He *did* come here that night."

"We don't care about robbery, Mr. Craig," the prefect said. He glanced at the determined faces of his companions. "Gentlemen," he said, "it is my duty to warn you that this man should have a trial. However, I am going home, and anyone who says I was here is a damned liar. Sorry, Señorita Luisa. A damned liar. I wish you a pleasant evening, gentlemen."

Alec Craig knew what was meant.

So did the pinioned Arthur. The man began to plead, to explain, but the others, roughly, pushed him out of the room.

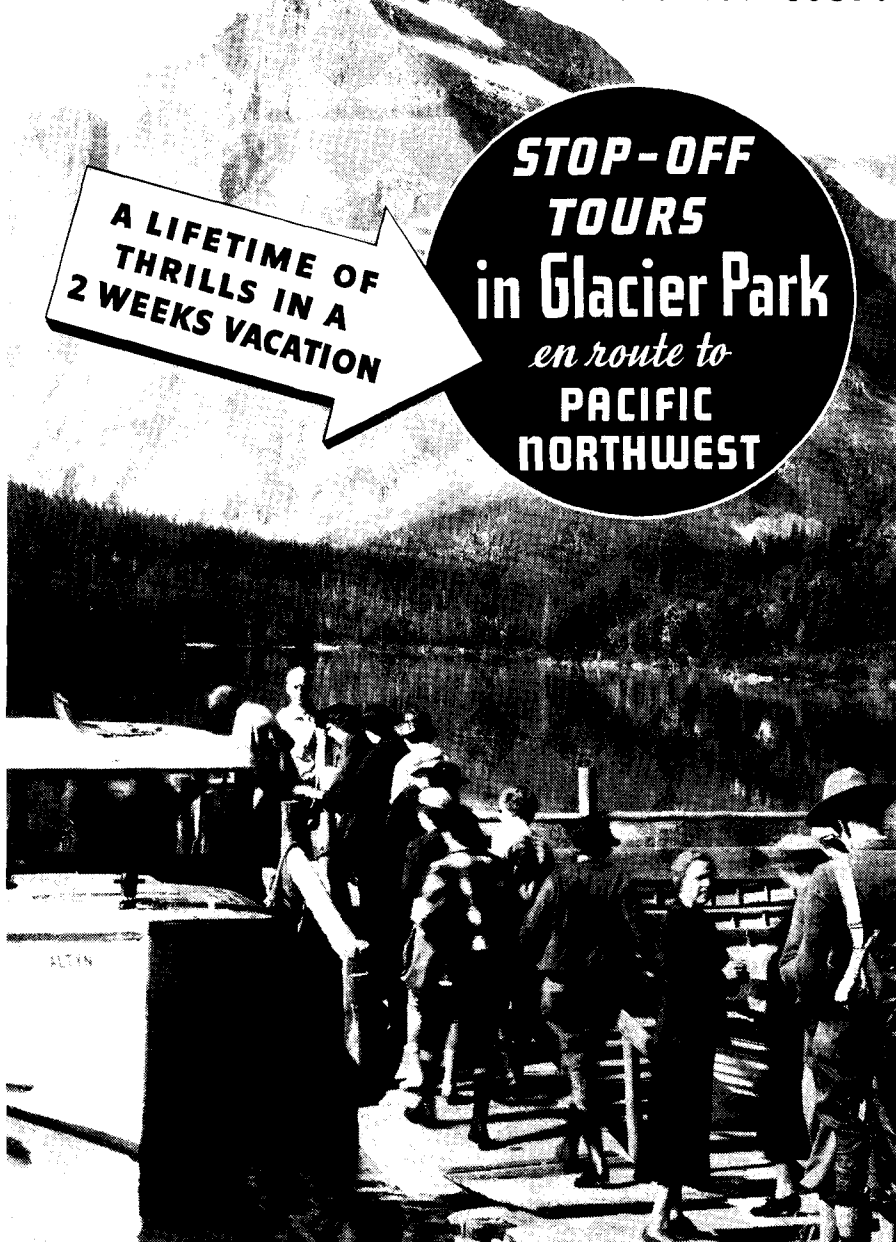
It was then that Luisa said to Alexander Craig, "Please. Take me to the mission. Please."

"I will take you wherever you wish to go," Alec Craig told her.

She did not cry until she was out of the house. Alec held her very gently then, until she rested her head against him, until, at last, she moved slightly; after that they walked in silence, but before they had reached the dunes where the lupine grew, her fingers touched his arm, remained there.

All his life, Alexander Craig was to remember the pale spikes of the flowers, the scent of the wind, the fog sliding over the rolling dunes, the touch of her fingers. She had, he knew, at that moment given herself to him.

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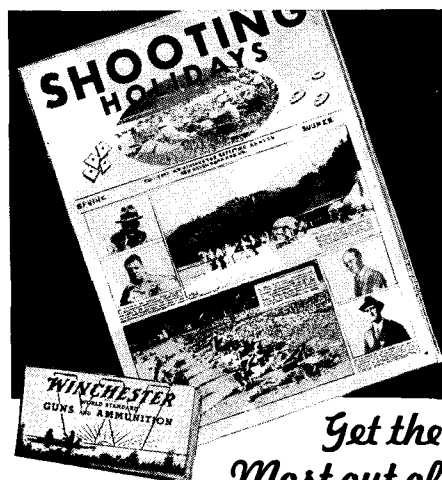
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Directed by Simon Legree

Continued from page 14

perfect sucker for a gentleman who relieved him of the \$125 he had saved up. The gentleman from Chicago offered Jasper a part in his show if he would make a small down payment and Jasper went out to the city by the lake to begin his career. The play and Jasper lasted one night. The manager's tenure was even shorter. He departed in the afternoon with all available funds and the show folded. Faced by an emergency which was ordained to recur at intervals, Jasper returned to his first love. He got a job with the City News Bureau and began the usual round of jails and police courts. One of his little jocularities about a patent medicine company resulted in a libel suit against the Bureau and things were black until one of the brothers of the injured firm died during the course of the trial.

"We permitted it to be known that he died in court from the shock of listening to his own lies," says Mr. Deeter, "but I really think it was pneumonia and I know he died at home in bed."

He next worked in the kitchen at Lake Chautauqua and then got a job with the Little Theater in Philadelphia, run by Mrs. Beulah E. Jay. He got no money for it but got along by reading proof for a Philadelphia paper. He kept going back to that source of revenue for years.

Later he went over to New York and got a job with the Coburns as one of the soldiers in *The Better Ole*, which was playing at the Greenwich Village Theater.

"I worked down there for months without ever knowing where Times Square was," says Deeter. "I got off the train, went downtown and never thought about coming up."

He got so familiar with the Coburns that he finally asked for a raise and got fired. He went then with Frank Conroy, who was starting a repertory company with the old Hindu play *Shakuntala*, which soon went bust. In the same company was a very terrible actor named Otto Liveright, who annoyed people immensely by shoving a copy of Susan Glaspell's *Bernice* under their noses and asking them why they weren't playing this instead of that Hindu junk. Deeter and Liveright took *Bernice* to the Provincetown Players and talked them into producing it.

Great Days at Provincetown

There was first the trouble of living until the play was produced in the fall and living after that on an arrangement whereby the actors got \$15 a week but played two weeks and laid off three. Jasper went back to reading proof. He also was a breakfast cook at the Hotel Judson on Washington Square. Then he went to the theater and rehearsed—a matter of something like nineteen hours per day. He got away from the Judson in time to keep from being fired.

"They had a good chef there," says Deeter. "He could see my heart wasn't in the omelets."

Those were the big days of the Provincetown under George Cram (Jig) Cook when the first plays of Eugene O'Neill were being produced. Deeter did a one-acter by O'Neill called *Exorcism*, of which there are no copies now extant, O'Neill wanting to forget the incident. It was O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* which made the Provincetown Theater world famous. Deeter was originally cast for Smithers in that production and had the added job of keeping Charles Gilpin, the great negro actor, in shape to play. When the show opened down in MacDougall Street, it was a comparative failure.

"And why not?" asks Mr. Deeter. "It was a series of scenes which ran for 70 seconds and was followed by intermissions for scenic changes which lasted for four minutes."

What saved the show was the recruiting of Cleon Throckmorton from Washington and the fashioning of a production which would allow almost continuous performance. Deeter and Throckmorton worked for three days and nights and when the play went on Thursday night it was a different show. Heywood Brown wrote a rave notice of the performance and it became a sensation.

"If they'd kept it in repertory, as they always said they wanted to do," says Deeter, with some disgust, "they could have kept it going two nights a week for the rest of their lives. They got Broadway-crazy and that was the beginning of the end for the Provincetown."

In Again—Out Again

What followed then was the great Provincetown-Jasper Deeter love and hate contest, with Jasper being fired in Baltimore while on tour with Emperor Jones and turning up shortly after in the cellar at the Provincetown Theater in New York hitting an iron pipe with a crowbar and thus creating the engine-room noises for *The Hairy Ape*. He also did off-stage noises for the production of *Faust*. Previously he had enjoyed a short tenure of office with the Ibsen repertory company of Madame Borgny-Hammer in Chicago, being fired as a troublemaker when he offered the suggestion that the company should be arrested for what it had done to Ibsen's *Master Builder*.

It was in 1924 that his life was altered permanently. He had started out to play *Crossed Wires* for the Swarthmore Chautauqua Circuit but got into difficulties almost immediately by refusing to play an extra performance on Sunday nights which hadn't been mentioned in the contract.

"Outside, you troublemaker," said the

Chautauqua people, in a refrain which was almost a theme song for Deeter in those days.

He was in Philadelphia when it happened and it was then that he ran into the old mill at Moylan in Rose Valley and started the Hedgerow Theater. He sent out distress signals and Ann Harding, Morris Carnovsky and others who had long been wanting to be part of a real repertory company responded. There were six in the first group; they lived in a small house, did their own cooking and housekeeping and went into the business of acting.

Deeter had long been at odds with Eva Le Gallienne over her interpretation of *The Master Builder* and now she offered to come down and show him how it should be done. The result was that for long weeks the Hedgerow had alternating performances of *The Master Builder*—Le Gallienne and her company one night; Ann Harding in the Jasper Deeter production the next. It resulted in excellent business and the Hedgerow was successfully launched.

It got seriously unlaunched in 1926 when the company went a trifle wild over the fortune to be gleaned from the crowds coming to the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial. They rented the Broad Street Theater and opened on a night in June. The only competition was a Knights Templar parade and a temperature of 98°. When they finally got out of the venture, they had a loss of \$11,000 and most of the company was in New York hunting for work. Deeter worked next season as an actor in *Princess Turandot*, directed Paul Green's Pulitzer prize winner, *Abraham's Bosom*, at the Provincetown and lectured at Brookwood Labor College.

What saved the Hedgerow when they finally got back to it was Harriet A. Moore, who is now 83 years old, and was then and is now cook for the Hedgerow Players. By dint of a manner which absolutely cowed bill collectors, she was able to give the theater the breathing space it needed. Ferdie Nofer took over

(Continued on page 70)

Philbert

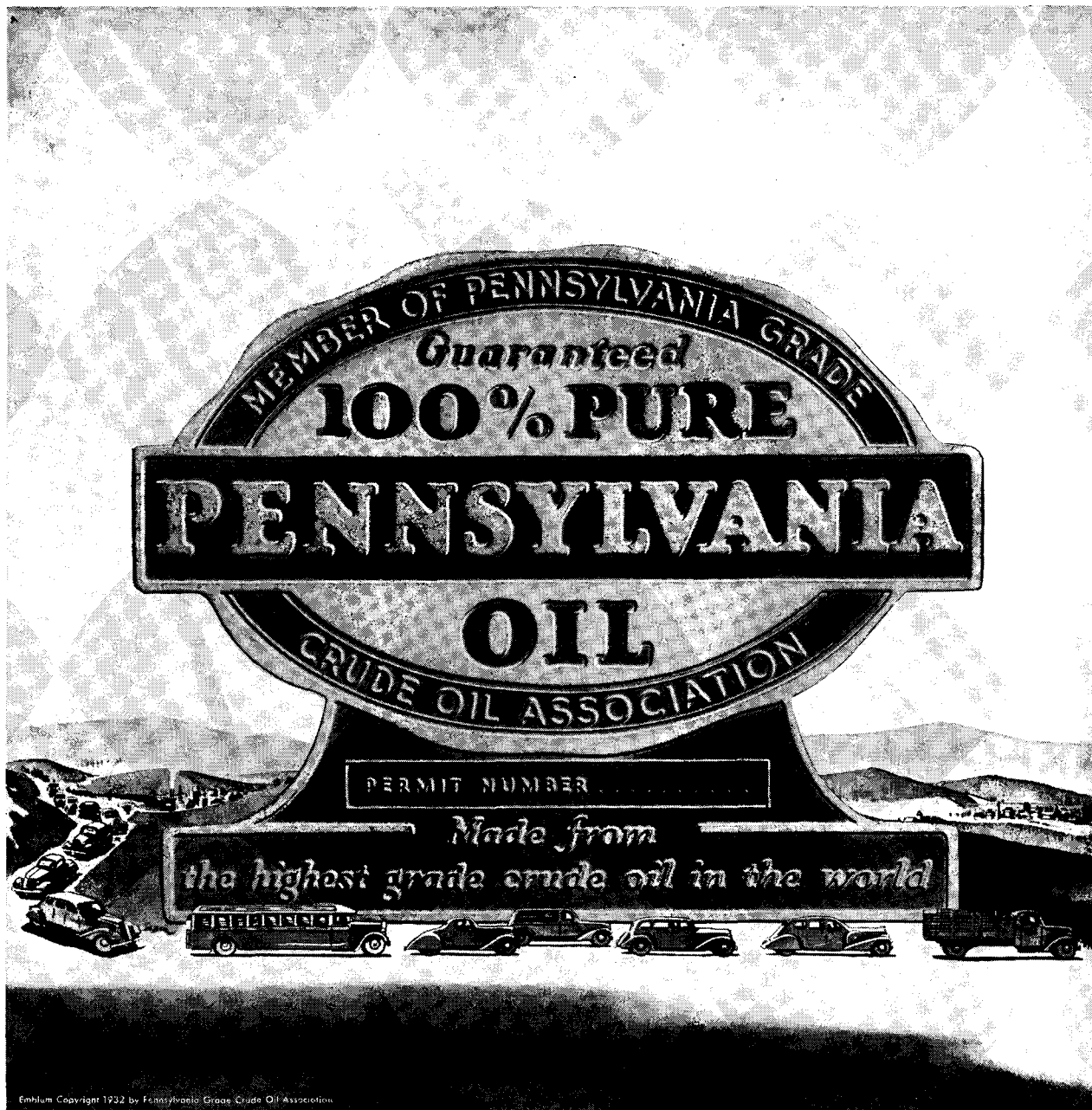
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN

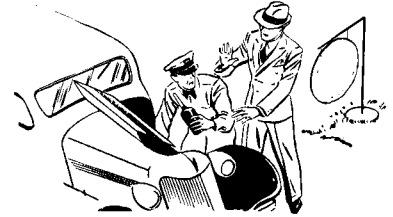


"Stop dodging; you're spoiling Papa's aim!"

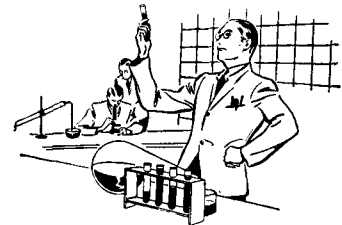
YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST OILS SOLD UNDER THIS EMBLEM



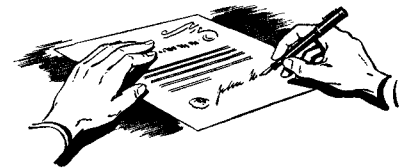
HOW WE GUARANTEE SUPER-QUALITY TO YOU



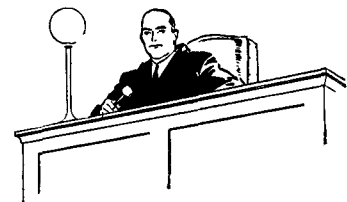
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At State College, Pa., a corps of oil technologists constantly checks up on the quality of emblem motor oils. No deviation in quality escapes them.



Every organization through which emblem Pennsylvania Motor Oils are sold is bonded to keep these oils 100% Pure Pennsylvania. No adulteration of any kind.



The power of the courts is always ready to protect the integrity of the emblem and to protect you from substitution, misrepresentation or abuse of the emblem.



This emblem was created to wipe out your oil worries. Wherever you see it, it says in effect, "This is an *honest* motor oil. It will give you your money's worth in safe, efficient lubrication." For thirteen years it has been the identifying mark of the family of highest quality motor oils.

We members of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association own this emblem. We permit certain refiners and sellers of 100% Pure Pennsylvania oil to use it as our guarantee to you that their oils meet the minimum quality standard the Association requires. It identifies *better oils from the ground up*.

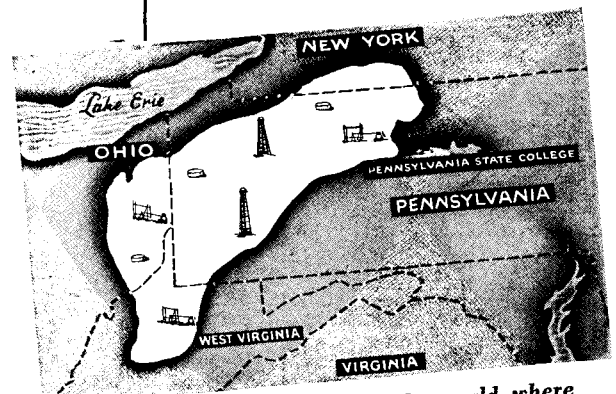
This emblem isn't a brand. It is used on many different brands of motor oil to identify, and to guarantee, the source of the crude oil from which they are made.

With the quality assurance this emblem gives, you can safely make your own decision as to which Pennsylvania brand you prefer. Whatever brand you select, you can be absolutely certain that it will give you honest value for your money.

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BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

Directed by Simon Legree

Continued from page 68



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A lifetime of shaving comfort is surely the finest gift for the boy who is becoming a man. He will never know the pain and smart of a blade razor—never endure the messiness of lather nor have the skin of his face toughened by ordinary shaving.

For the Schick Shaver has NO BLADES. With it you use NO LATHER. Yet the first down on a boy's cheek and the tough wiry beards of older men are shaved clean and quickly by the Schick Shaver.

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D.D.D. Prescription



NOW I EAT
MELONS
Upset Stomach Goes
in Jiffy with Bell-Ans



the business management of the theater, all debts were finally paid off and the old mill itself (125 years old) was purchased for the company. There are now 32 members in the company; they live communally in three big houses; there is a truck garden and twelve sheep. From the sheep they got twelve blankets and four quilts this year. From the garden, they got sustenance. The theater has 168 seats and can do a capacity business of \$220 a night. Last year the company did a gross business of \$36,000. They have a printing press and are adding a power laundry next year.

The theater is at Moylan near Media, about fourteen miles from Philadelphia. Most patrons drive out but there is a bus meeting trains and trolley cars. In the direct vicinity of the old mill are such towns as Swarthmore and West Chester and the theater gets good patronage from Bryn Mawr, but the bulk of the audience comes from the city, turning off the main road by the inn and following the winding paths down the valley. They sit then on cushioned benches, stroll on the porch between acts and often wind up with members of the company in the room downstairs from the lobby after the show. That's where any paying guests can get an argument about the performance, receiving as excellent insults as he offers.

Formerly the theater was open only in summer but that has altered in late years, with some of the winter months (snow keeping away) being best of all. In addition there have been road tours the last two years, one as far West as Denton, Texas, and another in Southern territory.

The great furor of recent years was when Libby Holman, the blues singer, came to Hedgerow to study for the theater. She was not admitted to the company until much later when she did bits in Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio. She studied in the Deeter class which was operated on the basis of "If you don't like the teaching, insult the instructor and quit; if I don't like you, I fire you."

"Why Don't You Go Home?"

The Ann Harding case is something else. From the days of the silent film she had been arranging screen tests at her own expense and getting nowhere. It was only when Frank Reicher came backstage at Strange Interlude to visit Harry Bannister, Miss Harding's husband, that he met her and got her started in the movies. She has returned twice since to play with the Deeter group. Once she appeared in Susan Glaspell's Inheritors and on another occasion in Shaw's Mésalliance.

Last fall the newspaper gossip had Miss Harding paying the expenses of the company to Hollywood so she could play with them again, but it turned out to be only a rumor.

"It's news to me," said Deeter, who at the time was struggling with his job as WPA dramatic head for Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and hadn't much strength left over for fantasy.

The greatest failure Hedgerow ever had was Ibsen's Awake. It was at this play or another comparative bust that Jasper came out from behind the curtain during the performance.

"If you don't like it, why don't you go on home?" he said to the audience which up to this point had been engaged in more tittering than he felt seemly.

The size of his stage never daunts Mr. Deeter. If it's a good play, it goes on. His success last year was the Pis-

cator arrangement of Dreiser's An American Tragedy, which was played on two levels and with the assistance of an interlocutor who stood by the wings and explained the significance of the drama as it progressed. He has had innumerable offers to return to Broadway, and Hollywood used to rush in with what they considered royal commands about twice a year. That has ceased through simple weariness.

On the personal side, Deeter is middle-aged, thin, with a shock of gray hair which he wears in a state of disarray. For clothes he uses whatever happens to be around the house. The Hedgerow is a purely co-operative venture, with everybody helping in the acting and in the work. If Jasper feels that an actor needs the experience of a certain part he puts him in it no matter what writhings are undergone by the audience. There is a subscription arrangement whereby a patron buys a series of tickets. He can use them when he pleases.

Traveling Light

"That stops all the kicks," says Jasper. "We give them a raft of plays to pick from. If they hate one of them, they can stay away and either go to something else twice or be big-hearted and take a friend to something they do like."

On the road the company travels by bus and truck. The bus was bought from an orphanage for \$1,000 and the truck was a \$600 investment. They've never missed an engagement. Instead of the usual theatrical scenery, they carry drapes and an aluminum pipe stage which expands or contracts at will. The whole company assists with the scenery, it being worked out on the circus plan. There are red and white chalk marks on the stage, the company gets at their posts and at a signal they go through a ritual of stage preparation which has been carefully worked out by one of the bright young men of the troupe. On tours, the company is reduced to seventeen members and the net profit last year was around \$6,500.

The Hedgerow has had two good breaks in its history. After the \$11,000 flop at the Sesquicentennial, they got a new start by bringing down from New York the Negro players who had done the Pulitzer prize play, Abraham's Bosom. Deeter had directed it; the good citizens of Philadelphia were anxious to see it and paid \$3.30 for the privilege. It made the creditors see the light.

The second break was even more extraordinary.

"When we launched that silly Sesqui venture," says Deeter, "the only paper which wouldn't give us credit for advertising space was the Bulletin. After we went broke, we owed all the others and they wouldn't give us a line of publicity. We didn't owe the Bulletin anything because they wouldn't let us. Consequently they were the only ones who would give us publicity. What do you call that if you don't call it cockeyed?"

The actors are now engaged on an eighteen-months arrangement and there have been no new additions to the company in several seasons. At the moment nine of the players have been approached by screen scouts. If the player doesn't want to go and yet hasn't the courage to refuse, Jasper has a stock answer for the California seducers.

"We'd like to release her from our contract," he says regretfully, "but if we did, we'd just about ruin the company. She's the only good potato-peeler we have."

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Pennsylvania

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GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

Horse of Another Color

Continued from page 15

lieutenant in the Field Artillery, serving in the front lines for a year, he thought of the outside world in terms of Seattle, Salt Lake and San Francisco. The public schools and the state university gave him his education, and although working up a good law practice in Pendleton, where they hold the big roundup every year, the soil called him as it does most of the sons of the men and women who first followed the Oregon Trail. He went into farming, with sheep and cattle as a side line, and today it is his proudest boast that he harvested 25,000 bushels of wheat in a season.

It is a background that does much to explain the Man Mountain. While anything but a Rugged Individualist in Mr. Hoover's sense of the term, the big Oregonian has a deep and almost mystic reverence for American individuality, and nobody can tell him that the Tugwellians and the Frankfurter Hot Dogs are not preaching the gospel of regimentation. No, sir! Perfectly willing to admit that our social and economic system has much in it that is outworn and obsolete, the Man Mountain refuses to believe that everything should be scrapped simply because it happens to be old.

"Quit Giving Blank Checks"

The NRA and the AAA, in his opinion, both went haywire, departing widely from original objectives, and while still unchanged in his devotion to the development of our natural resources, he protests any policy that permits the use of this development to kick private enterprise loose from its pantaloons. He wants no American to go unfed or unhoused, but with all the force of his thrifty soul the senator insists that there is a happy medium between penny-pinching and "reckless squandering." He fought the \$4,800,000,000 appropriation out of his conviction that the time had come to "quit giving blank checks" for

vast sums "for unspecified purposes."

Where the Man Mountain comes out strongest, however, causing even the DuPonts to smile forgivingly, is in his daily and almost hourly battle against the minimization of the legislative branch of government by the executive branch. With Russia, Italy and Germany abandoning democratic processes in favor of dictatorships, the Oregon Cassandra regularly wails his fear that this, our America, is headed in the same direction unless the House and Senate gird their loins and take a firm stand against further surrender of their authority.

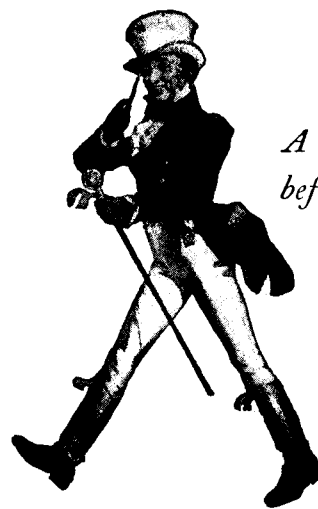
"The willingness of the Congress to respond to the demands of the executive," he shouts from his height to the masses far below, "will be recorded in the history of the republic as the most marvelous phenomenon in the political life of this generation." After reciting the autocratic controls now vested in the President, he continues, "So vast a power transcends the imagination. Its magnitude is so utterly beyond the grasp of the human intellect that the business leaders of the nation stand in dismay in its presence. . . . Delegation after delegation of power has been made until the concentration is complete, and a bewildered nation knows not which way to turn."

At the present writing, there is about as much chance for a "dark horse" at the Cleveland convention as there would be for a unicorn, but if a deadlock should develop, the Republicans could do a whole lot worse than name Frederick Steiwer. And if the need of a dark horse does not develop, the Man Mountain looks good as a White Hope in 1940. None of these speculations, however, will have power to cause him to miss a single one of the meals that are so important to the maintenance of his bulk, for never once has the presidential bug been able to pierce his hide and drop its subtle poison into the blood stream.



"Better check on Hapgood. He's been sending this message through for the last hour!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR



*A short Johnnie Walker
before dinner . . .*



*A long Johnnie Walker
after dinner . . .*



. . . and you're headed for a pleasant evening!

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And, of course, after dinner, you'll find the knowing ones sticking with Johnnie Walker. For no whisky "sits better" after food and drink. Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky is BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. All Red Label is 8 years old; Black Label, 12. So stick with Johnnie Walker . . . for an evening with this genial gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

*No matter what the clock says
stick with . . .*



JOHNNIE WALKER

"SCOTLAND'S MOST FAMOUS WHISKY"

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 17



QUEEN'S QUEST ENDS IN ACE

HER lovely tresses wouldn't tress...until her maid-in-waiting told her there IS a difference in combs...that there IS a comb that paces the pack...made from pure hard rubber...that it never scratches the scalp.

It's the ACE COMB, m'lady. There's an ACE to aid for any occasion: for wave setting, combing out waves, dry shampoos; for purse or boudoir; for men, women, children. Keep comely with ACE COMBS...15¢, 20¢, 25¢, 35¢ and 50¢...at drug and department stores.



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did not affect the crisp voice, which drove straight ahead—"We should like to have you drop in and register with us. We have certain clients who are inquiring about you."

"About me? How did they—Where did you—How do you know anything about me?"

"We have seen the National Hygiene posters. When can you come in? This morning? Mr. Powell would like to see you."

Now what incredible thing was happening? What was this about? Who was Mr. Powell? She listened and learned. United Models, it appeared, was a sort of registry for models; Mr. Powell ran it; Vaski had told them to look Celia up.

BUT she could not pose again. That was what Mr. Daklin had meant—exclusive rights. She told the crisp voice that. "I am a nurse. I've never posed except for these things for Mr. Vaski and I am not to pose for anything else. I agreed to that." So that was settled.

Or so she thought. But she thought wrong. Nothing of the kind was settled, it appeared. United Models understood about that. She was not to model for products along Hygiene lines but she could pose for other things; in fact East-West wanted her for some of their other accounts. This voice, this voice which said it belonged to a Miss Braing, was impatient with her dullness. Could Miss Landis drop in about eleven?

Could she! Heavens above, could she not! "Yes, I'll be glad to," said Celia sedately.

Walking again up Park Avenue—all these strange creatures seemed to abide on Park—Celia felt the urge to know and to find out; and the ache for fear she never would relax in her breast. Somehow she was sure that this encounter with United Models would help her wing her way into that enchanting merry-go-round which she thought of as life.

It was a glorious morning, all blue clouds and soft air and tender-colored as only near-spring mornings can be. It was a morning that was a credit to time. In the florists' shops daffodils were shining yellow, at the curbs doormen beamed, and no one, not a single soul, looked ill.

"Well, well," thought Celia, and her heels tapped and the breeze blew and all the street seemed to discuss the strange new events of Celia Landis' life with little exclamations, with honkings and rushings and twinklings of red and green lights. She entered the Travis Building and was carried skyward in an express elevator which, no doubt, went to lawyers and editors and all other points of interest, but to Celia soared only to the offices of United Models and Advertisers.

THERE she met Miss Braing. There, where busy clerks talked into three telephones at once and lovely girls drifted in, took notes of their engagements from masses of charts hung on a wall, and went out again, Celia became a name, a description and a full-face, side-face and full-figure in a book. In the Model Book, the Who's Who of Beauty in New York.

Her chart read: "Celia Landis. Size 14. Height 5' 6". Weight 110. Bust 33. Waist 25. Hips 33. Shoes 5AA. Gloves 6. Hair bronze. Eyes lighter bronze. Hands, feet, teeth, especially good. Complete wardrobe."

Miss Braing, who was all business and not in the least surprised by adding another model to her long list, had looked up at that point in making out the chart. "How about your wardrobe?" she asked.

Her wardrobe. Celia looked at this

woman. "You will need all sorts of things," said Miss Braing, "evening, afternoon, sports, bathing suits, riding clothes. What have you?"

Well, of course, Celia had nothing, practically. But she had a thousand dollars. And what is money for? She was awed by her delight in what a thousand dollars was for.

"I have everything," she said. "Loads of clothes." She would have, she told herself, before the day was over. So life goes. Oh, the clothes she would have! Imagine its being one's duty to buy lovely clothes. No stiff uniforms, no Indianhead aprons, but soft chiffons, rustling taffetas. And riding clothes. At that she tried to look self-possessed, thoughtful, reasonable, but she could hardly wait to escape and begin this orgy of dutiful shopping.

"You will not need to have more photographs taken," said Miss Braing in conclusion. "We have a number from Vaski. Your first engagements, I expect, will be for Randall Cigarettes—that is what East-West spoke of. It is the custom for the models to come in each morning to consult their engagement cards which hang there on the wall. Of course if a job comes up unexpectedly we telephone you. You must, if you go out, leave word where we can reach you."

"Yes, Miss Braing." That was the only thing she had heard which sounded even remotely like her own profession. She went down in the elevator thinking that the first thing she longed to do was to tell Anthony Starr about this crazy experience.

But he was gone.

SO SHE went to the shops and bought, Sexultantly regarding her delightful new clothes in various mirrors. She was not, in a hundred years, her own idea of a beauty, but if that collection of features could make a camera lie, who was she to object? "It's United Models' funeral," she reflected happily. If they could stand it, surely she could.

And they seemed to stand it. In the next few weeks she was kept incredibly busy by United Models, who took her in quick jumps from one sales campaign to another. She had become, almost in the wink of an eye, a glamor-spreader, hammering home to a skeptical public that there is something highly romantic about copper gutters, rubber heels, permanent waves or new hats.

She had, in that time—and this seemed the most incredible thing of all when she had time to stop and think things over—she had even left Nurses Incorporated. She had escaped the basilisk eye of Miss Klapham.

It had come about most naturally. She had met many of the models, naturally, in that time. Had been taken in by them at once, for she was no mere beginner but one who had scaled the heights at her first attempt. There was one, Betty Yandell, whom she had liked at first sight. Betty was good, very good. She was a pretty girl with soft honey-colored hair and a smooth face that was charming from any camera angle. And Betty was never idle. She made from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a week and lived with another girl model in a three-room-and-kitchenette apartment in the Hotel des Arts on East Forty-third Street near the river. She had asked Celia in for tea on occasion.

"Do you like living in that awful registry?" she asked Celia one day.

It had never occurred to Celia that she could live anywhere else but now that the subject was brought up she realized that she loathed it. She loathed Miss

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Klapham's ugly looks as she went in and out. She said so to Betty.

"Then what about coming here with me?" said Betty practically. "Rose Clark is going home to be married." Rose was her roommate. "I can't swing this place by myself," said Betty, "and I think you and I'd get along well together. Don't do it if you don't want to. Be perfectly frank. You can't hurt my feelings. I wouldn't blame you if you prefer to live by yourself."

"I don't know that I do—" Celia said slowly. She began to feel as if a weight were lifted from her shoulders when she thought that she need not see Miss Klapham every day. And she looked longingly into the kitchenette. Think of having home-cooked meals once in a while!

"All right, Betty," she said. "I'd love it! When can I come?"

"Take off your hat. Rose left last week."

SO THAT was how Celia's trunk and her new clothes and the photograph of her mother and father and the snapshot of Anthony Starr moved into the green and cream and wicker attractiveness of Forty-third Street. There was even, she discovered, a tiny terrace from which one could see the tugs move slowly up and down the river.

"Such splendor," she sighed in utter content. And her share of all this was only sixty dollars a month. Betty had subleased the apartment, furnished, at a bargain rental and the lease ran for another year.

"Yes," Betty said frankly. "It's attractive. It wouldn't be like this if I'd done it myself. I've a cheap, showy taste in decoration."

That was one of the things Celia liked about her—she was candid; she put up no false front, she was willing to live and let live; she knew how to mind her

own business and she was one of those rare persons who do not talk too much.

She asked no questions and expected none to be asked of her. Not that she had anything to hide. She was engaged to a young automobile salesman turned model during the depression, and they expected to marry and move to the suburbs as soon as business had picked up, and Bill could go back to his old job.

"It's picking up now," she said. "But Bill has a lot of old debts to pay for his parents. It won't be long now, though."

"Won't you hate to give all this up?" Celia asked curiously.

"Posing?" Betty shrieked. "I hate it. All I want is a little house and a garden and some kids." She looked respectfully at the pictures of Celia's parents. Regarded Starr's face gravely. "He looks grand," she said, but asked no questions.

"He is grand. He'll be back soon and we'll have him in for dinner. With Bill."

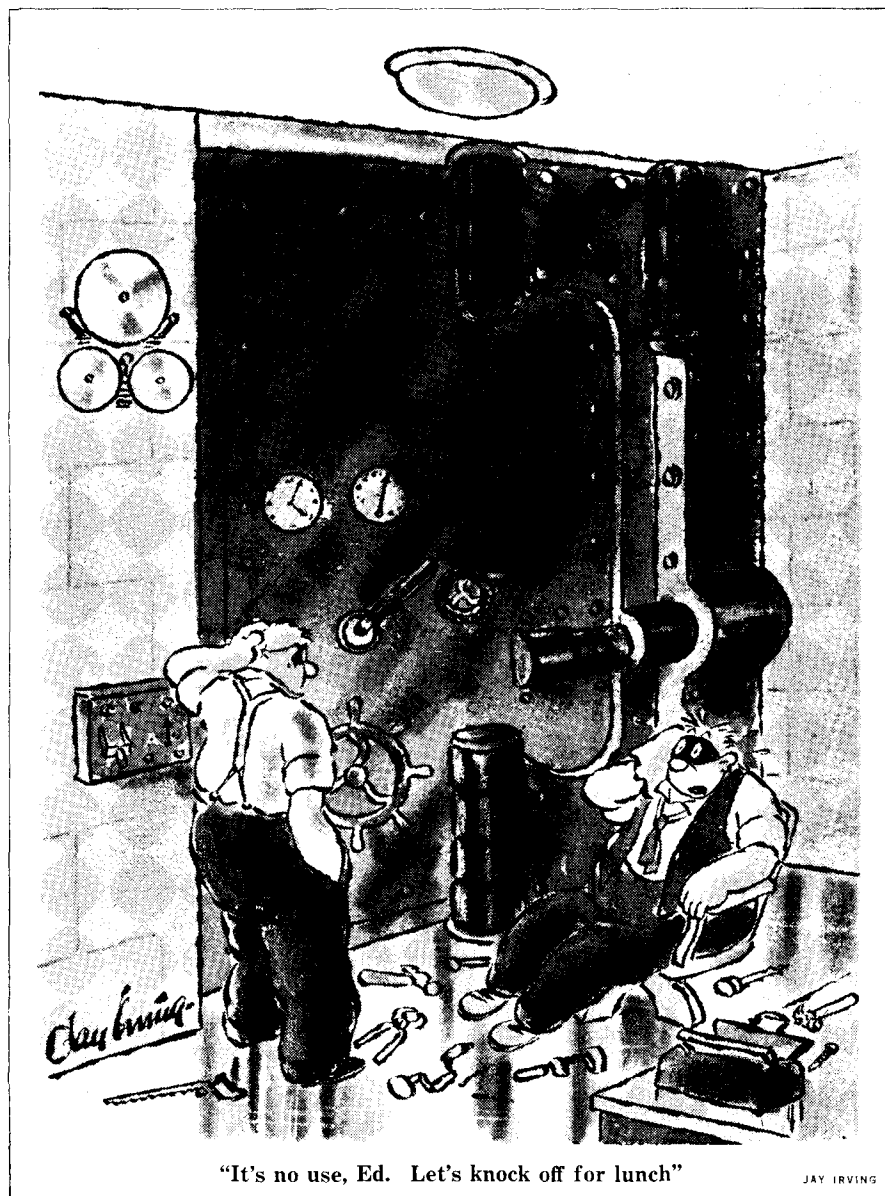
"Sure. We'll give them a sirloin. Bill loves steak." That was another surprising thing about Betty, she loved to cook.

"I'd rather stay in and have a meal here any time than go out to all these blah restaurants," she said. Celia smiled to think how simple and uneventful their life was, considering what was the popular conception of models and the gay life led by young things alone in Manhattan. Not that there weren't a number of models who were not particular about who paid their rent or bought them mink coats. But mainly, she discovered, models were hard-working girls like Betty and herself. She was glad she could assure Starr of that, for she expected any day now to hear his voice on the telephone.

And then one day it came.

"Celia, I am home and what is this? This new number? Are you on a long

(Continued on page 74)



"It's no use, Ed. Let's knock off for lunch"

JAY IRVING

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• Explore a glorious new land of scenery and romance—while you glide over smooth highways. Trailways streamliners—faster, finer—offer a more delightful way to reach your vacationland. This year, you can actually travel farther, stay longer and spend less because of Trailways low-cost transportation.

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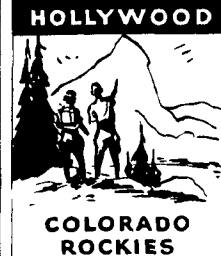
- down the Mississippi along the levees of Ol' Man River, thru cypress forests to the Gulf—
- from the Great Lakes to gay Atlantic beaches, all eastern cities—
- thru Pueblo villages of New Mexico; to the Grand Canyon; across the Rockies to the Pacific Northwest; National Parks; California.

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HOLLYWOOD



COLORADO ROCKIES



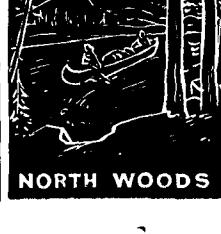
DALLAS



CHICAGO AND GREAT LAKES



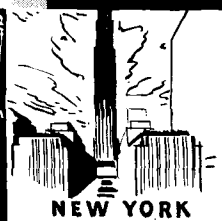
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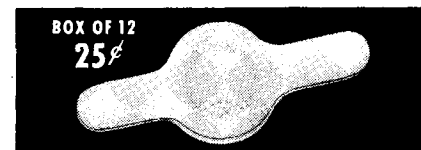
CORNS WERE KILLING ME

...then I made this startling test!



MRS. G. A. R.
MISSOURI

“Desperate... corn on each foot, I made this test: Put my old-style plaster on one foot. It crowded my shoe, toe remained sore. Put Red Cross Corn Plaster on the other foot. Stopped pain instantly, removed corn cleanly.”



PROFESSIONALLY APPROVED
Try Red Cross Corn Plaster today. Non-slip adhesive tabs. Waterproof. Separate medicated centers for hard, deep-seated corns. More for your money, too. Send 10¢ for trial package. Write Dept. D-3.

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FOR PROFESSIONAL FOOT TREATMENT SEE A CHIROPODIST

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As you read this, think of the times you could have used extra money to buy the things you need around the home.

as a representative of Collier's, The National Weekly, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion and The Country Home you may build a little business in your own neighborhood.

ASK

for free money-making kit.

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for home expenses

“A mighty helpful idea...” says Mrs. J. P. Hughes, busy New Jersey mother and housewife, of my spare-time subscription plan.

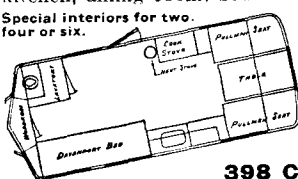


no regular demands upon your time. You are your own boss what you make depends upon how sincere your efforts are right now is an ideal time for you to start pocketing generous commissions.

TAKE THE FAMILY AND GO!

Travel by COVERED WAGON

● The grandest vacation you ever thought possible... yours with a completely equipped, streamline Covered Wagon. Slip your moorings and set sail for vacation land—a thousand and one beauty spots—places of rare interest you've always longed to see. It's all yours with a Covered Wagon. Here's freedom. No more hotel bills, uncertain restaurant fare or wearisome, expensive rail travel. Covered Wagon is definitely and completely the answer. Write for the facts on the new way to travel and LIVE.



Three Models \$395-\$785-\$1185

f.o.b. Detroit On Low Time Payment Plan.
Special interiors for two, four or six.
FREE: Illustrated Literature—or send 10¢ for 4 color 25 page Trailer Book with plans.

COVERED WAGON COMPANY
398 Cass Avenue, Mt. Clemens, Michigan

(Continued from page 73)

case? They told me at Nurses Inc. that you had left there and were none too loquacious about it.”

“It's the loveliest case! Tony, when will you come over? My patient wants you for dinner!”

“Good gosh, Celia, I want to see you. I don't want to eat with some strange patient. And I want to see you tonight.”

She laughed. “I can't get off duty. You will have to come here. You will love this patient. She's young and pretty.” Her eyes were wide and soft with fun and excitement, measuring his voice as she heard it with her remembrance of him. “I've missed you,” she said. It was true, of course. She had missed him in the tiny spaces of time which had not been filled with buying clothes and moving and getting settled and with work.

“Celia, how you lie!”

“Not about missing you but about the patient. I'm not on a case. I've left the registry. I have an apartment with another girl.”

“Celia, you are no longer an honest woman!” What was the blessed idiot doing, he thought. Using up her thousand dollars?

“Just so honest. Except to advertisers. I think I am robbing them, but let's not worry about that.”

“I don't understand. Advertisers?”

She told him and he said nothing to interrupt. About the United Models and Betty Yandell and the fantastic sums of money she was making. “Not any more thousand dollars all in a heap,” she explained carefully. “That, it appears, happens only once in a lifetime. But sometimes twenty-five dollars a day and never, or scarcely ever less than ten.”

He took that standing. And what about her nursing? he thought. What had this girl thrown over? A real job, the greatest thing in the world—medicine—. She had left it cold. Always before he had felt that they were blood brothers, that they spoke the same language. All the crusading harshness of the man who lives for an idealistic profession rose to the surface in him along with his love for her and fear. He wanted to fling out at her, to say cruel, biting things to her. And he knew he was being grossly unfair and that knowledge and his own basic serenity triumphed.

“It sounds like a fairy tale,” he said. “Come out and eat with me and tell me more about it. I'll dine with you and your beautiful patient another night.”

“All right. But a little late. We're having some people—models—in for cocktails. Would you like to come?”

“I would not!” He hung up abruptly. “Just another beauty!” he thought bitterly. He walked around his room and went back to the laboratory. His lips quirked, without mirth. “Oh, Tony, how glad I am!” he said dryly to himself. “And did you prove your serum down there in the tropics? Oh, tell me at once, Tony!” He went back to his experiment and, for the time, forgot Celia. She might and did forget his work but at least he could forget her in it.

CELIA hung up. She stood in the doorway of the living-room and looked at Betty's guests. Most of the good models were there, associating only with each other and willing to concede that since the duration of the world there may have lived, say, seven or eight persons equally good to look upon. They were such a change from nurses and patients that they still thrilled Celia though even she, enthralled as she was, could see that they were, somehow, amusing. They were so dressed up and so self-conscious, and more than the average effrontery of youthful good looks lay in every move they made.

Suddenly from the group a familiar brazen head detached itself. It was Braddock, arrived while she had been at the

telephone. She had not seen him socially but only when she posed with him, until this day.

“Oh, hello,” Celia said.

“Hello, Antipathy,” he said, but had the grace to look somewhat shamefaced. He, too, was remembering that day at the Daklins'. “Glad to see me,” he said, facing it out, “out of working hours?”

“Delighted. May I get you a drink?”

He held up his Tom Collins in answer. “Now that you ask and seem so anxious to know what had become of me lately,” he said, “I'll tell you. I've been away.” He sipped his drink. “With the Daklins. On their yacht. Left a day or two after I posed with you last.”

Oh, so that was where Daklin had been! There was a curious exhilaration in knowing that he had been away and had not merely crossed her off his list. She told herself that she hadn't expected to hear from him. But she lied.

“We'll be working together now that I'm back,” Braddock said. He hesitated. “I'm sorry about that day,” he said. “I was lit. I'm awfully sorry.” He looked at her and she saw that he meant what he said. “I don't blame you for being sore as a pup. I've known Betty and Bill a long time but I had no idea you were in here with her. Are you off me for life?”

“No,” said Celia equably, “it's all right.”

“Shake on it,” he said. So they shook hands. He was nothing in her scheme of things, so why worry? Life was so pleasant, and perhaps none of these pleasant things would have happened had it not been for Braddock. He, possibly, had suggested to Daklin that she might make a model—wasn't that what he had meant that day at tea when he said she could make loads of money?

IT WAS so delightful to see Starr that night. The whole foyer of the apartment seemed brighter. She held out her hands; she had not intended to hold out both but out they went of their own accord.

Finally she laughed. “It's lovely to see you but we can't stand here forever, staring at each other.”

“Why not? That's just what I want to do.” But he dropped her hands and led her out to a taxi.

“Did your serums work?” she asked eagerly.

He looked at her sardonically. “They seemed to.” What was the use of telling her that Alderdice thought that they may have made medical history?

But later, at a small table in the Versailles, he was forced to tell her about it. What they had hoped to prove and had proved, what they had discovered.

“It's fun, Tony,” she breathed, alight once more with the exaltation of his work, their work.

“Of course. Stick to it, Celia. Everything else passes. Wars come, business goes haywire—but medicine, science goes on.”

“I know.” And she did know. Her eyes were wide. What if this was the last frontier, this adventure of research medicine? Science was the only thing in which the boundaries seemed limitless. . . .

He looked down at her. They were one person again.

“Dance?” he said.

They danced together in almost complete silence, an immensely satisfying silence. If there were words to be said, they entirely forgot to say them. Then they sat down again. There was singing and presently the singing stopped and the piano went on, faintly. A silly popular song, but poignant. Celia sat over her coffee and looked at Tony Starr and listened to it. She had never sat so quietly with anyone else and felt so much more than just one person. Not two, but a larger one. Her eyes rested

on him. He wasn't one of those persons who grabbed. He could find a perfect moment and keep it, not try, not dare to try to turn it into something else. Perhaps there weren't many persons like that in life. But was that so? Was it possible that it might not be so?

No, there was no one like him, no one who could touch him in any way. Daklin? A man like this was worth a hundred Daklins. Starr did things to her, to everyone. He made them see goals which were beyond the sight of ordinary men.

As they strolled back to Forty-third Street she laid her fingers on his arm.

"Tony," she said. "I have changed a lot, haven't I?"

He grinned and pressed her hand. "No."

"Do you still hate this posing? I suppose you do—"

"It's *your* business," he said briefly.

BUT she knew, she had the utter comfort of knowing that he cared what she did and what happened to her. She could live against the indifferent vastness of New York always sure that the tight circle of his love was around her. "And that is all that matters," she thought. "Why, of course it is all that matters!" She slipped her hand inside his arm. Tell him now, Celia, her mind said, that you love him and will marry him, but she did not want, oh, she did not yet want to give up her freedom, to clip wings that had not yet tried out their strength.

She slid her hand out from his arm again. He reached down and held the hand against his side for a moment. Then he let it go. He had no intention of forcing issues with Celia, with anyone.

They walked along in the gentle night. "Heard anything from your last patients?" he asked, only to make conver-

sation at a time when silence was a strain.

"No. That is, of course, I saw Mr. Daklin when he took me up to Vaski's to pose for his campaign. I haven't seen him since."

"Good."

Celia searched his face. "What do you mean by that, Tony?"

"Nothing."

"But you do—"

"No, nothing," he said. "Nothing at all, silly. I just wished, just for a second, that you hadn't seen any more of that crowd. They're not your kind, Celia. And I wonder—"

"What? Wonder what?"

"Well, how much interest Mr. Daklin would have taken in making up for what occurred in his house if you had not happened to be the most beautiful woman on this planet."

"Don't be silly!" She walked more quickly. "His agency needed a nurse for the campaign and I happened to be around. That was my good luck."

He said nothing and they entered her building.

"Don't be cross at me, Tony," she said. "I expect I'll never see him again."

He squeezed her hand. "Great big girl," he said, "making a fortune all on her own." He smiled down at her, loving her.

Celia put her key in the lock and opened the door. "I hope Betty is at home," she said. "I want you to know her. She said something about going out this evening—"

They walked into the room and the man who was sitting in a large chair leafing through a magazine rose lazily with the air, incredibly, of one in his own home.

"Ah, at last," said Carleton Daklin, his glance dismissing Starr and resting on Celia. "Hello, Celia."

(To be continued next week)

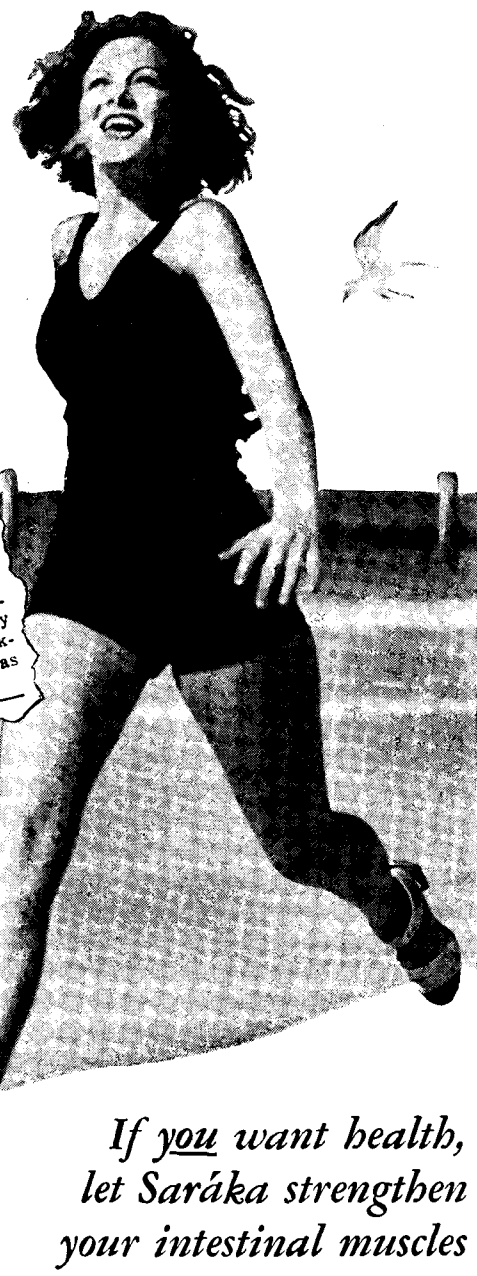
HEALTH WANTED

the intestinal muscles strong and active.

BUSINESS GIRL, 29, with little time for exercise, is looking for safe, non-habit-forming way to overcome constipation. No harsh cathartics need apply.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 38, fond of rich, "over-refined" foods, finds that constipation has become chronic. Wishes to regain youthful regularity.

HOUSEWIFE, 47, has suffered for many years from habitual constipation. Looking for a laxative that comes as close as possible to inducing natural action.



*If you want health,
let Saraka strengthen
your intestinal muscles*

OF COURSE, those Health Wanted ads are imaginary. But doesn't one of them come close to describing your own constipation problem?

Take the business girl with little time for exercise. Lots of us have constipation partly because we can't—or won't—get the right exercise. Our intestinal muscles become weak and flabby.

Saraka* helps correct that condition. Saraka gives intestinal muscles the kind of exercise they need most—*internal exercise*.

The principal ingredient in Saraka is bassorin, sap of an East Indian tree, in the form of tiny granules. Inside the intestine, these granules (you will find them easy and pleasant to take) absorb water. Gradually they expand to many times their original size. They turn into soft, smooth BULK.

Bulk Plus Motility*

You know the value of bulk. It exercises your intestinal muscles—just as swimming or golf exercises your body. It encourages those muscles to do their appointed task *thoroughly*. The results of this "exercising action" are natural and unforced. Most people recall their healthy youth when constipation was a thing never thought of.

SARAKA

Now consider the other Health Wanted ads—two cases of habitual constipation. Here something more than bulk is usually necessary. Saraka therefore contains a specially prepared frangula which mildly stimulates the intestines to healthy activity. So you have Bulk Plus Motility—a combination not found in ordinary laxatives.

Forget Constipation

Actually, laxative is the wrong word for Saraka. Most users say: "Saraka never reminds you that you have taken a laxative." Results are exactly like healthy natural action. You forget all about constipation.

Ask your doctor about Saraka. We are confident he will tell you that it is safe and non-habit-forming. Get a package of Saraka from your druggist. Or mail the coupon today.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 206, Bloomfield, N. J.

Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd.,
P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.

Let me try this new way to combat constipation. Enclosed is ten cents for the special trial-size tin of Saraka.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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"Where's Mr. Hopkins?"

FRITZ EICKEN

The Sign of the Scales

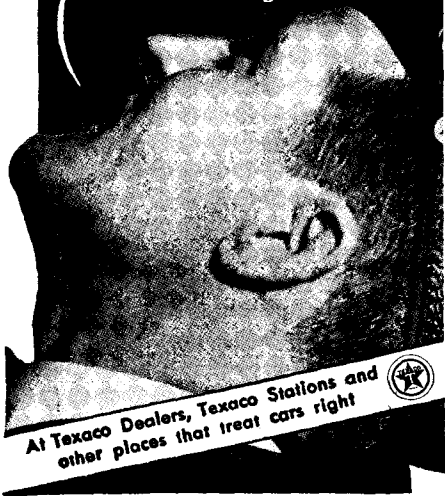
Continued from page 26



"So you'd
prescribe MARFAK
lubrication for
a doctor's car,
Jim?"

Let us
MARFAK
your car

"Right, doctor.
It won't squeeze
out of spring
shackles like
ordinary grease
. . . and lasts
twice as long."



At Texaco Dealers, Texaco Stations and
other places that treat cars right



I'M PEE-CHEE WHITE-THE
GREAT M.D. I
I'M CALLED IN LOTS AND LOTS!
CLEAN WHITE SHOES MY SPECIALTY.
I BRING SURE CURE TO SPOTS!

PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES RIGHT!

dollars and expenses; he'd have to buy it at the offered price, and that would be more. If the stock went to 17, his six hundred dollars would be all lost, and what would Delia—

But Delia herself appeared in the boardroom at this moment.

"Come on, Bert," she said crisply, picking up his hat.

"Oh, no, Mookey. I just made a trade, and—"

"Never mind!" she said tensely. "Come on; hurry!"

"If I may interrupt," said Mr. Stuhl, "you'd better watch that short sale."

Bert and Delia passed the order window.

"Going out, Mr. Baab?" asked Mr. Daly. "It's a very strong market!"

"MR. BAAB," said Mr. Pfaff, encountering them in the doorway, "I heard you order a short sale of a very active stock a few minutes ago. We thank you very kindly for the business, sir, but do permit me to inform you that the rules of the Exchange do not require us to give you notice of a need for more margin before protecting ourselves. Quite clear, sir? Good day!"

"They are all looking out for you, aren't they?" said Delia, walking with him toward a cab stand.

"Yes, they're very nice and obliging," said Bert. "But, of course, they are looking out for themselves too, because if that stock went over 17 all our six hundred dollars would be used up and then the firm would start to lose money from there on. It is really the firm that buys and sells stock for our account and gives us credit, and that's what Mr. Pfaff meant—"

"But, Bert! Lose our six hundred dollars?"

"Well, Mookey," he said, shrinking into his coat collar, "it is not all peaches and cream. But that stock might start down again soon; don't fret."

They waited for the cab. The minutes passed very slowly for Bert, whose mind was on the rushing translux back in Pfaff & Gieser's.

He saw the order clerk, summoned from the restaurant by Mr. Daly, hurrying toward them across Broadway, his jaws still working on his lunch.

"On the other hand," he murmured, swinging in opinion, "that stock might keep going up. . . Hey, Fred! Going back to the boardroom?"

"Uh-huh!" nodded the order clerk. "Yes, Mr. Baab."

BERT glanced aside at Delia and whispered, urgently. "Buy me a hundred Tennessee & South, Preferred, at the market, Fred!"

He'd cut his loss; cut your losses and let your profits run, he meditated, repeating a market apothegm. Supposing he did drop a couple hundred covering that unfortunate short sale; he'd make it up and more the next time; he'd be cold and clever and not let people badger him into trading. Bert knew how to trade; he'd read up on it. And, like anybody able to read, he knew how to live.

"Oh, no, Bert, we can't lose any of that money," said Delia to him in the cab. "It's all we have until you get a place in a bank, and we need it to start paying on a home for us. . . That is, if we're going to have a home, and I don't know, Bert; the way you are. I guess maybe we're not suited, Bert. Well, I was listening to Tarat the astrologer on the radio, and I'm going to put it up to him."

"For the love of— An astrologer!"

"An astrologer! An astrologer! Looks at the stars. It's crazy; I'm crazy; you got me crazy! Bert, you—shut—up!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bert kindly. "Some people say it is all the bunk, but, on the other hand, look at it this way—"

"Will you stop?"

IN FIFTEEN minutes they were on the forty-ninth floor of the York State Building and at the sky-blue door on which was the word TARAT in black letters within the outline of a sphinx.

Beyond the door was a conventional business office in which four typewriters rattled and banged, grinding out the facts for people who, in these perplexing times, did not know what would happen next.

But Bert did not yet know what had happened so far; nodded at by one of the starry-eyed typists, he took a telephone and called the boardroom. "Give me the order clerk!"

"Hello, Mr. Baab! Yes, I got that hundred Tennessee & South for you; paid 28. Anything else?"

"That's enough," gasped Bert. "Twenty-eight! Why, Fred—"

"It's forty-eight now," said the order clerk, with no time for idle tears. "Tremendous market; tape six minutes late; dealing suspended in some stocks. Can't get our reports through. . . Oh, yes: the margin clerk downtown has been calling: wants two thousand dollars more margin from you, quick!"

"What's that, Mr. Baab? Your short

sale is bought in and you only owe us eleven hundred? Well, I can't look it up now, but you better get here. Anything else?"

"No." Bert hung up and sat with lax hand on the telephone, staring at calamity.

He had sold that infernal stock short at 11 and had covered at 28, seventeen points up.

Seventeen points; seventeen hundred dollars. His six hundred was gone, lost, and he owed Pfaff & Gieser eleven hundred more, plus expenses. He was not merely busted; he was in hock from now on, with collectors deviling him, with lawyers fine-combing him and asking him questions to look in his mouth for gold. When he got that job in the bank, Pfaff & Gieser would attach his salary now.

Why, oh why, did he always have to go against people and take the other side? Couldn't he even let the Supreme Court know a little something too? . . . Jarred out of himself, he had this clairvoyant moment.

"Tarat will see you," intoned the astrologer's secretary.

TARAT, a study in black and white, tall, pale, black-haired, ascetically handsome, bowed silently from behind his desk in a book-walled room with high and pointed eastern windows.

Before him, prepared during the brief wait, was a twelve-part wheel drawn

(Continued on page 78)



FRITZ WILKINSON

One thing they all agree on

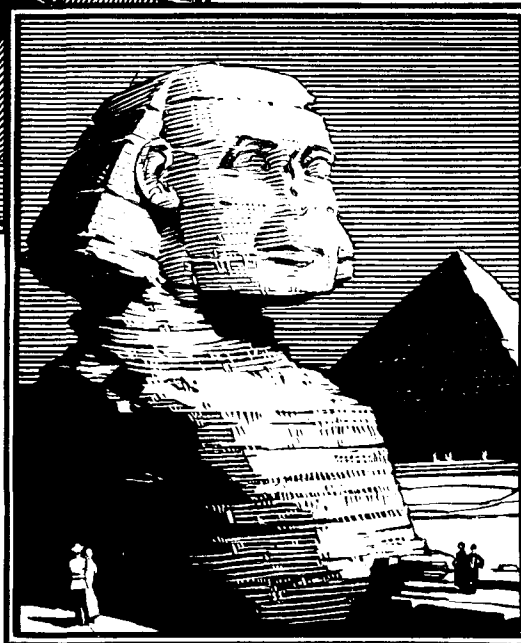
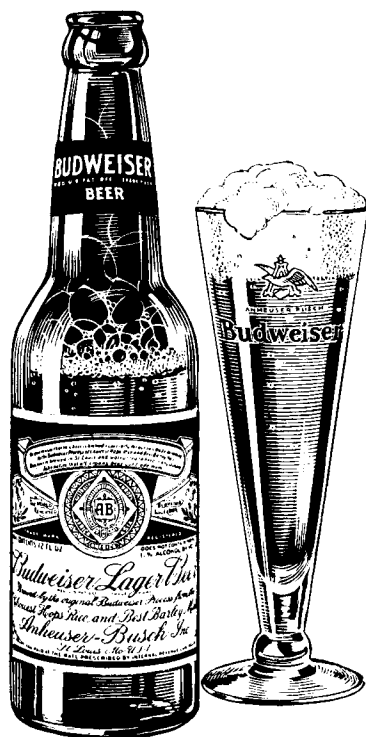


Ever been in Singapore?... Constantinople?... Buenos Aires?... Well, Budweiser has. No matter where people have gone, they have been unable to find a beer like Budweiser with its matchless character, bouquet and flavor. People who know beer have made Budweiser the biggest-selling bottled beer in history. For your own enjoyment,

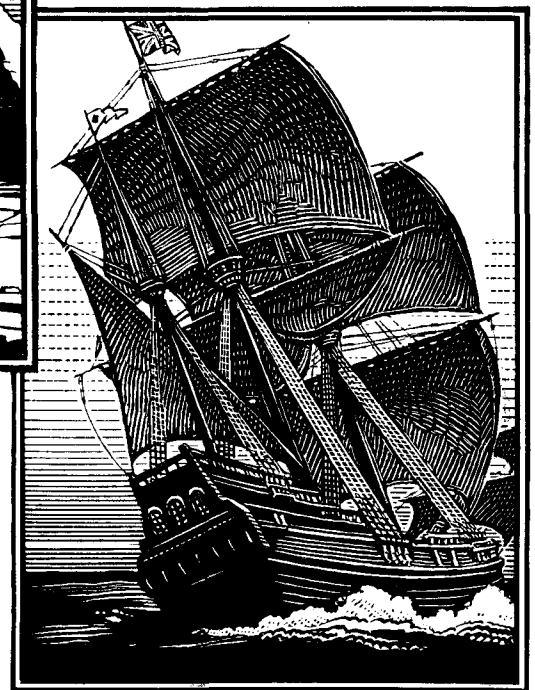
include in your circle of friends the beer that has circled the entire globe!



Order a carton for your home—**NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED**—Be prepared to entertain your guests.



How old is beer? As old as civilization. "Zythum", ancient Egyptian word for "beer", is one of the last words in the dictionary... but everybody who drinks Budweiser knows that Budweiser is *the* last word in beer.



The Mayflower brought Pilgrims—and beer! And how they complained when it was gone! They sent word back to England for more. (See Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrims".) You need not worry about not getting your Budweiser because Budweiser is everywhere.

Only **Budweiser**
TASTES LIKE BUDWEISER

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • S T . L O U I S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAKE UP!



with a
tingling
**PREP
SHAVE**

To-day's Big Value

35¢



Millions more "up and at 'em" men are now shaving themselves into all day freshness! For Prep and its glorious tonic refreshes you like a rousing shower bath...as it tames tough whiskers and saves tender necks!

PROVE IT! Get tube or jar today—Prep half your face—prepare other half as usual—shave! Prep is the best—or your money back for the empty tubel

MUNICIPAL PLANTS

NEGLECT FARMERS

FARMERS and other rural residents need not even *hope* for any benefits when their nearest city decides to build its own electric plant.

The New York Legislative Committee Investigating Public Utilities says it is the tendency of municipal plants both within and without the State to favor users who live within the limits of the city or village where the plant is located:

"Its policy too often is to look after its own municipality and no one else."

Yet farmers deserve low-cost power as well as those who live and vote within city limits. Operating companies of the Associated System supply electricity to 59,088 farmers. Associated Companies in New York State alone are building 1,000 miles of rural line this year to carry service to at least 4,000 new rural and farm customers.



ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM



The Sign of the Scales

Continued from page 76

on paper; it was a map of the heavens for October 9, 1910, Bert's birthday.

The astrologer's black eyes dwelt on Delia as she launched a recital of the difficulty of living with a man who would neither agree nor fight. Delia was dead right, to hear her tell it, but Tarat knew that she wouldn't be asking advice if she really thought so. He noted the tip-tilted nose, the brilliant restless eyes, the light and pointed fingers of the impulsive hands; an artless little lady who wanted to do and not to think. . . . His advice would have to be simple and concrete.

A decent-looking young chap, the husband, though with a self-satisfied set. A chap who would listen to Einstein talking of the Cosmos and give him a kind and patronizing nod: "In other words, professor, you mean to say—" A chap who would blandly slight a good story and cap it with a poor one: "I can tell you one better than that!" Plaintive and harried of look; always meaning well and always at odds. He could become a mere heckler, a party of one, sour and morose, always against, if there was nobody to cajole him into going along, because she loved him. . . .

Tarat, of course, did not labor so toward a likeness; he had the camera eye, catching the man complete. It is a gift.

"A most unreasonable boy," summed Delia, her voice mounting and wavering. "Bert, don't you contradict me!"

BUT Bert, thinking of the financial ruin that he had brought on them, was in no mood to take the alternative. "She's right," he murmured. "That's how I am; as contrary as a pig."

"And yet, Mr. Baab," said the astrologer, smiling at the twelve-parted wheel, "your horoscope indicates that you are one of the most reasonable of men! The sun was in Libra when you were born; in the sign of the Scales.

"Of all the children of the zodiac, the native of the Scales is most often misunderstood. He has a sense of equilibrium, seeing both sides; he is never a partisan, and he is assailed by both sides because he will blow neither hot nor cold. He is kind and sympathetic, but his motto is *Audi Alteram Partem*—hear the other side. People think that he is contrary-minded, bickering and contentious, whereas he is merely seeking justice for all.

"He is the most opinionated of men, for he has not one opinion, but two on every subject. He never presses an opinion or policy; he is inclined to doubt and hesitation, until some one tips the balance the other way, and then he presents the case for the other side. It is not a sign that makes for popularity. You have not found your husband quarrelsome, I think, Mrs. Baab."

"Oh, no, Tarat; Bert's not a fighter! But he never agrees, either. He is always criticizing."

"Realize, Mrs. Baab, that it does not come from ill nature. Therefore attend to his criticism; he is counseling restraint, moderation in everything."

"Well, something happened this morning—" began Bert heavily.

"No, Bert; don't mention that. I'm sorry, Bert."

"When understood," said Tarat, "the native of the Scales is a most lovable person. Venus, the fortunate Venus, is the ruler of his sign; and Venus, mark, was in Libra, in her own house, when you were born!

"Here is assurance of success, particularly in marriage. Libra—the Scales—is the seventh sign and is the mundane ruler of the seventh house of the horo-

scope, which is the house of Marriage. It also rules open enemies. You will be strongly and openly attacked by those you have antagonized, but you may rely on the benefic Venus, represented by your charming wife, to defend you. It is true that you have Mars here also."

Tarat pondered his cabalistic symbols and raised his black eyes to Bert's, with a hinting glance at Delia.

"Mars is an evil planet, Mr. Baab, though in his detriment here, at his weakest. He gives force. He, truly, seeks to distort your sense of justice and make it mere opposition, causing you to act merely because you are opposed. And yet, so strong is Venus in her own house that she can control Mars to your advantage."

HE SPOKE a word in Delia's private ear as he walked beside her to the doorway.

"His happiness is in the house of Marriage, Mrs. Baab; and yours through him. To lead him, oppose him. To lift your hopes to success, put your weight against them in the Scales. Press the other side. . . ."

"I did not get much nourishment out of that," said Bert as they walked on 34th Street. "Did you, Mookey?"

"I'm thinking about something he said. He's a wonderful man. Such eyes; they look right into you. It gave me a funny, dizzy feeling. Well, maybe you think I would not bring you there if I was not a little dizzy anyway. Can we take a cab again, Bert? It costs, but it's such an important day."

"No, we better jump in the subway, Mookey. Well, I hate to tell you, but I got some bad news."

"Oh, what do I care about bad news! Now, that I understand about you. I'm your Venus, ain't I, Bert? Do you love your Venus? Kiss me, Bert; oh, go on. We're never going to quarrel again, are we, Bert?"

"I don't know about that. This looks like a spot for it. Mookey, I lost our six hundred dollars."

"Oh, Bert. All of it?"

"Uh-huh. And then! I owe eleven hundred dollars more. I told you this morning I made a trade in the market, just before you came in. I don't know how we're going to live, owing all that money. They'll pick me like a cherry tree from now on."

"OH, BERT. We lost all our money, and—and we can't have our own home? That apartmentette is no life; I wanted our own home, Bert. I wanted to surprise you but I saw the grandest house over on Jackson Heights, with dropped living-room and colored tile bath and a solid brass knocker on the front door, and you can keep chickens if the neighbors don't tell. Aunt Margaret's chow dog was going to live with us too; she can't keep him; he bites. . . . No, I'm not crying, Bert; don't be silly. You couldn't help it, Bert. But—"

And then her eyes flashed and the tears vanished. She had her fight.

"What do you mean, Bert, we lost our money? Why, John D. Rockefeller couldn't spend all that money that quick. And what did you get for it? They've got to give you something for it; what did you get? . . . Hey—hey! Yes, we're taking a cab, Bert; before they get away. I'll get a cop, and we'll bust in there—"

"Now, listen, Mookey. For the love of—"

"Oh, you shut up. If you gave me the money in the first place, we'd have it. If they don't get away. If we don't find the place for rent. Bert, think: can you

give a good description of that big Mr. Daly? Has he got any marks? I mean now; he'll have them after this, if I—Yes, 86th and Broadway!"

INTO a boardroom whose stricken gaze was on a crashing market, its brief boom gone into reverse on the discovery that Chief Justice Hughes' opening remarks in the TVA decision had been misconstrued, marched Delia, a Venus fired by Mars, followed by the pleading Bert.

"Please, Mookey! Don't start anything here. It was all perfectly fair; they're all nice, honest people. Don't say anything to Mr. Daly, will you? He's a fine man. You'd like him!"

"I'm here," Delia broadcast, confronting the startled resident partner, "to get our money, and I want it right now! If you're looking for trouble, here's your chance, because I've brought it. An officer is coming to lock you up."

"What in the deuce," said Mr. Daly resentfully. "Who are you and what do you want? What do you mean by—"

"See here, Daly," gritted Bert, thrusting forward. "That's my wife, understand? Speak like a gentleman to her, understand? Or somebody's going to spill all the tomato juice out of that big red nose; and I mean me."

"Oh, it's you. . . . Come in here kindly, Mrs. Baab; you too."

Mr. Daly held the door of a private office. He bowed and stepped back, and stepped squarely and cruelly on Bert's toes. Bert exclaimed, and Mr. Daly's smile for Delia became a little jollier.

Mr. Pfaff, doddering about, looked into the private office as the three took seats.

"Hello, Mr. Pfaff," said Bert, who saw no reason for malice.

"Hr-rmph!" snorted Mr. Pfaff, turning abruptly away.

Mr. Stuhl, the customers' man from whom Bert had talked a commission away, passed by and looked in.

"Hello, Mr. Stuhl," called Bert amiably. "Well, it is not all peaches and cream, and we won't weep, hah?"

With dead pan, as the expression is, without a word, Mr. Stuhl looked at Bert, and then he too passed by.

"MRS. BAAB," said Mr. Daly, taking a statement from a desk and shoving the drawer to with violence, "believe me when I say it hurts to have to tell you this, and particularly Mr. Baab. In my twenty years of ups and downs on the Exchange, this is my all-time low!"

"We had a big market today; there it's running yet, on the downside. Shortly after twelve, Hughes began to read the decision in the TVA case, and, as he's been reading those against the government lately, some of the boys on the floor tried to beat the gun."

"We had a big market; more than a million shares of utility stocks traded in an hour. Some little delay in getting our reports."

"Your husband sold short a hundred shares of Tennessee & South, Preferred, right at the beginning of the bull move. He was in the bag in a minute, as anybody could have told him he would be, if he asked advice instead of giving it. That stock is a seven-per-cent cumulative, with big back dividends; if it ever made good it would be worth a hundred and fifty; your husband sold it short at eleven; don't ask me why."

"And then he walked out; and the stock skyrocketed. If he stayed here where he belonged, it wouldn't have happened."

"I could have saved myself a lot, that's right, Mr. Daly," said Bert, drooping. "That was just when you came in and hauled me out, Mookey. Well, it's too bad."

"Too bad," echoed Mr. Daly. "When the stock hit 14, I got on the wire and ordered a hundred shares bought for

Mr. Baab's account and risk; your husband's margin was going fast, and I was protecting the firm by buying that silly short sale in."

"Then Mr. Stuhl, who had been told to take care of your husband too, ordered another hundred shares bought for his account. And Mr. Pfaff, who walks a little slowly, bought him another hundred shares. The order clerk was out to lunch, and we were very much rushed, but nobody forgot that short sale. And then your husband met the order clerk on the street and told him to buy a hundred shares."

"Well, Mr. Daly—!"

"Pardon me," said the resident partner harshly.

"Four hundred shares were bought. After covering your husband's absurd short sale, his account was still long three hundred shares. We heard quickly from our margin clerk. Realizing that something was wrong, I spoke to my associates and discovered our sad mistake and ordered the stock sold instantly at the market. Just before the market fell over backwards. The stock hit 60, and we got pretty near the top."

"YOU mean—" said Bert slowly.

"Mean?" said Mr. Daly. "I'm poisonous."

"But—if you bought for my account—you owe me—"

"Nothing," said Mr. Daly, rising and thrusting a check at him. "Not a cent. There's your money, and our blood is on it. You've cost us more with your advice to our customers. Take it, and go! Take your business elsewhere. If you ever set foot in this office again. Baab—"

"Well," stammered Bert, staring at the firm's check to his order for eleven thousand dollars odd, "I'll thank Mr. Pfaff."

"Don't," said Mr. Daly, holding the door. "He's an old man. It might bring on a stroke. Good day, madam."

Accompanied by Delia, too awed for joy, Bert bore the incredible check into Broadway, holding it out where he could see it.

"That's just what I will do!" said Bert, recovering his poise. "I will take my business elsewhere. I'll take it to that boardroom on 79th Street and open an account, and—"

"But, Bert. Don't we buy a home with it? Oh, Bert."

"Pshaw, Mookey, don't be a piker. Push your luck! Eleven thousand dollars in fifteen minutes or so; how much would that be a year. Ask yourself that."

"Oh." She gave him a sidelong glance, and paled. "Put it right back in the market, Bert; that's my advice," she said strongly. "And make it a million! Who wants a measly little home in Jackson Heights? With a dropped living-room, and her own tiled kitchen, and a rumpus room, and—just a measly little home; don't be such a piker, Bert. Let's hurry down to that other place and bet it all right away. Hurry, Bert!"

HE LAGGED and rubbed his chin. "Oh, I don't know, Mookey. Think we ought to? Look at it this way—"

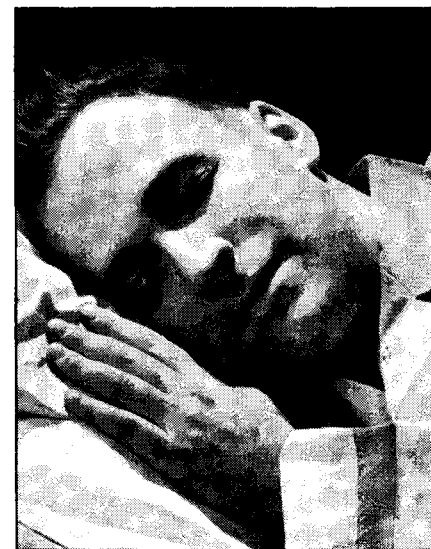
"I certainly do! You got a genius for it, Bert; you're a second Jay Gould and Jesse Livermore and those fellows. Supposing we win millions like they did?"

"Yes, but supposing we lose, Mookey! Ask yourself that. No, I've thought it over pretty carefully, and I guess we better— Give me that fountain pen in your bag; I can write on this window. . . I'll just— Is that Mr. Daly knocking on the window? Put out your tongue at the big punk. . . I'll just—endorse this over to you, and—there y'are, Mookey. Go buy yourself that house in Jackson Heights!"

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France's Curtain of Fire

Continued from page 13

gun turrets, which are the only parts of the vast network of fortifications visible above the ground.

These defenses seem from villages and roads in their vicinity to have been dotted about at random over the landscape. In reality, though, they have been placed in accordance with a careful military plan, minutely worked out to the very last detail.

Each blockhouse or turret commands one or several possible lines of approach from the German frontier or from any other direction; each could pour withering fire into the ranks of attackers; and the soldiers assigned to serving the cannon and machine guns in each of these miniature strongholds have been taught, to a hairbreadth, the range at which their shells and bullets can deluge each and every point of the countryside revealed through the slits in their concrete walls—villages, houses, roads, paths, bushes, woods, ridges, gullies, ravines.

In proportion as a hostile force came closer, the task of the hidden French gunners would become easier, for then those terrible barriers of rails and those intricate tangles of barbed wire visible from the road over which I had motored would come into play, rudely halting even the most powerful of plunging tanks, while the defenders rained upon them and the troops struggling forward in their wake a shattering tempest of fire. And, even if some tanks and some soldiers managed to fight their way through, blockhouses and turrets of other forts would pour, from angles carefully calculated many months before, another hurricane of death, of such awful intensity that—so the creators of the Maginot Line firmly believe—it would literally pulverize everything in its path.

Connected likewise with the underground passages of each fort are sleeping quarters for officers and men—huge bare spaces where you breathe damp air and pull your coat around you to ward off the piercing cold. Above are solid concrete roofs, twenty feet thick, which make even the upper quarters practically immune from artillery and aerial bombardment.

A Sleeping Tornado

There are also storerooms for munitions and food and drink. And kitchens, from which emanates the appetizing aroma of soldiers' fare. And a telephone central. And a dynamo room. And a pharmacy, stocked with all kinds of medical and surgical supplies. And a hospital, complete with operating-room.

Fresh air is pumped into these underground cities from points far back of the "front," which would be comparatively safe from gas attack in wartime, and it is spread through every part of them by an ultramodern system of ventilation. If the upper air should become drenched with poisonous gases during an attack, these gases could not enter the subterranean area because the air there would be kept at a pressure higher than the air outside, thus automatically excluding the gases.

Electric lights everywhere keep you from stumbling in the subterranean murkiness. One set of electrical machinery would suffice, by the way, for heating and lighting each fort, and for operating its elevators and revolving gun turrets and other complicated electrical gadgetry. But that was deemed insufficient by the thoroughgoing builders of the Maginot Line. So they put into the most vital forts three and even four extra sets of machinery, to be thrown into the breach in case of emergency.

Along the lower passages of some of the forts runs an underground electric railway, with regular little stations, linking up these forts with some of their neighbors. But not all the forts are thus connected. In some parts of the Maginot Line they are isolated from those on each side of them. But, isolated or not, the forts are so placed as to enable their defenders to lay down an absolutely continuous barrage. At a given signal, France's entire long frontier, all the way from Switzerland to Belgium, can be transformed into a flaming curtain of deadliest gunfire.

So deep down are France's massive hidden forts that the din of the most terrific bombardment would scarcely penetrate to the core of their subterranean caverns of defense. French military experts confidently assert that soldiers packed into the depths of the Maginot Line would be able to sleep without difficulty, even though a tornado of shellfire screamed and roared over the fields and hills above them.

On the Maginot Line

This official optimism makes France's light-hearted soldiery snap their fingers at the thought of discomfort and danger in the bowels of the earth.

"Why worry?" exclaimed one of them, as he went burrowing down an underground stairway. "Nothing under, on or above the earth can harm us here." Another, a veteran burrower, who was personally conducting a recruit from a neighboring village on the latter's first tour of one of the subterranean citadels, asked him suddenly:

"Know old man Dupont's roadhouse?"

"Of course I do."

"Where is it?"

"Just outside my village."

"Well, my boy, that's one way of putting it. But you might also say"—here the veteran jerked a thumb straight upward—"that it's right overhead. Because it is. Straight overhead—about one thousand feet, straight up, from where we are standing."

In case an enemy fought his way into one of the forts, it could be entirely isolated from its neighbors by huge steel doors, like the bulkheads on ships, which would be slammed shut across the connecting passage (the one along which the electric railway runs) leading to the next fort.

In case of a future war between France and Germany the colossal strength of the Maginot Line is almost sure to tempt the Germans to worm their way around it instead of running their heads against it. And here we come to the weak spot in the French system of frontier defense.

The Maginot Line is flanked on the north and south, respectively, by Belgium and Switzerland. The Belgians, working in close liaison with French engineers, have prolonged France's great line of defense into their own territory. But the Belgian fortifications, not having had the same huge amounts of money lavished on them, are not comparable in strength and elaborateness with those adjoining them on French soil. Moreover, in that part of Belgium lying between the channel and the fortress of Liege, the Belgians have not built any really powerful fortifications. An enemy thrusting at France across that strip would encounter only those Belgian and French strongholds which the Germans found in their path when they violated Belgian territory and stormed into Northern France in the summer of 1914.

On the south, the Swiss army, in case

of a German violation of Swiss territory, is counted upon to put up a stiff fight. That army, however, might easily be pushed off eastward by the Germans, thus opening the road into France. But the French, though recognizing these flaws in their defenses, point out that, even if a foe entered France through Belgium or Switzerland, he would still have before him a string of fortresses some of which in the past have given a good account of themselves. Did not Verdun defy Germany in 1916, and Belfort in 1870?

In addition, the extraordinary strength of the Maginot Line, argue French strategists, would enable France to defend it with comparatively few troops and leave her free to place big masses of troops across the path of any invasion from the direction of Belgium or Switzerland. So, even as an indirect means of protection, the Maginot Line fills the French with confidence.

The soldiers whose assignment it will be, in wartime, to man that line, are largely reservists, natives of villages immediately behind it. In case of emergency, the church bells in these villages will ring and drums will be beaten in village squares, which will mean that each reservist must drop everything and hurry at full speed to his post in block-house or turret or underground chamber. Every one of these men—they are known as "frontaliers"—has been drilled intensively for the performance of the special duty assigned to him.

Immediately after Hitler, on the 7th of last March, remilitarized the German Rhineland—which is plainly visible from the Maginot Line—the "frontaliers," together with additional French troops, were moved right up to that line, ready for any emergency. Since peace still exists between French and Germans, these soldiers are not obliged to live in the underground cities of the line, except at night; and even then only a part of the covering troops must go down the steep stairways and along the gloomy passages of the subterranean forts on their way to sleeping quarters far below the surface.

For the present the frontier troops are quartered in those barracks of sheet iron which—until I came close to them—I took for farm buildings. These, which are purely temporary, can be dismantled at short notice; at the approach of an enemy they would disappear altogether.

Behind the Front

Though the quarters which these temporary barracks provide are cramped and their comforts few, the "frontaliers" and their comrades, who have been living in them since Hitler's dramatic move, manage to enjoy themselves. After all, they have all around them the friendly fields of Alsace and Lorraine—with a whole string of pretty villages a few miles away in which to while away their hours on leave.

But it is the troops actually quartered in these villages, to support the defenders of the Maginot Line in case of attack, who are having the pleasantest time these days.

Despite the various duties demanded by military discipline, they have plenty of time to roam in woods and fields, to loiter in village streets, to absorb fresh country air. At the "co-operatives," a sort of soldiers' club, they can smoke and drink and talk; and good-hearted Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, urged on by vigorous campaigns in the Paris newspapers, are pouring to the "front" big quantities of cigarettes and sweetmeats and other tidbits for the soldiers. Many of the poilus quartered in frontier villages, being peasant boys themselves, thoroughly enjoy helping the villagers; all along the roads you may see them tilling the soil, or pottering

about in gardens, or helping Alsations and Lorrainers with their farm chores.

"Our soldiers are so much better off here than when they are cooped up in the barracks of big cities," an officer told me. "In this sunshine, with lots of chance to exercise and keep out of mischief, they are getting fatter every minute. In fact,"—here his eyes twinkled in my direction—"all of us are getting strong for Hitler around here. He has given us a grand outing. Look at that big lad over there—what do you think of the color in his cheeks? And that fellow helping the old peasant woman to catch her flock of geese—isn't he the picture of health? Not such a bad thing, is it, that the threat of war with Germany—and I don't think it will get beyond that—is making the soldiers of France healthier day by day? Do you know what our private slogan is around here?"

"What is it?"

Five Hours to Paris

Grinning broadly, he brought his lips close to my ear.

"Heil Hitler!" he replied.

In other ways, too, the scowling autocrat of Germany is achieving a sort of left-handed popularity among the troops mounting guard behind France's frontier. Sitting at an officers' mess in a Lorraine village, close to the Maginot Line, I happened to remark that I had talked with Hitler in Berlin. At once there were loud cries of "Hitler's here! Hitler's right in this village! Call Hitler! Fetch Hitler!"

While several officers tumbled out of the room, I sat in utter mystification. To all questionings, the rest of them merely answered:

"Wait! Hitler will be here in a minute."

Then the door was flung violently open. A young French officer, with a diminutive scrubby mustache—very much like that of the big chief of the Nazis—came striding into the room. On his face was an expression of mystical fanaticism which was a delicious parody of Hitler's best-known look. Climbing solemnly onto a chair, he gave, in a wonderful imitation of the German language, a marvelous parody of a typical Hitlerian harangue. Then, hand upraised stiffly before him, this regimental comedian tramped, glowering, out of the room—while all his comrades of the mess, from the colonel down, in paroxysms of laughter joined him in his parody of the Nazi salute.

It was evening when I took leave of the colonel, "Hitler" and the rest of the regiment's officers. The colonel accompanied me as I walked toward the car which had brought me from Metz, waiting in the village square. I noticed that a squad of soldiers was drawn up there, also the entire regimental band, flanked by practically every man, woman and child in the place.

The colonel suddenly stopped short. He stood erect, looked straight ahead of him, put his hand to the vizar of his kepi, in the formal French military salute. Prompted by some inner voice, I also stood erect beside him; and I whipped off my hat.

At that moment the regimental band struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner." Amid the houses of that typical little Lorraine village, amid French officers and soldiers and villagers, the melody sounded strangely incongruous—and it brought a lump to the throat. As its last notes fell on the evening air, I turned to the colonel; in silence I grasped his outstretched hand.

In another minute I was speeding along the road to Metz, with the ridges under which were hidden the great underground cities of the Maginot Line growing ever dimmer in the distance. In five hours I was in Paris.



All Great Champions Have It...

—it's the one thing a "Would-be" lacks

By Grantland Rice

Dean of American Sports Writers

PEOPLE often ask me just what makes a champion. In my life-time I have seen literally three generations of champions in almost every major branch of sports. I have known them, watched them work, even worked with them.

What made the performances of these great athletes stand out thrillingly above the attempts of the would-be champs? Well, that is a hard question to answer, but basically three things make a champion. First, the right material to start with—then meticulous care in training, and finally and most important, that finishing touch, *correct timing*. Watch a great golfer, a great boxer, a great pitcher, and you will see that the essence of their superiority is correct timing.

The other day in Boston I saw this same idea at work in an entirely different field of endeavor. It had been my belief that in making a safety razor blade some one picked out a piece of steel, blocked out the blade and then sharpened it. But when I visited the Gillette Safety Razor factory, I discovered that even with razor blades, champions could not be made this way. For three hours I pursued a tiny piece of blade steel from the raw, cold metal until the finished product, sterilized

and sealed in its sanitary waxed paper wrapper, was placed in my hand.

I tried to keep a record of the number of machines, simple and intricate, that were used. I also started out to keep a record of the number of tests employed to check every minute detail. But I soon became much too interested in watching all the various developments used, to keep on making notes.

There were machines that checked human workers and human workers that checked machines. There were machines that checked machines to see that no possible error could take place. There were machines delicate enough to check the pressure made by thin paper coming in contact with the blade's edge.

Throughout all of this, the *timing* was as perfect as the actions of any champion on a winning day. No lost motion . . . every process was coordinated to produce the desired result—the perfect blade.

Champions? Yes—when it comes to razor blades, Gillette has the *one perfect system* for turning them out. In fact, after what I saw, I can't imagine any man being satisfied with any shave but a championship shave—and that, of course, means Gillette Blades.

In view of these facts, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



No Bribes Accepted

HARD times were about two years old when a meeting was held to consider the situation of an important store which was in receivership. Present among others was a member of a famous firm of lawyers who represented the receiver. The owner of the store building was a New England family whose spokesman was a nimble-witted clergyman. The lawyer opened the conference with this remark: "The federal court has instructed the receiver to disaffirm the store lease."

The clergyman said, pleasantly: "That is an interesting word—'disaffirm.' Could it by any possibility mean to welch? Do I understand that you propose to welch on the lease?"

The lawyer said sadly that the clergyman understood him correctly.

The episode was typical. Rents and other charges were fixed at high levels during the boom years. When prices fell and income was reduced, it was, in many cases, impossible to continue to fulfill the terms of the old contracts. Some agreements had to be revised if business was to continue. Receiverships offered a legal way out.

The governments, state and national, intervened. Bankruptcy laws were revised. Loans were made by the federal treasury. Home owners, farmers, banks, railroads, insurance companies, states and cities and numerous others were aided by federal loans. Existing debts were refinanced at lower interest rates. Immense changes were made.

The impossible cannot be performed and there was no avoiding the necessity of breaching many contracts. Honorable men could not pay more than they had.

We now are facing some of the unhappy moral consequences of this inescapable process. A few years ago economic necessity compelled men to break contracts. Now thoughtless politicians are seeking to buy votes by advocating repudiation of debts on a large scale.

Numerous proposals to repudiate debts have been made in Congress. One preposterous measure proposed the issuance of three billions of printing press money to pay off farm debts, present and past, regardless of the nature of the obligation. Speculators in land, who are gamblers no less than speculators in stocks and other paper securities, would share the government's easy bounty.

This suggested gift of three billions is the most glaring example of an evil tendency. Congress sought a cheap way of enabling all farmers, regardless of their needs, to get rid of existing mortgages. Congress proposed to pay the debts, not with money collected by taxation, but with dollars obtained from printing presses. In effect, debts would be wiped out by inflation.

Actually, of course, neither farmers nor any other class of Americans would be benefited by such an act. Inflation is as destructive as a prairie fire. From the hard-boiled economic standpoint no greater injury could be done farmers. Uncontrolled inflation would inevitably destroy their markets and thus their incomes.

But even worse, if possible, than the economic consequences is the moral effect. These politicians assume that the majority of their fellow citizens are dishonest people, eager to take advantage of any legal pretext to avoid paying honest debts. This is an insult to the inherent decency of the American people. We are not now, and we never were, a nation of welchers.

On the contrary, this civilization was built on honor and on faith. More than once during periods of expansion we have promised more than we were subsequently able to perform, but few have willingly evaded obligations.

Most of the farms acquired in this country have been bought on credit. The labors and the sacrifices made by hard-working men and women to pay their debts and to free themselves of many obligations compose an epic of humble heroism.

It is the pride and the boast of average Americans that a man's word is as good as his bond. All of our organized business rests on credit, on the belief that promises will be redeemed if by honorable effort redemption is possible.

In every town and city the man who pays his debts scrupulously is highly respected. The best collateral for any loan is character.

The struggles of Mark Twain during long years to pay debts which resulted from the failure of his publishing venture endeared the famous humorist to the nation. General Grant's effort to pay the debts left when the department store in which he was a partner went on the rocks became one of the favorite memories of his generation.

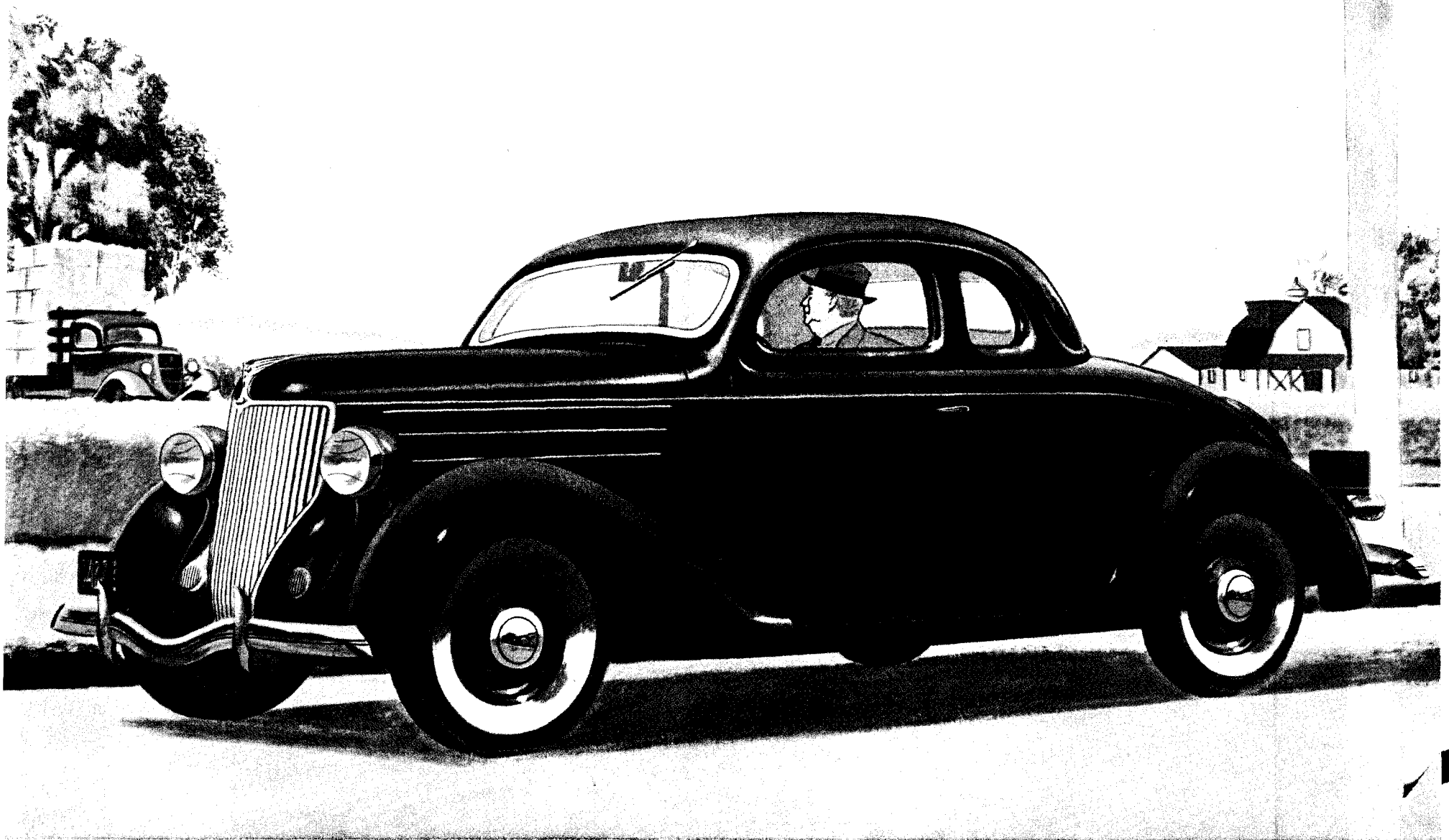
Such men scorned to avail themselves of legal evasions of debts they owed. They wanted to pay. A high sense of honor drove them to unceasing efforts to make good the losses due to mistakes and misfortunes.

We have not changed in our fundamental morality. That honesty is the best policy is still the belief of Americans.

The politicians who try to buy their own elections and re-elections by advocating the repudiation of debts are attacking the moral integrity of the people. Beyond all question this attack will be resented, resisted and repudiated. We are not going to abandon our habits and tradition of square dealing.

More than at any previous time we depend upon one another for the accomplishment of any enterprise, however personal or private. Co-operation and mutual dependence are the keynotes of these times. Co-operation without trust and faith and honor is impossible. If we lacked honor, we should have to create it in order to live at all.

The sooner congressmen and the other politicians who are trying to trade on base appeals recognize the native decency of the American people, the better for all concerned. We are not a nation of welchers and we won't be made welchers by any act of Congress.

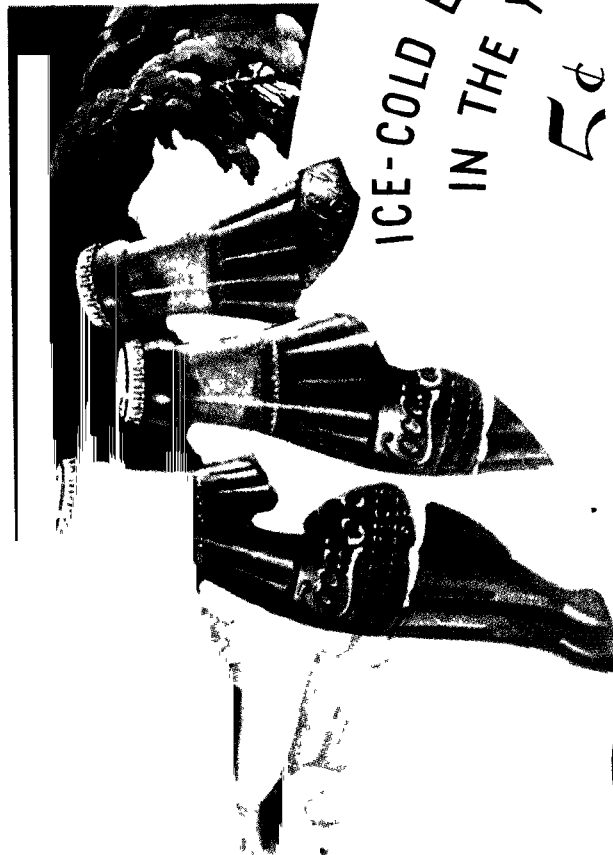


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